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THE

WORKS

OF

MOLIERE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

A NEW TRANSLATION.

BERWICK:

PRINTED FOR R. TAYLOR.

MDCCLXXI.

THE

WORKS

OF

MOLIERE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

A NEW TRANSLATION.

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PSYCHE.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

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PSYCHE, *a Tragi-Comedy of Five Acts, performed at Paris at the Palace of the Tuilleries during the Carnival, 1670; and at the Theatre of the Palace-Royal, July 24th, 1671.*

IN the following play, Moliere thought proper to ſacrifice the regularity of the conduct to the acceſſory ornaments. As the king was very impatient to have it ſoon finiſhed, Moliere had recourſe to the celebrated Corneille, who readily complied with his plan; for men truly great are void of jealouſy. Quinault furniſhed the French words, which were ſet to muſic by Lully. The royal magnificence with which it was attended in the repreſentation, and the concourſe of famous authors whoſe talents were all united, the more readily to execute the orders of Lewis XIV. add a new luſtre to this piece, which will always be eſteemed for ſeveral beautiful paſſages in it, and eſpecially for the new and delicate turn in Cupid's declaration to Pſyche.

ACTORS.

JUPITER.
VENUS.
CUPID.
ZEPHYR.
ÆGIALE, PHAENE, } Graces.
THE KING, Father to Psyche.
PSYCHE.
AGLAURA, CYDIPPE, } Sisters to Psyche.
CLEOMENES, AGENOR, } Two princes in love with Psyche.
LYCAS, captain of the guards.
TWO CUPIDS.
A RIVER-GOD.
Attendants to the King.

PSYCHE.

PROLOGUE.

The fore part of the ſtage repreſents a champaign country, and the back part the ſea.

SCENE I.

FLORA, VERTUMNUS, PALEMON, NYMPHS attending on FLORA, DRYADES, SYLVANS, RIVER-GODS, NAIADES.

Clouds are ſeen hanging in the air, which in deſcending, move and open, and, ſpreading themſelves over the whole ſtage, diſcover Venus and Cupid attended by ſix Loves, with Aegiale and Phaene near them.

FLORA.

WAR is no more, the firſt of kings doth ceaſe
From his exploits to give the world a peace.
Parent of love, whom all the world obeys,
Deſcend from heaven, and give us happy days.

CHORUS of Sylvans and River-Gods.

A peace profound and ſweet we know,
The ſofteſt joys are here below;
This charming leiſure owes its birth
To the moſt glorious king on earth.
Parent of love, whom all the world obeys,
Deſcend from heaven, and give us happy days.

FIRST ENTRY.

The Dryades, Sylvans, River-Gods, and Naiades, join and form a dance in honour of Venus.

VERTUMNUS.

YIELD, yield yourſelves, ye cruel fair,
And ſigh for ſigh return.

PALEMON.

The queen of beauties haſtens here,
To make you gently burn.

VERTUMNUS.

A charming object ſtill ſevere,
Can ne'er true love inſpire..

PALEMON.

Beauty indeed begins t'endear,
But ſweetneſs fans the fire.

BOTH TOGETHER.

Beauty indeed begins t'endear,
But ſweetneſs fans the fire.

VERTUMNUS.

Let all ſubmit to Cupid's dart;
Let's languiſh, ſince we muſt.

PALEMON.

To have no ſoftneſs in the heart,
Is of all crimes the worſt.

VERTUMNUS.

A charming object ſtill ſevere,
Can ne'er true love inſpire.

PALEMON.

Beauty indeed begins t'endear,
But ſweetneſs fans the fire.

BOTH TOGETHER.

Beauty indeed begins t'endear,
But ſweetneſs fans the fire.

FLORA.

Is one ſage,
In blooming age,
Is one ſage
To baniſh love?
Without ceaſing,
Let's be preſſing,
All the joys below to prove.
Youth's chief wiſdom lies in this,
The knowing to enjoy its bliſs.

SECOND ENTRY.

The Sylvans and River-Gods intermix their dances with Flora's ſinging.

FLORA.

LOVE charms
Whom he diſarms;
Love charms,
Receive his yoke.
All our pain
Will be in vain,
Striving to reſiſt his ſtroke;
Whatever chain we lovers wear,
Has ſofter charms than liberty by far.

CHORUS of Sylvans and River-Gods.

A peace profound and sweet we know,
The softest joys are here below;
This charming leisure owes its birth
To the most glorious king on earth.
Parent of love, whom all the world obeys,
Come down from heaven, and give us happy days.

THIRD ENTRY.

The Dryades, Sylvans, River-Gods and Naiades, seeing Venus approach, continue to express, by their dancing, the joy her presence inspires them with.

VENUS in her machine.

IT is too ancient a custom to pay court to me, cease your joyful songs; such great honours do not become me; reserve them for softer charms. Venus is no longer in vogue. Every thing has its turn. There are new attractions to which every one offer their incense. The beauteous Psyche now fills my place; already all the world croud to adore her, and it is too much for me in my disgrace to find one submit to do me so much honour. The world is no longer uncertain about our merits, every one quits my party, and of the surprising croud of favourite Graces whose friendship and cares attended me every where, I have only two of the meanest left me, who attend me out of compassion. These dark abodes must lend their solitudes to my distressed mind, and leave me to hide my grief and shame among their shades.

Flora and the other deities retire, and Venus with her retinue descends from the machine.

SCENE II.

VENUS, CUPID, ÆGIALE, PHAENE, THE LOVES.

ÆGIALE.

GODDESS, we are at a loss what to do, in the affliction we see you in. Our respect would keep silence, our zeal would have us speak.

Venus. Speak: but if you are desirous of pleasing me, defer all your counsels till another time, and speak not of my anger, but to allow that I have reason for it; this, this was the most sensible affront that my divinity could ever receive; but I will be revenged of it, if the gods have any power.

Phaene. You have greater lights, and wisdom to judge what is worthy of you, than we have; but, for my part, I should have imagined that a great goddess should not have put herself in such a rage.

Venus. That is the very occasion of the extreme rage I am in. The more resplendent my rank is, the greater the affront is; and if I was not placed in this supreme degree, the indignation of my heart would not be so great. I, the daughter of the god who hurls the thunder; I, mother of the god who inspires love; I, the dearest wish of heaven and earth, whose very coming into light was on purpose to charm; I who have, from all that breathe, seen so many vows perfume my altars, and who by immortal right have always held the sovereign empire of beauty; I, whose eyes reduced two high goddesses to the extremity of yielding me the prize of beauty, shall I see victory and my rights disputed by a pitiful mortal? shall the ridiculous excess of a foolish infatuation oppose a trifling girl to me?

ſhall I, with patience, endure the raſh judgment paſſed on her charms and mine; and ſhall I, from the high heavens where I ſhine, hear prejudiced mortals ſay, "Venus herſelf is not ſo beautiful?"

Ægiale. Mankind are impertinent with their compariſons, and it is their way.

Phaene. In the preſent age they know not how to praiſe, without offering outrage to the higheſt names.

Venus. How well, alas! does the inſolent rigour of thoſe words revenge Juno and Pallas, and comfort their hearts for the bright glory which the famous apple added to my charms! I ſee them applaud themſelves on account of my uneaſineſs, conſtantly affect a malicious laugh, and with fixed regard, ſtudiouſly ſearch for my confuſion in my eyes. Their triumphant joy, at the force of this outrage, ſeems to ſay, inſulting my wrath: "Boaſt, Venus, boaſt the charms of your face; by the "judgment of one only you prevailed over us, but by "the judgment of all a ſimple mortal has the advantage "over you." Alas! this ſtroke puts an end to me, it pierces my very heart, and I can no longer bear theſe unequalled rigours; and the pleaſure of my rivals is too great a ſurplus to my lively grief. O ſon! if ever I had any credit with thee, and if ever I was dear to thee, if thou weareſt a heart ſenſible to the indignation which afflicts the heart of a mother who ſo tenderly loves thee, employ, now employ thy utmoſt power to ſupport my intereſt, and make Pſyche, by thy darts, feel my vengeance. To make her heart miſerable take ſuch of thy darts as would pleaſe me beſt, the moſt empoiſoned of thoſe which thou art uſed to hurl in thy anger. Cauſe her to be inflamed with love, even to madneſs, with the loweſt, vileſt, and moſt frightful of mortals; and make her undergo the cruel puniſhment, to love and not to be loved again.

Cupid. Every one complains of Cupid; people impute a thousand faults to me; and you cannot conceive the ill, and the foolish things which they say of me continually. If to assist your anger——

Venus. Begone, no longer resist thy mother's desires; apply thy thoughts to nothing but to endeavour immediately to sacrifice a victim to my injured honour. Begone, and let me not see thy face again till I am revenged according to my desires. [Cupid flies off.

END of the PROLOGUE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The stage represents the king's palace.

AGLAURA, CYDIPPE.

AGLAURA.

SILENCE, dear sister, sharpens some ills; therefore let us speak out our mutual grief; and each breathe out the killing anguish of our hearts. We see ourselves sisters in misfortune; and yours has so great a similitude with mine, that we may blend them both in one, and in our just transport, repine in joint complaints, at the cruelty of our fate. What secret fatality, sister, subjects all the universe to the charms of our younger sister, and, of so many princes which fortune has brought hither, has not given one of them to our chains? What! to see hearts hastening from all parts, to surrender themselves to her, and pass by our

charms without paying any attention to them. What fate have our eyes allotted them, and what have they done to the gods, that they are not to enjoy any homage amidst all these tributes of glorious sighs, which other eyes triumph in? Can there be a greater disgrace to us, sister, than to see all hearts overlook our charms, and the happy Psyche calmly enjoy a troop of lovers attached to her motions?

Cydippe. Indeed, sister, all the ills in nature are nothing to this; it makes me wretched.

Aglaura. I am often ready to cry with vexation; it has deprived me of all pleasure and repose; my constancy is unarmed against such a misfortune; my mind, still fixed on this affliction, sets before my eyes the disgrace of our charms, and Psyche's triumph. At night, an eternal idea of it still passes before me, which prevails above every thing; nothing can rid me of this cruel phantom, and when soft slumber comes to deliver me from it, some dream immediately recalls it to my mind, which awakens me in surprise.

Cydippe. Sister, you have just described what passes in my breast; I endure the same as you do.

Aglaura. Let us consider this affair. How are her charms so powerful? have her slightest looks acquired the grand secret of pleasing? What is there in her person to inspire such flames? What law of beauty gives her the empire over all hearts? We agree that she has some youthful attractions; but must one yield so much to her for being a little older, and be quite destitute of charms? Do we make a figure to be despised? Have not we some charms, some graces, some complexion, some eyes, some air and some shape capable of captivating some lovers? Do me the favour, sister, to speak freely to me. Am I, in your opinion, of an air, that

my merit ſhould give place to hers? And in what accompliſhment do you think that ſhe outſhines me?

Cydippe. Who? you, ſiſter? in none. I obſerved you yeſterday at the chaſe near her a long while; and, without flattering you, you appeared to me handſomer than her. But tell me, ſiſter, without flattering me, are they viſionary notions I take in my head, when I think myſelf ſo formed as to deſerve ſome conqueſt?

Aglaura. You, ſiſter? In reality you have all that can create an amorous flame. Your leaſt actions ſhine with an agreeableneſs that affects me to the ſoul; and were I a man, I ſhould be your lover.

Cydippe. How happens it then that we ſee her bear it from us both; that all hearts ſurrender when ſhe appears; and that they entirely neglect our charms?

Aglaura. I certainly have diſcovered the cauſe of ſo many lovers ſubmitting to her laws; and all our ſex join in thinking her charms very trifling.

Cydippe. I gueſs at it too; there is certainly ſome myſtery concealed under it. This ſecret of inflaming every one is not an ordinary effect of nature; the Theſſalian art is concerned in this affair; and ſome ſkilful hand has without doubt formed a charm for her to make herſelf be loved.

Aglaura. I have much ſtronger grounds for my belief; the charm ſhe attracts with is a free eaſy air, careſſing looks and words, a ſweet inviting ſmile, and promiſes of favours. Our glory is now no longer preſerved; and the times of thoſe noble ſpirits are no more, who, by a worthy trial of illuſtrious cruelties, would ſee the conſtancy of a lover proved. We are far fallen, in the age we are in, from that noble pride which ſo well became us; and we are now reduced to lay aſide all hopes, unleſs we make advances to the men.

Cydippe. This is just the secret of the affair, and I see that you guessed it better than I. It is because we are too reserved, that no lover will come near us. And we endeavour too much, to maintain the honour of our sex and birth. The men now love what smiles upon them; hope, more than love, is what attracts them; and it is by that, that Psyche ravishes from us all those lovers we see under her dominion. Let us follow the example; let us adjust ourselves to the times; let us condescend to make advances, sister; and let us have no more to do with gloomy decorums, which rob us of the fruit of our most lovely years.

Aglaura. I approve the thought, and we have an opportunity to make the first proof of it upon the two princes who arrived lately. They are charming, sister, and their entire persons are to me—Have you seen them?

Cydippe. Oh! sister, they are both made in such a manner, that my soul—They are two accomplished princes.

Aglaura. May we not endeavour to gain their tender affections, without any dishonour to ourselves?

Cydippe. I think a beauteous princess may give them her heart without any disgrace.

Aglaura. Here they come; how I admire their air and attire!

Cydippe. They do not in the least belye what we said of them just now.

SCENE II.

CLEOMENES, AGENOR, AGLAURA, CYDIPPE.

AGLAURA.

WHY do you fly us thus, princes? does the sight of us affright you?

Cleomenes. Madam, we were informed that the princess Psyche was here.

Aglaura. Is there nothing agreeable in these places except her presence adorn them?

Agenor. There may be sufficient charms here, but we were impatient to find Psyche.

Cydippe. Undoubtedly some pressing business pushes you on to seek her.

Cleomenes. Pressing enough, when our fortune depends entirely upon it.

Aglaura. It would be too great a favour for us to be informed of the secret which those words mean.

Cleomenes. We do not pretend to make a secret of it, since, in spite of us, it would come to light; a secret seldom lasts long, madam, when love is in the case.

Cydippe. That is plainly to say, princes, that you are both in love with Psyche.

Agenor. Both, subject to her empire, are now going, in concert, to discover our flames to her.

Aglaura. Two rivals so well united, is certainly a great wonder.

Cleomenes. It is true, the thing is uncommon, but not impossible to two sincere friends.

Cydippe. It is because in this place there is none

fair but she, and do you find no one here to divide your vows?

Aglaura. Amidst illustrious blood have not you seen one that deserves your flames?

Cleomenes. Do we reason when we are inflamed? Do we chuse whom to love? And do we regard what right they have to charm us?

Agenor. One follows, in such an ardour, any thing that attracts us, without having the power to chuse; and when love affects the heart, reason has no place there.

Aglaura. Indeed, I pity the troublesome perplexity your hearts are entangled in. You love an object whose smiling charms will mingle anguish with the hopes they give you; and her heart will not perform for you all that her eyes promise you.

Cydippe. The hope that numbers you amongst her lovers, will find a mistake in the soft airs she sets out to view; and you will endure very tormenting moments from the sudden turns of her unsettled mind.

Aglaura. A clear discernment of your merit makes us pity the fate this love guides you to; and you may both find if you will, a heart with as many charms, and more steady.

Cydippe. By a much better choice, you may preserve your friendship in love; and we see, in both of you, a merit so uncommon, that we would, out of pity, by a gentle advice, prevent what your heart is preparing for itself.

Cleomenes. This generous advice shews a goodness for us which affects our souls; but, madam, heaven has reduced us to the misfortune of not being able to profit by it.

Agenor. Your illustrious pity would in vain divert us from a passion, the effect of which we both dread;

what our friendſhip has not been able to bring about, madam, there is nothing can do.

Cydippe. The power of Pſyche will—Here ſhe comes.

SCENE III.

PSYCHE, CYDIPPE, AGLAURA, CLEOMENES, AGENOR.

CYDIPPE.

SISTER, come and enjoy what here awaits you.

Aglaura. Prepare your charms to receive the new triumphs of an illuſtrious conqueſt.

Cydippe. Both theſe princes have felt your charms ſo ſenſibly, that they are already diſpoſed to diſcover it to you.

Pſyche. I did not imagine that I occaſioned their thoughtfulneſs; upon finding them with you, I ſhould have ſuppoſed quite the contrary.

Aglaura. They only honour us with their confidence, for we have neither youth nor beauty to excite their love.

Cleomenes to Pſyche.] The confeſſion we muſt make to your divine charms is, doubtleſs, madam, a very raſh one; but ſo many hearts ready to expire, are obliged to diſpleaſe you by ſuch confeſſions, that you are reduced not to puniſh them with the thunder of your wrath? In us you behold two friends whom a happy agreement of tempers has united from our infancy; and theſe gentle bonds have been confirmed by numberleſs combats of eſteem and gratitude. The rigorous aſſaults of adverſe deſtiny, the contempt of death and aſpect of tortures, have ſignalized the lovely ties of our friendſhip, by illuſtrious inſtances of mutu-

al offices. But whatever trials it has met with, its greateſt triumph is this day, and nothing ſo manifeſts its conſtancy approved, as the preſerving of it in love. Yes, in ſpight of ſo many charms, its illuſtrious conſtancy has ſubjected all our vows to the law it enjoins us; it comes, with full and gentle deference, to ſubmit to your choice the ſucceſs of our paſſions, and to give a weight to our concurrence, that, for reaſons of ſtate, the balance may turn to the choice of one of us, this ſame friendſhip readily offers to unite our two kingdoms to the lot of him that is ſucceſsful.

Agenor. Yes, madam, theſe two kingdoms which we offer to unite, upon your happy choice, we will add as a ſuccour to our love to obtain you. This is what our amorous hearts make no difficulty of, we being ready to make a ſacrifice of ourſelves in preſence of the king your father, to ſecure this happineſs. And it is making a neceſſary gift to the fortunate perſon of a power which the unfortunate one, madam, will have no longer occaſion for.

Pſyche. Princes, the choice you offer me ſets before me what is ſufficient to ſuffice the wiſhes of the moſt ambitious; and you both embelliſh it in ſuch a manner, that nothing more valuable can be offered. Your love, your friendſhip and ſupreme virtue, all heighten the offer of your paſſion, and I ſee in it a merit which oppoſes itſelf to what you deſire of me. I muſt not allow my own heart to enter into ſuch alliances; my hand waits a father's commands to beſtow itſelf, and my ſiſters have rights which go before mine. But were I made abſolute miſtreſs of my vows, you might both have too great a ſhare in them at once; and my eſteem, ſuſpended between you, could not let my choice fix on either. I would repay the ardour of your addreſſes with my tendereſt vows; but where there is ſo much me-

rit, two hearts are too much for me, and one heart too little for you. I ſhould have the tendereſt wiſhes of my ſoul reſtrained, and behold one of you receive a deſtiny which would give me too much pain. Yes, princes, I ſhould with ardour prefer you both to all whoſe love follows yours, but I ſhould never be able to prefer one of you to the other. My tenderneſs would make too great a ſacrifice to him I ſhould chuſe; and I ſhould look upon the wrong I ſhould do the other by it as a cruel injuſtice. Yes, too much greatneſs of mind is conſpicuous in you both, that either of you ſhould be made unhappy; and you ſhould ſeek the means of being both fortunate in your love. If you have ſo much regard for me, as to allow me to diſpoſe of you, I have two ſiſters capable of pleaſing, who have it in their power to make your fate happy; and friendſhip makes their perſons dear enough to me to wiſh them yours.

Cleomenes. Alas! Can a heart that loves to exceſs, conſent to be given away by what it loves? We give, madam, to your heavenly charms, an abſolute power over both our hearts, diſpoſe of them even to death; but pray have this tenderneſs, not to diſpoſe of them to any other perſon than yourſelf.

Agenor. Madam, it would be offering too great an affront to the princeſſes; the refuſe of another paſſion would be a lot too mean for their attractions. It muſt be the faithful purity of a firſt flame that can aſpire to the honour your goodneſs propoſes to us; and each deſerves a heart that had ſighed for none but her alone.

Aglaura. Princes, I think you ſhould have given us leave to explain ourſelves concerning you, before you declined the offer. You muſt think our hearts are very flexible and tender; therefore how do you know whether we would accept of you?

Cydippe. I suppose we would chuse to owe the conquest of our lovers to our own merit; and our spirits are high enough to refuse hearts that want to be solicited.

Psyche. I thought it a glory sufficiently great for you, sisters, if, by being possessed of so much merit—

SCENE IV.

PSYCHE, AGLAURA, CYDIPPE, CLEOMENES, AGENOR, LYCAS.

LYCAS to PSYCHE.

OH! madam.

Psyche. What is the matter?

Lycas. The king———

Psyche. Well, what about the king?

Lycas. Wants you.

Psyche. What perplexes you so much?

Lycas. You will know but too soon.

Psyche. Alas! You make me afraid for the king.

Lycas. Be afraid for yourself only; it is you that are to be pitied.

Psyche. Thank heaven, my fears are over, since I know I have them only for myself. But tell me, Lycas, what is it that affects thee so much?

Lycas. Suffer me, madam, to obey him that sent me here, and to leave you to learn from his mouth what it is that afflicts me thus.

Psyche. I must go and learn what makes them be so much afraid of my weakness.

SCENE V.

AGLAURA, CYDIPPE, LYCAS.

AGLAURA.

IF your order extends not to us, pray tell us what great misfortune your grief conceals from us.

Lycas. Alas! princeſs, it is a misfortune which greatly affects the whole court; the oracle has given the following anſwer to the king, which is too deeply engraven on my heart to forget it. "Immediately lay "aſide all thoughts of Pſyche's marriage, and lead her "in funeral pomp to the top of a mountain, where you "muſt leave her; for there a poiſonous dragon "waits to take her for a wife." After ſo terrible a decree, I leave you yourſelves to judge if the gods could have diſcovered their wrath to us in a more terrible manner.

SCENE VI.

AGLAURA, CYDIPPE.

CYDIPPE.

WHAT think you, ſiſter, of this ſudden misfortune in which we ſee Pſyche plunged by the fates?

Aglaura. Why, what think you of it?

Cydippe. Indeed I am not very ſorry for it.

Aglaura. To tell you the truth, neither am I. Come, fate has ſent us an ill that we may look on as a good.

END of the FIRST ACT.

FIRST INTERLUDE.

The Scene changes to frightful rocks, and discovers, at a distance, a lonesome desart.

In this desart Psyche is to be exposed, in obedience to the oracle. A company of afflicted persons come hither to deplore her misfortune.

Disconsolate Women, and afflicted Men, singing and dancing.

WOMEN.

DEH, piangete al pianto mio,
Sassi duri, antiche selve,
Lagrimate fonti, e belue,
D'un bel volto il fato rio.

1. MAN.

Ahi dolore!

2. MAN.

Ahi martire!

1. MAN.

Cruda morte,

WOMAN and 2. MAN.

Empia sorte,

BOTH MEN.

Chè condanni a morir tanta belta.

ALL THREE TOGETHER.

Cieli, stelle! Ahi crudelta!

WOMAN.

Rispondete a miei lamenti,
Antri cavi, ascose rupi,

Deh ridite, fondi cupi,
Del mio duolo i mesti accenti.

1. MAN.

Ahi dolore!

2. MAN.

Ahi martire!

1. MAN.

Cruda morte,

WOMAN and 2. MAN.

Empia sorte.

BOTH MEN.

Che condanni a morir tanta belta.

ALL THREE TOGETHER.

Cieli, stelle! Ahi crudelta!

2. MAN.

Com'esser puo fra voi, o Numi eterni,
Chi voglia estinta una belta innocente?
Ahi! Che tanto rigor, Cielo inclemente,
Vince di crudelta gli stessi inferni.

1. MAN.

Nume fiero!

2. MAN.

Dio severo!

BOTH MEN.

Perche tanto rigor
Contro innocente cor?
Ahi, sentenza inudita,
Dar morte a la belta, ch'altrui da vita!

ENTRY.

Six afflicted Men, and six disconsolate Women, express their sorrow by their gestures in dancing.

WOMAN.

AHI ch'indarno si tarda,
Non resiste a gli Dei mortale affetto,
Alto impero ne sforza,
Ove commanda il Ciel, l' Uvom cede a sforza.

1. MAN.

Ahi dolore!

2. MAN.

Ahi martire!

1. MAN.

Cruda morte,

WOMAN and 2. MAN.

Empia sorte,

BOTH MEN.

Che condanni a morir tanta belta.

ALL THREE TOGETHER.

Cieli, stelle! Ahi crudelta!

END of the FIRST INTERLUDE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

THE KING, PSYCHE, AGLAURA, CYDIPPE, LYCAS, and Attendants.

PSYCHE.

MY lord, the source of your tears is very dear to me; but it is too much to allow the tenderness of a father to reign in the eyes of a great prince on my account. My lord, what you now give to nature is an injury done to the rank you hold, and I should refuse the moving favour. Give your grief less empire over your wisdom, and cease to honour my fate with tears which discover too much weakness in the heart of a king.

The King. Oh! daughter, my grief is rational, though it be extreme, therefore leave my eyes open to these tears: Wisdom itself might weep, when one loses forever what I lose. The diadem's pride would in vain have one to be insensible to these great reverses of fortune; the succours of reason are in vain offered to make us see with a tearless eye the death of what we love; the attempt to do it would be a barbarity in the eyes of the world; and it is more a brutality than a supreme virtue. I will not, in this adversity, affect insensibility, and conceal the anguish that touches me. I renounce the vanity of that ferocity, called firmness, and whatever name they give to the lively grief I feel, I will display it, daughter, to all the world, and shew the heart of a man in the heart of a king.

Psyche. I am quite unworthy of so much concern. Oppose a little resistance to the laws it imposes on a

heart whose prowess a thousand occasions have distinguished. Should you, my lord, for me, renounce that royal constancy of which you have given a famous experience under the assaults of misfortune?

The King. On a thousand occasions, constancy is an easy matter. All the revolutions that hard fortune can expose us to, the loss of grandeur, persecutions, the poison of envy, and the insults of hatred, have nothing in them but what the resolutions of a mind where reason has the least rule, may easily defy. But that which brings rigours with it that make the heart sink under the weight of bitter sorrows, are the rude strokes of those severe fatalities which rob us for ever of the persons that are dear to us. Reason offers no arms for succour against such assaults; this is the most terrible thunder that the gods in their wrath can lance against us.

Psyche. You have yet, my lord, wherewith to be comforted. The gods have crowned your marriage with more than one blessing; and, by a manifest favour, in taking me from your sight, take away nothing but what they have taken care to repair the loss of; there still remains what may assuage your grief; and this law of heaven, which you call cruel, leaves in the two princesses, my sisters, a subject for paternal love to place all its tenderness on.

The King. Ah! poor consolation for my ills! Nothing, nothing offers itself to me that can comfort me for thee. My eyes are only open to my anguish; and, in so dismal a fate, I look upon what I lose, and do not regard what is left me.

Psyche. You know better than I, my lord, that our wills are to be regulated by that of the gods; and I can say nothing to you upon this melancholy occasion, but what you can much better say to others. The gods

are sovereign masters of the gifts they deign us, and they only leave them in our hands for what time they think proper; when they recall them, we have no right to repine at the loss of those favours which they will no longer continue to us. I, my lord, am a gift which they granted to your wishes; and now that by this decree they are going to resume me, they take nothing from you but what you hold of them, and you should restore me without repining.

The King. Oh! seek a better foundation for the comfort thy heart offers me; and add not a load to that piercing grief whose torment I now suffer, by the falsity of this reasoning. Do you think, by this, to give me a powerful argument not to lament at this decree of heaven? Is not a killing rigour very visible in this procedure of the gods you would have me quietly submit to? Consider the age in which these gods force me to give thee up, and that wherein my unfortunate heart received thee; you will thus know that they take much more from me, than they gave me. I received of them in you, daughter, a present my heart requested not of them; I then found very few charms in it, and saw, without any pleasure, my family increase by it. My heart, as well as eyes, have acquired an endearing habitude of that present; I have expended fifteen years of cares, watchings, and study, to make it valuable to me; I have adorned it with the amiable riches of a thousand shining virtues; I have, with the utmost care, inclosed in it all the lovely treasures which wisdom can furnish; I have fixed the tenderness of my soul upon it; I have made it the charm and delight of my heart, the comfort of my declining sense, the soothing hope of my old age. All this these gods rob me of, and have I not reason to complain of this melancholy decree, whose cruel stroke I suffer? Alas! their pow-

er ſports with our fond hearts too ſeverely. Need they have ſtaid to reſume their gift, till I had made it my whole happineſs? they had better not have given me any thing, than taken it from me again.

Pſyche. My lord, how dare you exclaim againſt theſe gods, who may avenge themſelves?

The King. What more can they do to me? They have reduced me to a condition of being afraid of nothing.

Pſyche. Oh! my lord, I tremble at the crimes I make you commit, and ſhould hate myſelf.

The King. Alas! is it not ſufficient that my heart gives thee up to the cruel reſpect which we muſt ſhew them? they may ſuffer my juſt complaints, it is hard enough for me to obey them, without reſtraining the grief which the terrible decree of ſo hard a lot gives me. I cannot reſtrain my grief; I will for ever mourn the loſs I ſuffer.

Pſyche. My lord, your grief and my fate is too much for my tender heart to bear; ſpare my weakneſs in the condition I am in; I have great need of reſolution.

The King. Right, I ought to ſpare thee my inconſolable anguiſh. Behold the fatal inſtant that muſt tear thee from me; but how ſhall I pronounce that dreadful word? Yet it muſt be, for ſo heaven decrees; an inevitable rigour obliges me to leave thee in this fatal place, Farewell, I go——Farewell.

SCENE II.

PSYCHE, AGLAURA, CYDIPPE.

PSYCHE.

LET the king not be alone, ſiſters, but follow him, and ſweeten his afflictions; you will aug-

ment his alarms if you expose yourselves longer to my misfortunes. The dragon I wait for may be fatal to you, involve you in my lot, and give me in you a second death. Heaven has condemned me alone to its poisonous breath, nothing can help me; I have no need of an example to die.

Aglaura. Do not envy us the sad advantage of blending our tears with your sorrows, and mingling our sighs with yours; suffer this last pledge of a tender affection.

Psyche. That would be losing you in vain.

Cydippe. It is in hopes of a miracle in your favour, that we accompany you to the grave.

Psyche. What can one promise one's self after such an answer from the oracle?

Aglaura. The oracle frequently gives obscure answers. We understand them the less, the better we think we understand them; and perhaps, after all, you ought only to expect glory and felicity from it; allow us, sister, to see this mortal terror happily deceived by a fortunate issue, or at least to die with you, if heaven does not shew itself more propitious to our wishes.

Psyche. Pay more attention to the voice of nature, sister, which calls you to the king. You love me too much, it is contrary to duty; you know its indispensible law, a father ought to be still dearer to you than I am. Render yourselves a support of his old age; you owe him each a son-in-law and grandsons; a thousand kings, with emulation, keep their affections for you; a thousand kings, with emulation, will offer you their vows. The oracle required none but me; and I alone will die, and without shewing any weakness too, if it be possible; at least I will not have you for witnesses of what nature, in spite of me, leaves of it upon me.

Aglaura. Is it troubling you, to share your sorrows?

Cydippe. Nay, perhaps it displeases you?

Psyche. No. But in short, it is putting a constraint upon me; and perhaps redoubling the wrath of heaven.

Aglaura. You will have it so, we therefore part. May that same heaven prove more just and less severe, and vouchsafe to send you the fortune which we wish you, and which our sincere friendship hopes for you, in spite both of the oracle and yourself.

Psyche. The gods, sister, will never fulfil either your hope or wish. Farewell.

SCENE III.

PSYCHE alone.

NOW I am alone, and can freely contemplate this frightful change, which from the highest pitch of glory precipitates me to the grave. That glory was incomparable; the splendour of it spread itself to the most remote corners of the earth; all the kings in the world seemed created to love me; their subjects all imagining me a goddess, began to accustom me to the incense which they constantly offered me; their sighs pursued me, without costing me any; my soul remained free while it captivated so many others; and amidst so many flames, I was queen of every heart, and mistress of my own. Oh heaven! have you imputed this insensibility to me as a crime? Do you display such severity towards me for having only returned esteem to their vows? If you impose this law upon me, that I must make a choice to avoid your displeasure, since I could not do it, why did you not do it for me? Why did you not inspire into my breast, that which is inspired into so many others, by merit, love, and— But here come the two princes to discompose me again.

SCENE IV.

CLEOMENES, AGENOR, PSYCHE.

CLEOMENES.

WE are come, madam, to expose our lives in defence of yours.

Psyche. How do you think I can listen to you, when I have forced away two sisters? Do you imagine, princes, to be able to defend me against heaven? To give yourselves up to the dragon, which I must here attend, is a despair which ill becomes great hearts; and to die when I die, is to overwhelm a tender heart which has but too many sorrows of its own.

Agenor. We may subdue the dragon; Cadmus, who was not in love, defied that of Mars. We are in love, and love makes every thing possible to a heart that follows its banners, and to a hand whose darts itself directs.

Psyche. Would you have it serve you in favour of an ungrateful creature, whom all its arrows have not been able to touch, and lay down its vengeance in the very moment it beams forth, and aid you to deliver me from it? Nay, if when even you shall have served me, when you shall have given me life, what fruit of it do you expect from one who cannot love?

Cleomenes. We are not animated by the hope of so charming a reward; we only seek to discharge the duties of a passion which dares not ever presume, do what it can, to be capable of pleasing you, or worthy of inflaming you. Live, fair princess, and live for another; we shall behold it with a jealous eye, we shall expire at it, but of a sweeter death than if we were to see yours; and if we lose not our lives in protecting

yours, whenever you visibly prefer an lover to us, we shall soon die with grief and love.

Psyche. Live, princes, live; nor think any more of breaking, or sharing my unhappy fate; I thought I had told you heaven requires none but me; heaven has condemned me alone. Methinks I hear already the deadly hissings of its approaching minister; my fear paints him out to me, and constantly sets him before me; and, mistress as it is of all my thoughts, it figures him out to me on the top of this rock. I sink under it through weakness; and a remnant of virtue, with pain, scarce supports my vanquished heart. Farewell, princes, pray leave me, for I fear it will prove fatal to you if you stay.

Agenor. We see not yet any thing to terrify us; and if your strength abandons you when you paint out to yourself so near a death, we have hearts and hands which are not abandoned by hope. A rival may probably have dictated this oracle, or gold have made it speak that which it hath pronounced; it would not be a miracle for a man to have answered for a dumb god; and we have but too many examples in all nations, that temples are not less free of rogues than other places.

Cleomenes. Suffer us to oppose to the base ravisher to whom sacrilege unjustly gives you up, a passion which heaven has chosen for the defence of the only beauty for whom we desire to live. If we dare not pretend to the possession of it, allow us at least, in its danger, to follow the ardour and duties of our passion.

Psyche. Bear them to my other-selfs, bear, princes, to my sisters, these extreme ardors with which your hearts are filled for me; live for them when I am no more; bewail the direful rigours of my fate, without giving them in you new cause of grief; this is my last

will, and the orders of the dying have always been received as sovereign laws.

Cleomenes. Princeſs——

Pſyche. Once more, princes, live for them; you ſhould obey me, as much as you love me; do not reduce me to hate you, and to regard you as rebels inſtead of faithful ſervants to me. Go, leave me to expire here alone, where I have no more voice left than to bid you an eternal farewell; I find myſelf lifted aloft, and the air opens a paſſage to me, from whence you will no more hear this dying voice. Farewell, princes, for the laſt time farewell. My fate can now be no longer doubted by you.

[Pſyche is carried into the air by two Zephyrs.

Agenor. Alas! ſhe is now quite out of ſight. Let us both go, prince, and ſeek on the top of this rock the means to follow her.

Cleomenes. Yes, let us go, and there find the means of not ſurviving her.

SCENE V.

CUPID in the Air.

GO to death, both of you, for having the boldneſs to be rivals of a jealous god; and do you, Vulcan, forge a thouſand brilliant ornaments to embelliſh a palace, where Cupid may ſurrender himſelf to Pſyche, and dry up her tears.

END of the SECOND ACT.

SECOND INTERLUDE.

The Scene changes to a ſplendid court, adorned with columns of Lapis Lazuli, enriched with golden figures, which form a magnificent palace deſigned by Cupid for Pſyche.

VULCAN, CYCLOPS, FAIRIES.

VULCAN.

QUICKLY prepare theſe places to receive
The gentleſt, and moſt amiable of the gods;
Let each with intereſted cares obey him.
We ne'er can do enough when love requires.
Cupid will not admit the leaſt delay,
Toil, haſten, ſtrike, redouble ſtill your blows;
And let your ardour to obey and pleaſe him
Make all your labours pleaſing and agreeable.

ENTRY.

The Cyclops finiſh, to muſic, large golden vaſes, which are brought them by the Fairies.

VULCAN.

SERVE ſuch a lovely deity with vigour,
He takes delight in ardent diligence;
Let each with intereſted cares obey him.
When love requires, we ne'er can do enough.

Cupid will not admit the leaſt delay,
Toil, haſten ſtrike, redouble ſtill your blows;

And let your ardour to obey and pleaſe him
Make all your labours pleaſing and agreeable.

SECOND ENTRY.

The Cyclops and Fairies fix in their places to muſic, the golden vaſes intended for new ornaments to Cupid's palace.

END of the SECOND INTERLUDE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

CUPID, ZEPHYR.

ZEPHYR.

I HAVE faithfully executed your commands, and carried the beauty from the rock, and brought her into this delightful palace, where you may diſpoſe of her as you think proper; but I am ſurprized at the alteration I ſee in your perſon. That ſtature, mien, and habit diſguiſe you entirely; it is impoſſible for the craftieſt man in the world now to take you for what you really are.

Cupid. I do not want to be known. I will diſcover nothing to Pſyche but my heart, and the tranſports of that lively ardour which her beauty has imprinted upon me. And therefore to expreſs the great love which I bear her, and to conceal what I am from thoſe eyes that impoſe laws on me, I have aſſumed this habit.

Zephyr. I always thought you clever at every thing, but now I find you more ſo than ever. The gods, when they have been in love, have often transformed themſelves into various forms, to cure their amorous paſſi-

on; but truly you far surpass them. This is the right figure to gain you good success with the amiable sex you adore. The assistance of such a form is very powerful; and, not to mention either rank or wit, he that can find means of being so well made, will scarce sigh in vain.

Cupid. I have resolved, my dear Zephyr, to continue thus for ever. The eldest of the Loves cannot be blamed for this. In short, I am quite tired with that long state of infancy, and I shall now shew myself a man.

Zephyr. Very well. You could not do better; for you are entering into a mystery that is too deep for a boy to penetrate.

Cupid. My mother will undoubtedly be vexed at my assuming this character.

Zephyr. I foresee some small anger upon that score. For though disputes about age ought not to reign among the immortals, yet Venus, like other beauties, does not much care to be thought the mother of so beautiful a youth. But the thing that most offends her, is the method of your proceeding; it is revenging her cause in a strange manner, to adore the beauty she wants to punish. This hatred, which she expects the power of her son, whom the gods themselves fear, should answer her wishes in———

Cupid. Leave off this discourse, Zephyr, and tell me what you think of Psyche's beauty. Is there any thing on earth, or any thing in the heavens, which can deprive her of the glorious title of a matchless beauty? But I behold her, my dear Zephyr, admiring the glories of her new habitation.

Zephyr. You may shew yourself to her, to put an end to her sufferings, and discover her glorious destiny to her; talk together whatever two lovers can say

with their sighs, mouth, and eyes. I shall prove to you a sincere confident, and not disturb you in your amorous *téte-à-téte.*

SCENE II.

PSYCHE alone.

WHAT a delightful place is this I am transported to! How beautiful every corner is adorned with every thing in nature and art the most pleasing and magnificent. Every thing glitters in these gardens and apartments, whose pompous furniture have nothing in them but what enchants and flatters one; and where-ever my fears turn, I see nothing under my feet but gold or flowers. Has heaven made this charming place for the abode of a dragon? And when, by this sight, it amuses and suspends the unequalled rigours of my jealous destiny, would it shew that it repents of it? No, no, this is the blackest, the most barbarous stroke of its cruel hatred, which by a new and unparalleled rigour, displays this choice it had made of every thing the most beautiful in the world, that I may quit it with more regret. How absurd is my hope, if it thinks, by this means, to asswage my sorrows! Every hour that my death is delayed, has so many moments of new misfortunes; it lingers the more, and I die but so much the oftener. Thou monster, which art to devour me, let me languish no longer, but come and seize on thy victim. Wouldst thou have me seek for thee? And must I animate thy fury to devour me? If heaven intends my death, if my life is a crime, seize on the little that remains of it. I am tired of murmuring against a lawful chastisement, I am tired of sighing; come quickly, and put a period to my days.

SCENE III.

CUPID, PSYCHE, ZEPHYR.

CUPID.

I AM the dragon, the mercileſs monſter which the aſtoniſhing oracle has prepared for you, and which is not frightful to that degree that you had figured it out to yourſelf.

Pſyche. What, are you the monſter with which the oracle threatened me; you, who rather ſeem to be a deity that miraculouſly comes to my aid?

Cupid. What need have you for aid in an empire, where every thing that breathes attend to take their law from your looks, and where you have no other monſter to be afraid of but me?

Pſyche. A monſter like you gives me not much uneaſineſs; and if it has any poiſon, a ſoul would have very little reaſon to make the leaſt complaint againſt a ſweet infection, which every heart would dread the cure of; ſcarce do I ſee you, but my ceaſing fears ſuffer the image of death to vaniſh, and I feel an unknown fire run through my frozen veins. I have felt eſteem and complaiſance, friendſhip and gratitude, and the innocent feelings of compaſſion have made me experience the power of it; but I never yet felt what I now feel; I know not what it is, but I know that it charms me, and that it gives me not the leaſt alarm. The more I caſt my eyes upon you, the more I am charmed; never was I ſo moved by any thing I ever before felt; and I would tell you, that I loved you, my lord, if I knew what it was to love. Turn not away thoſe tender eyes that poiſon me; thoſe piercing but amorous eyes, which ſeem to ſhare the anguiſh they give me. Alas! the more dangerous they are, the

more I am pleased to be wedded to them. By what incomprehensible decree of heaven do I thus say to you more than I ought; I, whose modesty ought at least to wait till you explain to me the disorder I perceive you in? You sigh, my lord, as I sigh; your senses, like mine, appear in amazement; it is my part to be silent, and yours to tell me this; and yet it is I who tell it you.

Cupid. Psyche, you have always been so hard-hearted, that you must not be amazed if, to repair the injury, love now repays itself with usury of that which ought to have been given it. The moment is come in which you must breathe those sighs you have so long retained, and in which you must lay aside your cruelty, and be at once sensibly affected with numberless, sweet, and unknown transports, which ought to have touched you during so many lovely days which this insensible soul has profaned the course of.

Psyche. Have I been guilty of a great crime then, in being insensible of love?

Cupid. Do you suffer a cruel chastisement for it?

Psyche. The punishment is very gentle.

Cupid. Love may chuse its lawful punishment, and, in this glorious day, do itself justice for the failure of love, by an excess of love.

Psyche. Wherefore have I not been punished sooner! The happiness of my life is placed in it; I ought to blush at it, or at least to whisper it; but the punishment has too many charms in it for that. Allow me to say it, and repeat it aloud; I will say it a thousand times, and never blush at it; it is not I that speak; the surprizing power, the amiable violence of your presence, takes possession of my voice, whenever I would speak. It is in vain that my modesty is secretly offended at it, that the decency of my sex would impose other laws

upon me; your eyes themselves determine what I shall answer; and my mouth, subject to their almighty power, no longer consults me about what I ought to say.

Cupid. Believe, fair Psyche, believe what these eyes say to you, which only burn with a desire that yours should inform me of all that passes within you. Believe in this sighing heart, which, as often as yours will answer it, will inform you more by a sigh than a thousand looks can tell you. This is the most sweet, the most powerful, and the most sure of all languages.

Psyche. The intelligence of it was due to our hearts, to make them equally content. I have sighed, and you have heard me; you sigh, and I hear you. But leave me no longer in this uncertainty, my lord, and tell me, if by the same way, Zephyr brought you here after me to tell me what I hear? When I arrived in this place, was you expected? and when you speak to him are you understood?

Cupid. I have a sovereign empire in this sweet climate, as you have an empire over my heart; Cupid is favourable to me: and it is to oblige him that Æolus, at my request, summoned Zephyr. It was Cupid who, to reward my passion, himself dictated the answer of the oracle, by which you are delivered from a multitude of lovers that you were threatned with, and which has freed me from the eternal obstacle of so many ardent sighs which were not worthy of being addressed to you. Ask me not how this kingdom is called, nor the name of its king; you shall know it at a proper time. I would gain you, but it is by faithful services, assiduous cares, and constant vows; by an amorous sacrifice of all I am, and all I can do, without trusting to the splendour of my rank to solicit for me, or without making any merit of my power; although I am sove-

reign in this happy abode, I would owe Pyſche to nothing but my love. Come, princeſs, and admire with me the wonders of this place, and prepare your eyes and ears to feaſt upon its enchantments. Here you ſhall ſee the groves and meadows conteſt their beauties with gold and gems; and ſhall hear nothing but charming concerts; a thouſand beauties ſhall here ſerve you and adore you without envy, and perpetually with rapture and ſubmiſſion ſolicit the honour of your commands.

Pſyche. My will attends upon yours, I no longer have any of my own; but the anſwer of your oracle has ſeparated me from the king my father, and two ſiſters, who are now lamenting my imagined death. Suffer, therefore, my ſiſters to be witneſſes of my glory and your cares for me, to diſſipate the error which loads their breaſts with mortal anguiſh; lend them as you did me, the wings of Zephyr, which may facilitate their acceſs to your empire as they did mine; ſuffer them to ſee where I now live, and let them admire the ſucceſs of my loſs.

Cupid. Alas! Pſyche, you have not given me up all your ſoul. This tender remembrance of a father and ſiſters robs me of part of thoſe ſweets the whole of which I would have my paſſion enjoy. Have no eyes for any but me, as I have not for any but you; think of nothing but to pleaſe me; and when ſuch thoughts dare intrude to divert that———

Pſyche. No one, ſure, can be jealous of the tenderneſſes of natural affection.

Cupid. I am ſo, my dear Pſyche, of all nature. The rays of the ſun too often ſalute you; too often do your lovely locks ſuffer the careſſes of the wind; while it blows them, I cannot but repine at it; the air itſelf which you breathe, paſſes with too much pleaſure thro'

your lips; your very habit touches you too near; and as soon as you sigh, something, I know not what, startles me, fearing lest amongst those sighs there should be any wandring ones. But you desire to see your sisters; go, Zephyr, Psyche will have it so, and I cannot but assent to it. [Zephyr flies off.

SCENE IV.

CUPID, PSYCHE.

CUPID.

WHEN you shew your sisters this heavenly mansion, freely bestow on them plenty of its charming treasures, and lavish caresses upon caresses on them; and exhaust, if possible, all the tenderness of natural affection, that you may give up yourself entirely to Cupid. I will have nothing to do with your meeting; but hold not too long a conversation with them; you can have no complaisance for them that you do not rob me of.

Psyche. I can never abuse the favours which your love confers on me.

Cupid. In the mean time, let us go and view these gardens and palaces, where you will find nothing but what your beauty effaces. And you, ye little Loves and youthful Zephyrs, who are animated by tender sighs alone, display with emulation, the pleasure you felt when you first beheld the fairest of the fair.

End of the Third Act.

THIRD INTERLUDE.

CUPID, PSYCHE.

A ZEPHYR, who ſings; two CUPIDS, who ſing; a company of CUPIDS and ZEPHYRS, who dance.

ENTRY.

The Loves and Zephyrs, in obedience to Cupid, ſhew, by their dances, the joy they have in beholding Pſyche.

ZEPHYR.

LET tenderneſs, ye youths, your boſoms move;
Join to your happy days the ſweets of love,
'Tis only to deceive you, they adviſe
To ſhun love's pleaſures, and avoid its ſighs;
Then give yourſelves up wholly to its joys.

TWO CUPIDS TOGETHER.

All, all in their turn, love's ſweet tranſports muſt know;
And the more charms they have, they more to Cupid owe.

1. CUPID.

A heart that's young and tender
Ought always to ſurrender;
And never have in view
Croſs windings to purſue.

TWO CUPIDS TOGETHER.

All, all in their turn, love's ſweet tranſports muſt know;
And the more charms they have, they more to Cupid owe.

2. CUPID.

For what reaſon ſtill reſiſt?
To what purpoſe ſtill perſiſt?

Once a day is loſt, 'tis vain
To hope it will return again.

TWO CUPIDS TOGETHER.

All, all in their turn, love's ſweet tranſports muſt know;
And the more charms they have, they more to Cupid owe.

SECOND ENTRY.

The two companies of Cupids and Zephyrs begin their dances again.

ZEPHYR.

CUPID has always ſtore of charms,
To him let's render up our arms;
His very cares and tears muſt pleaſe,
And following him your heart's at eaſe.
Indeed to taſte his rapt'rous pleaſure
We muſt languiſh beyond meaſure;
But yet, no mortal truly lives,
Who not to love juſt homage gives.

TWO CUPIDS TOGETHER.

Should cares, pains, and anguiſh a lover invade,
By one happy moment he fully is paid.

1. CUPID.

We've hopes, and fears, and myſteries;
But who a happineſs ere ſees
Obtain'd without ſome miſeries?

TWO CUPIDS TOGETHER.

Should cares, pains, and anguiſh a lover invade,
By one happy moment he fully is paid.

2. CUPID.

What can a mortal better do
Than love and pleaſe his fair one too?
O! how full of charming joy
Is the lover's bleſt employ!

TWO CUPIDS TOGETHER.

Should care, pains, and anguish a lover invade,
By one happy moment he fully is paid.

END of the THIRD INTERLUDE.

ACT THE FOURTH.

The Stage represents a grand and delightful garden, with verdant arbours adorned with gold, and decorated with vases of orange-trees, and other trees plentifully laden with fruit. The middle of the Stage is filled with the most beautiful and uncommon flowers. At the farther end several grottos are discovered, adorned with shells, fountains and statues, and the whole view terminated by a magnificent palace.

SCENE I.

AGLAURA, CYDIPPE.

AGLAURA.

I AM quite tired, sister, with beholding so many wonders; future ages will, with pain, conceive them; the sun, that sees all things and discovers all things to us, never beheld the like; it disturbs the mind. This magnificent palace, this pompous equipage, make an odious shew, which loads me with shame as well as displeasure. How unworthily does fortune treat us! And how does her indiscreet bounty blindly waste, lavish, exhaust and unite its efforts, to make so many treasures the lot of a younger sister!

Cydippe. I approve of what you say; I have the same afflictions; and what displeases you in these charming places, does the same to me; whatever you take as a deadly affront, overwhelms me as well, and leaves bitterness in my soul, and a blush on my face.

Aglaura. No, sister, there is not a queen that talks so much like a sovereign in her own realms, as Psyche does here, where we see her obeyed with the utmost exactness; and her will is, by an amorous studiousness, watched for in her very eyes. A thousand beauties croud around her, and seem to say, upon perceiving our jealous looks, how great soever our charms are, she is still more beautiful, and we who serve her are more so than you. She speaks, and they willingly execute her commands. Flora herself who attends her steps, throws her most precious stores, with liberal hands, around her person; Zephyr is in readiness to fly at her order, and his mistress and he quit their own loves to serve her.

Cydippe. She will presently have altars raised to her, as she has already gods obedient to her commands; whilst we only have command over wretched mortals, whose caprice and audaciousness hourly, in secret perfidy, oppose our pleasure either by murmuring or artifice.

Aglaura. It was a small matter, that in our court so many hearts, with emulation, preferred her to us; it was not enough that day and night, she was there adored by crouds of lovers; but, when we comforted ourselves with the hopes of seeing her in her grave, by the unexpected order of the oracle, she must display the miracle of her new fortune in our presence, and chuse our eyes to be witnesses of what, at the bottom of our heart, we should the least have desired.

Cydippe. That which gives me the greatest vexa-

tion, is this perfect lover, so capable of pleasing, whom she has made a captive of; might we chuse out of all monarchs, is there a king in the universe who bears so noble a stamp? To see one's desires of wealth satisfied is often a success which makes us miserable; there is no pompous equipage or stately palaces but opens some door to incurable ills; but to have a lover of perfect merit, and to find one's self dearly beloved by him, is a happiness so high, so sublime, that the greatness of it is inexpressible.

Aglaura. Let us talk no more of it, sister; we shall die with envy at it; let us rather consider how we may avenge ourselves, and find means of breaking this good intelligence between them. Here she comes. I have a net ready for her, that she will not easily avoid.

SCENE II.

PSYCHE, AGLAURA, CYDIPPE.

PSYCHE.

DEAR sisters, I am come to bid you farewel, my lover sends you back again; for he cannot bear that you should deprive him of one moment of the joy he takes in being alone contemplating me. A single look, the least word that I part with, even to my sisters, he reckons a tenderness which I rob him of in favour of natural affection.

Aglaura. Jealousy is very nice; and these delicate sentiments give good reason to think that he who has such an ardent love for you is above the rank of common lovers. I speak thus to you of him without knowing him; you are ignorant of his name, and of his parents, we are therefore alarmed at it. I take him for a great prince, and of a power supreme, even beyond

that of a diadem; the treasures which he has, with profusion, strown beneath your feet, might make even Plenty's self ashamed; you love him as much as he loves you; he delights you, and you delight him; your happiness, sister, would be extreme if you knew but whom you loved.

Psyche. I care not who he is; I am beloved by him. The more he sees me, the more I please him. There are no pleasures which can charm the soul but what prevent my wishes; and I cannot see what you are alarmed at, when all in this palace wait to serve me.

Aglaura. What advantage is it that all here wait to serve you, if this lover will never let you know what he is? We are only alarmed for your interest. In vain do all smile here, in vain do all please you; true love knows no reserve, and he that is obstinate in concealing himself, is conscious of something in himself that is obnoxious to reproach. If this lover should become inconstant now, for change in love has its charms; and, between us, I will be bold to say, that however great the lustre of your face may be, there still may be others perhaps as handsome as you; if, I say, another object should engage him; if in the condition we now see you, alone in his hands, and without any defence, he should commit any violence, on whom shall the king revenge himself either for the change, or the insolence?

Psyche. Sister, you make me tremble. Heavens! Can I be so unfortunate as——

Cydippe. Perhaps Hymen's knots are already——

Psyche. O! no more, this would overwhelm me.

Aglaura. But one word more, and then I am done: This prince who loves you, and who commands the winds, who gives us Zephyr's wings for a chariot, and loads you with new delights every moment, when he thus visibly breaks the order of nature, may perhaps mix

a little impoſture with ſo much love. Perhaps this palace is but an inchantment, and theſe golden roofs, theſe heaps of treaſures with which he now purchaſes your affection, may, as ſoon as he is ſurfeited with your careſſes, diſappear in a moment. You are ſenſible as well as we of the power of magic.

Pſyche. What cruel alarms do I feel in my turn!

Aglaura. Our friendſhip aims at nothing but your good.

Pſyche. Farewel, ſiſters, let us break off our diſcourſe; I love, and fear leſt he ſhould grow impatient. Depart; and to-morrow, if poſſible, you ſhall ſee me either more content, or in the depth of mortal anguiſh.

Aglaura. We will go and let the king know what new glory, what exceſs of happineſs heaven has poured upon you.

Cydippe. We will give him the ſurprizing and marvellous hiſtory of ſo ſweet a change.

Pſyche. Trouble him not with your ſuſpicions, ſiſters; and when you deſcribe this beautiful empire to him——

Aglaura. We know very well what to tell him; and need no leſſons on that point.

[A cloud deſcends and envelopes Pſyche's ſiſters; and Zephyr carries them up into the air.

SCENE III.

CUPID, PSYCHE.

CUPID.

HOW glad am I that you are again alone, and I can again repeat to you, without having your ſiſters for witneſſes, what an empire thoſe lovely eyes have over me, and how exceſſive the joys are which a ſincere ardour inſpires when two hearts are once united. I can diſplay to you the amorous ardency of my tranſported ſoul; and ſwear to you that the ſole object of thoſe tranſports is to ſerve you, to ſee this ardour attended with an equal ardour, and to conceive no other wiſh than to be regulated by your deſires. But what is the reaſon, that a gloomy cloud ſeems to obſcure the luſtre of thoſe piercing eyes? Have you not every thing here you deſire? Or do you diſdain the homage of thoſe vows that are here tendered you?

Pſyche. Indeed, my lord, I do not.

Cupid. What ails you then? And whence this misfortune to me? I hear more ſighs of grief than of love; the fading roſes on your cheeks diſcover ſome ſecret anxiety; your ſiſters are hardly out of your ſight before you ſigh with regret. Ah! Pſyche, when the ardour of two hearts are the ſame, have they different ſighs? And when one truly loves, and has the ſight of what one loves, can one think of relations?

Pſyche. No, I am not grieved at that.

Cupid. Is it the abſence of a rival, and of a beloved rival, which makes you neglect me?

Pſyche. Alas! how ill do you penetrate the ſecrets of a heart that is entirely yours! I love you, my lord, and love is provoked by the unworthy ſuſpicion you

have formed. You are ignorant of your own merit, if you are afraid of not being beloved. I love you, though ere now I have shewn myself haughty enough to despise the vows of several kings; and, if I must tell you my real thoughts, I never found any one but you who was worthy of me. However, I have a concern which I would in vain conceal from you; a black chagrin is mingled with all my tender passion, which I cannot free it from. Ask me not the cause of it, for perhaps if you knew it, you would punish me for it; and if I dare yet aspire at any thing, I am certain I should not obtain it.

Cupid. And are you not afraid that I should be in my turn provoked that you should so little know your own merit, or pretend so little to know how absolute a power you have over me? Alas! if you doubt it, be undeceived, speak.

Psyche. It would be very disagreeable to me to be repulsed.

Cupid. Pray have not such cruel sentiments of me, it is easy making the experiment; speak, I am quite attentive. If you require oaths to make me be believed, I swear by those victorious eyes which are rulers of my heart, those divine authors of my flame; and if that is not enough, I swear it, like the gods, by Styx.

Psyche. After this assurance, I am less afraid. My lord, I behold in this place all imaginable grandeur; I adore you, and you love me; my heart is delighted at it; but amidst this supreme happiness I have the misfortune not to know whom I love. I therefore desire that you would let me know who you are.

Cupid. Psyche, what is that you said?

Psyche. That this is the greatest of my wishes, and if you do not grant it me——

Cupid. I have ſworn it, and am no longer maſter of it; but you are inſenſible what you demand. Leave me my ſecret. If I diſcover myſelf I loſe you, and you me. I cannot therefore grant your requeſt.

Pyſche. Is this the ſway I have over your heart?

Cupid. You can do any thing, and I am entirely yours. But if you think our mutual flames are ſweet, lay no obſtacle in the way of their charming progreſs; do not force me to fly; that is the leaſt evil which can happen to us from this deſire you are ſeduced by.

Pſyche. My lord, you will try me; but I know what I ought to think of it. Pray inform me of the whole exceſs of my glory; and no longer conceal from me for what illuſtrious choice I have rejected the vows of ſo many kings.

Cupid. And muſt I ſubmit to your demands?

Pyſche. Permit me to conjure it of you.

Cupid. Were you ſenſible, Pſyche, of the cruel accident you draw on yourſelf by it———

Pſyche. My lord, you make me deſpair.

Cupid. Think well of it; I can yet be ſilent.

Pſyche. Will you not fulfil the vows you have made?

Cupid. Well then, ſince it muſt be ſo, I am a god, the moſt powerful of all the gods, abſolute both on the earth and in the heavens; my power is ſupreme in the ocean and the air; in ſhort, I am Cupid himſelf, who by my own darts was wounded for you; and were it not, alas! for the violence you offer me, which has changed my love into anger, you would have had me for a huſband. Your deſires are ſatisfied, you know who it is that loves you, you know the lover that charms you: and now ſee, Pſyche, to what a condition you have reduced yourſelf. You yourſelf force me to leave you; you yourſelf force me to deprive you of

all the fruits of your victory. Perhaps thoſe fair eyes may never behold me again. This palace and theſe gardens, which muſt diſappear with me, will cauſe your growing glory all to vaniſh; you was not willing to believe me in the thing; and the fruit of this ſcruple being cleared up is, that Deſtiny, at which the heavens themſelves tremble, more powerful than my love and than all the gods together, will ſhew its hatred to you, and baniſh me from your ſight.

[Cupid flies off, and the garden diſappears.

SCENE IV.

The Stage repreſents a deſart, and wild banks of a river.

PSYCHE, and the RIVER-GOD ſitting on a heap of flags, and leaning upon an urn.

PSYCHE.

CRUEL deſtiny! deadly inquietude! fatal curioſity! What! have you turned all my happineſs into a dreary deſart? I loved a god, and was adored by him, my felicity redoubled every moment; and now I find myſelf alone, diſſolved in tears, in the midſt of a ſolitude, where, to overwhelm me quite, I find, to my confuſion and deſpair, my love increaſed when bereft of my lover. The remembrance of it both charms and empoiſons me, and tyrannizes over a miſerable heart which my flame has condemned to the ſharpeſt anguiſh. O heavens! When Cupid flew from me, why did he leave me the love he inſpired me with? Thou ſource of all pure and inexhauſtible treaſures, ruler of gods and men, thou dear author of the torments I endure, ſhall I never ſee thee more? I myſelf have indeed baniſhed thee from me; in the height

of love, and the extremity of happineſs, my heart was alarmed with a mean ſuſpicion; ungrateful heart, how dull was thy ſight? when we love we ſhould not entertain a wiſh but what is agreeable to the object beloved. Let me die, that is the only part that is now left me, after the loſs I have occaſioned. For whom, ye gods, would I deſire to live, or for whom form a ſingle wiſh? Thou river, whoſe waters waſh theſe ſands, let my crime be buried in thy waves; and, to put an end to my deplorable ills, let me ſecure my repoſe in thy deepeſt ſtreams.

River-God. Heaven forbids thee, fair one, to do ſo raſh a deed, and my ſtreams would be polluted by it; perhaps after theſe profound ſorrows, a happier fate attends thee. Fly rather from the implacable wrath of Venus. I ſee her coming to ſeek you, and to inflict a puniſhment on you; the love of the ſon has occaſioned the mother's hatred; fly, I can retain her.

Pſyche. I attend her revenging fury; what can ſhe have in ſtore for me but what is too gentle for me? one that wiſhes for death, and fears neither gods nor goddeſſes, but bids defiance to their utmoſt efforts.

SCENE V.

VENUS, PSYCHE, RIVER-GOD.

VENUS.

CAN you have the boldneſs, Pſyche, to appear before me, after you have bore off from me the honours done me upon earth, after your ſeducing charms have received that incenſe which is due to none but mine? I have ſeen my temples forſaken; I have ſeen mankind, ſeduced by your charms, idolize you as the ſupreme beauty, and pay you homage till then

unknown, without so much as considering whether there was any other Venus or no; and I still see you so audacious as not to be afraid of being severely punished, and to look me as boldly in the face as if you had nothing to fear from my resentment.

Psyche. If I have been adored by any part of mankind, is it any crime in me to be possessed of charms? Or that their unthinking minds should yield to my attractions, when they had never the pleasure of beholding you. I am just what heaven has made me. If the vows that have been paid me have proved disagreeable to you, you needed only to have shewn yourself, to have had them brought back to you. As soon as you ceased to conceal yourself, all would know their duty, since you need only to be seen to be adored.

Venus. You stand in need of a much better defence. This adoration, this incense ought to be refused you; and the better to disabuse mankind, it is necessary that you should pay them to me, even in their sighs. You have been in love with a crime which you ought to have abhorred; nay, you have gone still farther; your haughty temper, after having rejected several kings, has carried the extravagant ambition of its choice even to the immortals.

Psyche. Did I, goddess, carry my ambition to the immortals?

Venus. Your insolence is without example; to despise all earthly monarchs, is not this to aspire at the gods themselves?

Psyche. If Cupid had made me insensible to their addresses with a design to reserve me for himself, am I to blame for that? And is it therefore necessary that I should pay so dearly for his agreeable passion as to be for ever subject to your resentment?

Venus. Pſyche, you ought to have known yourſelf, as well as the dignity of this god.

Pſyche. Did he leave me any time for this, he who in an inſtant became maſter of my whole heart?

Venus. You have ſuffered your heart to be charmed by him, and became enamoured with him as ſoon as he ſaid, *I love.*

Pſyche. Was it poſſible for me to avoid loving the god who inſpires with love, and who addreſſed me for himſelf? It is your ſon, whoſe power and merit you know.

Venus. He is indeed my ſon; but a ſon that provokes me, a ſon who renders me not what he is ſenſible he owes me, a ſon who cauſes every one to abandon me, and who, ſince he has been in love with you, the better to flatter his own unworthy amours, wounds not a ſingle mortal to come to my altars and implore my aid. You have made him a rebel to me, for which I ſhall fully revenge myſelf on you, and that highly too; and ſhall let you know if a mortal ought to ſuffer a god to ſigh at her feet. Follow me; you ſhall ſoon experience, to what a height of folly you carry this ambition. Come, and ſhew yourſelf as patient under your ſufferings as you have been ambitious.

End of the Fourth Act.

FOURTH INTERLUDE.

THE Scene repreſents hell. A ſea of fire appears, whoſe waves are in conſtant motion. This dreadful ſea is bordered with ruins of burnt buildings;

and in the midſt of its rolling waves, acroſs its terrible gulph, appears Pluto's infernal palace.

FIRST ENTRY.

The Furies rejoice at the rage they have kindled in Venus's breaſt.

SECOND ENTRY.

The Imps performing ſome dangerous feats of activity, mingle with the Furies, and endeavour to frighten Pſyche; but the charms of her beauty cauſe the Furies and Imps to retire.

END of the FOURTH INTERLUDE.

ACT THE FIFTH.

Pſyche appears paſſing in a boat, with a box which Venus had demanded of Proſerpine.

SCENE I.

PSYCHE.

IS there a pain equal to that which Venus condemns my love, amongſt your dreadful windings, ye infernal lakes, ye gloomy palaces, where Megera and her ſiſters reign, eternal enemies of day; or amongſt your Ixion's, your Tantalus's, and your continual torments? No, nothing can ſatisfy her rage; and ſince I find myſelf ſubjected to her laws, ſince ſhe gives me over to

reſentments, I am compelled, in theſe cruel moments, to have more than one life or one ſoul to fulfil her commands. I ſhould chearfully ſuffer every thing amidſt the rigours her hatred diſplays, if I could but for one moment view that dear, that amiable lover. I dare not name him; my guilty lips, by having demanded too much of him, are rendered unworthy to mention him; and in this cruel affliction, the moſt mortal anguiſh I perpetually ſuffer, is that of not ſeeing him. If his anger ſtill continues, no misfortune can equal mine; but if he would have compaſſion on a heart that adores him, whatever I muſt undergo would be no ſuffering at all to me. Yes, ye fates, if his juſt indignation was but appeaſed, all my misfortunes would be at an end; I want nothing but a kind look from the ſon to make me inſenſible to the mother's fury. I will no longer doubt of it; he undoubtedly ſhares my ſorrows, he is ſenſible of what I ſuffer, and ſuffers with me; all the torment that I endure an amorous law impoſes on him. In ſpite of Venus, and in ſpite of my crime, it is he who ſupports and reinſtates me in the midſt of the perils I am made to undergo; he preſerves the tenderneſs his flame inſpired him with, and takes care to reſtore life to me as often as I find myſelf near the point of death. But lo two ghoſts approach me, acroſs the glimmerings of theſe gloomy manſions, I wonder what they can want.

SCENE II.

PSYCHE, CLEOMENES, AGENOR.

PSYCHE.

WHAT, Cleomenes and Agenor, is it you that I now behold? Who has deprived you of life?

Cleomenes. The juſteſt grief that ever could furniſh matter of deſpair; that funeral pomp, where you waited the cruelleſt rigour of a diſmal fate, and the moſt ſupreme injuſtice.

Agenor. On that very rock where heaven in wrath had promiſed you, inſtead of a huſband, a dragon that ſhould ſuddenly deſtroy you, we ſtood prepared to repel his rage, or die with you. Princeſs, you are ſenſible of it; and as ſoon as you diſappeared, by being carried up into the air, tranſported both by grief and love, we threw ourſelves headlong from the rock to follow your charms, or rather to taſte the amorous joy of offering the firſt prey to the monſter for you.

Cleomenes. Happily deceived in the meaning of the oracle, we have found out the miracle, and diſcovered that the devouring dragon was the god of love; and who, though a god, adoring you himſelf, could not endure that any mortal, like us, ſhould dare to adore you.

Agenor. In recompence for having followed you, we here enjoy a very agreeable death. It is better to be dead than alive, if we cannot be yours? We here review your charms, which neither of us could ever have ſeen again in the other world. Happy, if you honour the misfortunes you have occaſioned us with the ſlighteſt tear.

Pſyche. Is it poſſible I ſhould have any tears remaining, after my own misfortunes have been carried to the higheſt pitch? Let us join our ſighs in this dire calamity, for ſighs are never exhauſted. But you, princes, ſigh for an ungrateful creature. You would not ſurvive my misfortunes; but I, whatever troubles aſſault me, did not die for you.

Cleomenes. Did we merit that from you, we whoſe flame has only tired you with an account of our miſeries?

Pſyche. You might have merited my intire affection, princes, had not you been rivals. Thoſe incomparable qualities which attended both your addreſſes rendered you both too amiable for either of you to be rejected.

Agenor. You might juſtly, and without any cruelty, refuſe us a heart which was reſerved for a god. But reviſit Venus; we are called by deſtiny, and obliged to leave you.

Pſyche. Will not it afford you ſo much time as to tell me where your abode is in theſe regions?

Cleomenes. We dwell in verdant groves, where nothing but love is breathed. Where, as ſoon as we die for love, we there again through love revive; there through love we ſigh under the gentleſt laws of its happy empire; whence eternal night dare not chace the day which that love, which inſpires us ghoſts, ſheds round us, and for which it erects a court even in the infernal ſhades.

Agenor. Your envious ſiſters, after us deſcended, ſeeking to deſtroy you, are deſtroyed themſelves, and each, in their turns, in reward for the counſel which coſt them their lives, ſuffer by the ſides of Ixion and Tityus ſometimes the rack, and ſometimes the vulture. Cupid, by the Zephyrs, took ſwift vengeance for their

envenomed and jealous malice; those winged ministers of his just wrath, under pretence of conveying them once more to you, plunged them both together down a precipice, where the dismal spectacle of their torn bodies displays only the least and first punishment for those counsels whose artifice brought on the ills you suffer.

Psyche. I greatly pity them.

Cleomenes. You are most to be pitied. But we stay too long discoursing with you; farewel, and may we live in your remembrance! May Cupid soon exalt you to the heavens, and rank you with the gods, and rekindling a love never to be extinguished, rescue for ever the lustre of your beautiful eyes to augment the light of those abodes!

SCENE III.

PSYCHE alone.

WRETCHED youths! though dead, they still admire me, notwithstanding I gave so ill a reception to their vows. It is not so with thee, thou who alone hast enchanted me, thou whom I still love a thousand times more than life itself, and who hast broken those charming ties. No longer avoid me, but give me hopes that thou wilt one day vouchsafe to cast an eye on me; that by my sufferings I shall be able to appease thee, and recover thy plighted faith. But I am too much disfigured by what I have suffered, to entertain any such hope. An eye dejected, sad, despairing, languid, and discoloured; what have I that can possibly prevail for me, unless by some unexpected miracle, my beauties, which once pleased thee, should be repaired. This treasure of divine beauty which Pro-

ſerpine has put into my hands for Venus, contains charms by which mine may be repaired; and the luſtre of them muſt certainly be great, ſince Venus, Beauty's ſelf, requires them to adorn her. Would I be to blame, if I was to rob her of a few? Is not every thing lawful that can render me pleaſing in the eyes of a god, who voluntarily became my lover; and that can regain his heart, and put an end to my pain? Let me open it. What vapours oppreſs my clouded brain? What is it that proceeds from this box I have opened? O Cupid! unleſs thy pity oppoſes my deſtruction, I muſt deſcend to the grave, never more to revive. [Pſyche ſwoons.

SCENE IV.

CUPID, PSYCHE in a Swoon.

CUPID.

THY danger, Pſyche, diſpels my wrath, or rather the ardour of my paſſion has not ceaſed; and though you have greatly diſpleaſed me, I am only intereſted againſt my mother's anger. I have been witneſs to all thou haſt ſuffered, my ſighs have every where accompanied thy tears; turn thy eyes towards me, I am ſtill the ſame. I ſay it, and repeat it aloud, that I love thee, but you do not tell me, Pſyche, that you love me. Are thoſe lovely eyes then cloſed for ever? Will thoſe lovely eyes never more be opened? O death, thou ſhouldſt not have been ſo hard-hearted. How could you, without any regard to my eternal being, make an attempt upon my own life? How often, ungrateful deity, have I enlarged thy gloomy empire by the contempt or cruelty of a proud and inſolent beauty? How many faithful lovers, if I may ſo ſay, have I ſacrificed to thee by exceſs of tranſport?

Go, I will wound no more ſouls, I will pierce no more breaſts but with darts dipt in the divine liquors which nouriſh the immortal flames of heaven, and will never hurt them again but to preſent before thy eyes as many gods as lovers. And you, cruel mother, who forced it to ſnatch away from me all I held the moſt dear, dread, in your turn, the effect of my wrath. Will you make laws for me? You, who ſo frequently receive them from me? You who have a heart as ſenſible as another, do you envy mine the delight that your own enjoys? But I will pierce that heart with ſuch a ſtroke as ſhall be followed by jealous anxieties alone; I will load you with ſhameful ſurprizes, and every where look out for your tendereſt wiſhes, Adonis's and Anchiſes's, who will only hate you.

SCENE V.

VENUS, CUPID, PSYCHE in a Swoon.

VENUS.

WHAT a reſpectful threat is this! ſhall the preſumptuous anger of a revolted boy——

Cupid. I am no longer a boy, I have been too long ſo; and I have juſt cauſe to be enraged.

Venus. You may remember, that to me you owe your birth, and ought therefore to reſtrain your rage.

Cupid. And you ſhould not forget that you have a heart and charms which are heightened by my power; that my bow is the only ſupport of yours; that without my arrows it is of no value; and that if the braveſt hearts have ſuffered themſelves to be led in triumph by you, yet you have made none your ſlaves but whom I pleaſed to ſubject to your charms. Boaſt no longer therefore of thoſe laws of birth which tyrannize over

my desires; and if you would not lose a thousand sighs, think of gratitude when you behold me; you, whose glory and pleasure depend upon my power alone.

Venus. How have you maintained this glory you speak of? How have you rendered it to me? And when you have seen my altars deserted, my temples violated, my honours diminished, if you have taken part in such ignominy, in what manner has Psyche, who robbed me of them, been punished for it? I commanded you to cause her to be charmed with the basest of mortals, who should not condescend to answer her inflamed heart with any thing but eternal repulses, and the most cruel contempt; and you yourself have fallen in love with her! you have seduced the immortal beings to be against me; it was for you that the Zephyrs hid her from my eyes; that Apollo himself being suborned, so effectually bore her away from me by a crafty oracle, that, if her own blind curiosity had not surrendered her to my vengeance, she would have escaped my incensed heart. See to what a condition your love has reduced your Psyche; see, her soul is departed, and if yours is still inflamed with love of her, receive her last sigh. Menace and brave me in the mean time that she expires, such insolence becomes you well; and I ought to bear every thing you chuse to say, I, who can do nothing without the aid of your arrows.

Cupid. You can only do too much, hard-hearted goddess, the fates abandon her to your displeasure; but be not so inexorable to the prayers and tears of your supplicating son. You must now undoubtedly be pleased, to see with one eye Psyche expiring, and your son with the other, desiring to hold all his happiness from you. Give me back my Psyche, give her back all her

charms again, give her back, goddeſs, to my flowing tears; give back to my love, give back to my grief the charm of my eyes, and the choice of my heart.

Venus. How greatly ſoever you love Pſyche, expect not the end of her misfortunes from me; if deſtiny abandons her to me, I abandon her to deſtiny. Trouble me no more, and let her, in this adverſity, triumph or periſh, without the interpoſition of Venus.

Cupid. Forgive me if I am too troubleſome, I would not be ſo if I could but die.

Venus. This is an extreme grief indeed, that forces a deity to deſire death.

Cupid. You may perceive, by the exceſs of my paſſion, how ſtrong it is. Will you not be in the leaſt favourable to it?

Venus. I confeſs your paſſion does affect me, it diſarms, it abates my rigour. Your Pſyche ſhall yet live.

Cupid. How will I make you every where adored!

Venus. Yes, you ſhall behold her in her priſtine beauty; but I require the entire deference of your grateful vows. And that an unfeigned reſpect ſuffer my friendſhip to chuſe you another half.

Cupid. You could not confer a greater bleſſing upon me; and now I reaſſume my former boldneſs, and deſire Pyſche, I deſire her faith, I deſire that ſhe may revive, and revive for me; I think it an indifferent thing, that your hatred being ended, ceaſes in favour of another. Jupiter, whom I ſee coming, will judge between us, both of my paſſionate behaviour, and your wrath.

[After ſeveral flaſhes of lightning, and claps of thunder, Jupiter appears in the air upon an eagle, and deſcends upon the earth.

SCENE THE LAST.

JUPITER, VENUS, CUPID, PSYCHE in a Swoon.

CUPID.

ALMIGHTY father of gods and men, you to whom nothing is impoſſible, abate the rigour of an hard-hearted mother, who without me, would have no altars. I have wept, I have prayed, ſighed, threatened, and all to no purpoſe. She will not admit that on my diſpleaſure depends the happy or melancholy aſpect of the whole world; and that if Pſyche ceaſes to live, and if ſhe lives not for me, I ſhall be no longer the god of love. Yes, I will break my bow and my arrows in pieces; I will even quench my torch, and let nature languiſh in her tomb; or, if I condeſcend to pierce any hearts with theſe golden ſhafts that command obedience, I will wound you all above for mortals, and let no arrows fly at them but ſuch as are blunted, and force them to hatred; and which will produce nothing but rebels, ingrates, and ſavages. By what tyrannic law ſhall I be obliged to keep my arms always in readineſs to ſerve you, and make conqueſts after conqueſts upon all for you, if you will not allow me to make one for myſelf?

Jupiter to Venus.] Be more tender to him, my daughter, you have the deſtiny of Pſyche in your hands, the fatal ſiſters, at the leaſt word, will purſue your wrath; ſpeak, and ſuffer thyſelf to be overcome with the tenderneſs of a mother, or dread an anger which I myſelf am afraid of. Will you deliver up the world a prey to hatred, to diſorder, to confuſion; and of a god of peace and delight, make him a god of bitter-

ess and division? Let us consider who we are, and f we ought to be slaves to passion. The more grateful evenge is to mortals, the more it becomes the gods to pardon.

Venus. I forgive my rebellious son; but would ou have me submit to the reproach that an insolent woman, the object of my anger, the haughty Psyche, because she is somewhat handsome, should, by a marriage which I am ashamed at, fully my alliance, and my son's bed?

Jupiter. Be not uneasy on that account, for I will make her immortal?

Venus. Then I have no longer a contempt nor hatred for her; I admit her the honour of this conjugal tie. Awake, Psyche, never more to die. Jupiter has made your peace; and I lay aside the haughty disposition which opposed your wishes.

Psyche recovering from her swoon.] Do you then pity me, great goddess, and restore life to this innocent heart?

Venus. Jupiter has procured you favour, and I am no longer angry. Live, Venus commands it; love, for she allows it.

Psyche to Cupid.] Lovely object of my passion, do I once more behold you?

Cupid to Psyche.] Am I once more, joy of my soul, in possession of thee?

Jupiter. We must now ascend to heaven, to compleat so happy and noble a wedding. You will no longer be an inhabitant of earth, lovely Psyche, but an immortal goddess.

END of the FIFTH ACT.

FIFTH INTERLUDE.

THE Stage repreſents heaven. The palace of Jupiter deſcends, and the other palaces of the greateſt of the celeſtial gods are diſcovered at a diſtance. A cloud deſcends, on which Cupid and Pſyche place themſelves, and are carried up in the air by a ſecond cloud, which had, in deſcending, joined itſelf to the firſt. Jupiter and Venus croſs one another in the air, in their machines, and range themſelves near Cupid and Pſyche.

The deities who had been divided between Venus and her ſon, unite again upon their agreement; and all together, by concerts, ſongs, and dances, celebrate the marriage of Cupid and Pſyche.

JUPITER, VENUS, CUPID, PSYCHE, a chorus of immortals.

APOLLO, the MUSES, the ARTS diſguiſed like ſhepherds.

BACCHUS, SILENUS, SATYRS, MOMUS, PUNCHINELLO'S, PANTOMIMES, MARS, and a troop of warriors.

APOLLO.

IMMORTAL band, let diſcord ceaſe;
Cupid enjoys his love in peace,
Venus her native ſmiles puts on
In favour of her charming ſon;

New croſſes he no more ſhall dread,
But joys eternal ſhall ſucceed.

A chorus of IMMORTALS.

LET us grace this joyful day
With ſongs of mirth, and jocund play;
Songs that ſhall bear the news around,
And make thoſe bleſt abodes reſound.
Let each in tuneful ſtrains declare
How powerful Love's attractions are,
That none ſo rough or ſavage prove
But ſoon or late ſubmit to Love.

BACCHUS.

IF ſometimes our rules
Make madmen or fools,
And reaſon is loſt in good wine,
In the ſpace of a day
All the fumes will away
That did the bright regent confine:
But when Love's ſoft ſmart
Bewitches the heart,
Perhaps all our life-time we pine.

MOMUS.

'TIS mine, ſharp raillery to throw
At gods above and men below;
In ſportive mood my darts I fling,
Nor ſpare ev'n heav'n's imperial king;
On all but Love my ſatires fall,
But he ſpares none, his arrows fly at all.

MARS.

MY fierceſt foes o'ercome, or ſtruck with dread,
Have always yielded, or inglorious fled;
None but Love can boaſt that he
Has proudly triumph'd over me.

Chorus of IMMORTALS.

LET our joyous ſongs declare
The raptures of the happy pair;
In haſte is each Olympian power
To hail their ſoft, their bliſsful hour.
Let us celebrate the day
With various mirth and wanton play;
And while the hours too fleeting move
Let our ſtrains be all of love.

FIRST ENTRY.

ATTENDANTS ON APOLLO.

A dance of the ARTS diſguiſed like Shepherds.

APOLLO.

THE god to whom we make our court
Forbids us to be overwiſe;
Diverting play, and am'rous ſport,
We in our turn ſhould learn to prize.
At night, at leaſt, we all ſhould prove
The ſoft delights of ſports and love.

'Tis pity in this ſweet ſojourn
Any a ſavage heart ſhould bear:
Pleaſures ſhould have their ſoft return,
And end the day's diſtracting care.
At night, at leaſt, we all ſhall prove
The ſoft delights of ſports and love.

TWO MUSES.

BEWARE, ye charmers all, beware,
Love is full of anxious care;
Guard with diligence your heart,
Leſt it feel an am'rous ſmart.

The passion you with ease may gain;
But to reveal
The pain you feel,
Is by far the greatest pain.

Torments still on love await,
Its chains are oft too hard to bear;
Alarms incessant are the fate
Of ev'ry yielding, sighing fair.
The passion you with ease may gain;
But to reveal
The pain you feel,
Is by far the greatest pain.

SECOND ENTRY.

BACCHUS'S TRAIN.

A dance of Pantomimes.

BACCHUS.

OF wine let our praises ne'er cease,
Its charms how engaging they are!
'Tis useful in times of soft peace,
And always does wonders in war;
But when we to love are inclin'd,
Its greatest assistance we find.

SILENUS mounted upon an ass.

OF Bacchus, 'tis the chief design
That we should oft carouse with wine;
His reign is delightful, we can't but confess,
For we laugh all the day, and at night sleep in peace.
This god, propitious to our vows,
Whate'er our heart can wish allows.

Of the charms of his court may our praiſes ne'er ceaſe.
For we drink all the day, and at night ſleep in peace.

SILENUS and TWO SATYRS together.

Would you have ſweets without allay,
Full bumpers will your wiſh repay.

1. SATYR.

Greatneſs we purſue in vain,
It always brings a ſecret pain.

2. SATYR.

And reſt will fly if love ſhould reign.

ALL THREE TOGETHER.

Would you have ſweets without delay?
Full bumpers will your wiſh repay.

1. SATYR.

Hence laughter, ſport, and each gay ſong,

2. SATYR.

And merry jokes to wine belong.

ALL THREE TOGETHER.

Would you have ſweets without allay?
Full bumpers will your wiſh repay.

THIRD ENTRY.

Two other Satyrs take Silenus from his aſs, which ſerves them to vault upon, and perform ſeveral agreeable and ſurprizing feats.

FOURTH ENTRY.

MOMUS'S TRAIN.

A dance of Punchinello's and Mimics.

MOMUS.

LET mirth and ſatire now prevail,
Let none the poignant joke refuſe;

Becauſe 'tis always good to rail,
However mild the ſport we uſe.
Whenever the pleaſure of railing we ſlight,
'Gainſt ſadneſs there is no defence,
For in laughing we find the ſupremeſt delight,
If we laugh at another's expence.

With the faults of a neighbour be ſure let us play,
'Tis modiſh an error to blaze;
There is nothing ſo tireſome at this time o' day,
As to clog one's diſcourſe with dull praiſe.

Whenever the pleaſure of railing we ſlight,
'Gainſt ſadneſs there is no defence;
For in laughing we find the ſupremeſt delight,
If we laugh at another's expence.

FIFTH ENTRY.

ATTENDANTS ON MARS.

MARS.

LET's leave the world without alarms;
And ſeek amuſement's gentler charms;
Amidſt the pleaſures of the court,
Let's add war's image to the ſport.

Four warriors bearing maces and bucklers, four others armed with pikes, and four more with colours, perform a kind of exerciſe in dancing.

SIXTH and laſt ENTRY.

The four ſeveral companies that attend Apollo, Bacchus, Momus, and Mars, unite and mix with one another.

Chorus of IMMORTALS.

LET our joyous ſongs declare
The raptures of the happy pair;
Trumpets, timbals, tender lutes,
Rattling drums, and warbling flutes,
All in joyful concert move,
Whilſt our pleaſing ſtrain is Love.

THE END.

THE

GENTLEMAN CIT.

A

COMEDY.

The GENTLEMAN CIT, *a Comedy of Five Acts, performed at Chambord in October* 1670, *and at Paris at the Theatre of the Palace-Royal the* 29*th of November the same Year.*

THIS comedy was very unfavourably received by the court, and was ranked amongſt the number of thoſe whoſe only merit was in making the people laugh. However, Lewis XIV. judged more favourably of it, and gave encouragement to the author, who was very much alarmed at the bad reception it met with. All Paris was ſtruck with the truth of the portrait which he had given them, and the town ſoon ſilenced the critics. They ſaw in Mr. Jordain a folly common to mankind in every condition of life, namely, the vanity of endeavouring to appear greater than what they really are. This ridicule would not have been ſtriking in a perſon of too high a rank; nor would it have appeared with grace in one of a rank too low; but to have a proper effect in the comic ſcene, it was neceſſary that in the choice of the character there ſhould be a diſtance between his real condition and that to which he aſpired, ſufficient to make the bare contraſt of the manners proper to the two conditions ſtrongly paint out in one ſingle point, and in one and the ſame ſubject, the exceſs of the general folly that was intended to be corrected. The GENTLEMAN CIT anſwers this compleatly; for we at once behold the man and the character, the maſk and the face placed in ſuch an oppoſition of light and ſhade, that we always perceive what he is, as well as what he would appear to be. The good ſenſe of Mrs. Jordain, the intereſted complaiſance of Dorantes, the witty gayety of Nicola, the happy turn of wit in Lucilia, the noble frankneſs of

Cleontes, the pregnant ſubtilty of Coviel, and the burleſque vanity of the different maſters of arts and ſciences, caſt ſtill a new light on the character of Mr. Jordain, and he receives from every thing about him a new kind of ridicule which rebounds on him, and from him, on all the conditions of life. The Turkiſh ceremony, which Cleontes ſhould not have been acceſſary to, or aſſiſting in, paſt pretty well, by means of the oddneſs of the ſcenery, and the exquiſite muſic.

ACTORS.

Mr. JORDAIN, the Cit.
Mrs. JORDAIN.
LUCILIA, daughter to Mr. Jordain.
CLEONTES, in love with Lucilia.
DORIMENE, a marchioneſs.
DORANTES, a count, Dorimene's lover.
NICOLA, a maid-ſervant to Mr. Jordain.
COVIEL, ſervant to Cleontes.
MUSIC-MASTER.
MUSIC-MASTER'S SCHOLAR.
DANCING-MASTER.
FENCING-MASTER.
PHILOSOPHY-MASTER.
TAILOR.
TAILOR'S MAN.
TWO FOOTMEN.

THE

GENTLEMAN CIT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

MUSIC-MASTER, A SCHOLAR to the music-master, composing at a table in the middle of the Stage, A WOMAN SINGER, AND TWO MEN SINGERS, A DANCING-MASTER, AND DANCERS.

MUSIC-MASTER to the musicians.

HIS worship will be here presently, do you therefore retire into that room till he comes.

Dancing-master to his people.] Do you also retire into that other apartment.

Music-master to his scholar.] Have you done?

Scholar. Yes, Sir.

Music-master. Shew it me—Hum! this is very well

Dancing-master. Pray have you got any thing new there?

Muſic-maſter. Yes, I ordered him to compoſe a ſong for a ſerenade till our genius comes down.

Dancing-maſter. Pray let me ſee it.

Muſic-maſter. Why he will ſoon be here, and then you will hear it with the dialogue.

Dancing-maſter. I think we have no reaſon to complain at preſent, we have pretty good buſineſs.

Muſic-maſter. It is true. Your capers and my fiddle would have a rare time of it, if every one were like this ſame Mr. Jordain; for thoſe whims of gallantry and nobility which have taken poſſeſſion of his brain are as good as an eſtate to us. In ſhort, he is juſt ſuch a perſon as we wanted.

Dancing-maſter. I am of a different opinion from you, I wiſh he was more ready in learning what we teach him.

Muſic-maſter. Why he is certainly a moſt abominable dunce, and doth not underſtand what we endeavour to teach him; but the principal thing we regard in ſcholars is to pay for what they do not underſtand.

Dancing-maſter. I really differ from you on that head, for I think the approbation of the public is the moſt exquiſite of all pleaſures, and the grand reward for all our toils. I am pleaſed with applauſe as well as profit, and I think it degrades a profeſſor of the polite arts to be obliged to expoſe his compoſitions to blockheads who are as ſtupid as aſſes.

Muſic-maſter. Why what you ſay is certainly right; yet, notwithſtanding this ignorant vain cit, who has no underſtanding, talks of things in the moſt ridiculous manner imaginable, yet he is of more uſe to us than the moſt knowing noblemen of them all. His purſe and praiſes are current coin; for praiſe of itſelf is too thin a diet to live upon; ſomething that will

make a man easy in his circumstances is more solid and lasting.

Dancing-master. Why I think you lay rather too much stress upon this; a sordid love of gain is a mean groveling passion, which does not become a man of honour.

Music-master. But notwithstanding this, you always readily take whatever he is pleased to give you.

Dancing-master. Most certainly. But it would give me great pleasure if I saw his liberality were joined with a good taste.

Music master. I really wish the same; and as by his means we shall become well known, let us join in using all our endeavours to inspire him with a good taste.

Dancing-master. Here he comes.

SCENE II.

MR. JORDAIN in a night-gown and cap, MUSIC-MASTER, DANCING-MASTER, SCHOLAR to the MUSIC-MASTER, VIOLINS, MUSICIANS, DANCERS, two Footmen.

MR. JORDAIN.

ARE you there, gentlemen? shall we see a little of your drollery? have you any thing new?

Dancing-master. Our drollery, Sir? what do you mean?

Mr. Jordain. Why, I mean your——What do you call it, your prologue or dialogue of singing and dancing.

Dancing-master. Oh! do you mean that, Sir?

Music-master. You see we are all ready, Sir.

Mr. Jordain. I am afraid I have made you wait a little, but I have been dressing according to the fashion

this morning, and my hoſier ſent me a pair of ſilk ſtockings which I thought I ſhould never have been able to draw on.

Muſic-maſter. We wait your leiſure here, Sir,

Mr. Jordain. My tailor has juſt brought me a ſuit of cloaths, pray do not go till I ſee how I look in them.

Dancing-maſter. As you pleaſe.

Mr. Jordain. You ſhall ſee me moſt exactly equipped from head to foot.

Muſic-maſter. We do not doubt it.

Mr. Jordain. I have had this Indian thing made up for me.

Dancing-maſter. It is very handſome.

Mr. Jordain. My tailor tells me that people of quality go thus in a morning.

Muſic-maſter. It fits you to a miracle.

Mr. Jordain. Why, hoh! Fellow there! both my fellows!

1. Footman. Your pleaſure, Sir?

Mr. Jordain. Nothing: it is only to try whether you hear me readily. [To the two maſters] What ſay you of my liveries?

Dancing-maſter. They are magnificent.

Mr. Jordain half opens his gown and diſcovers a ſtrait pair of breeches of ſcarlet velvet, and a green velvet jacket which he has on.] Here again is a kind of diſhabille to perform my exerciſes in a morning.

Muſic-maſter. It is gallant.

Mr. Jordain. Footman?

1. Footman. Sir?

Mr. Jordain. The other footman!

2. Footman. Sir?

Mr. Jordain taking off his gown.] Hold my gown. [to the muſic and dancing-maſters.] Do you like me ſo?

Dancing-master. Mighty well; nothing can be better.

Mr. Jordain. Now let me see your affair.

Music-master. I should be glad first to let you hear an air [pointing to his scholar] he has just composed for the serenade, which you gave me orders about. He is one of my scholars, who has an admirable talent for these sort of things.

Mr. Jordain. It may be so; but I hope you were not too good to do it yourself; you ought not to leave those things to be done by your scholars.

Music-master. By no means, dear Sir, it is a fine air, if you will please to hear it. I hope the name of scholar will not prejudice you; for these kind of scholars frequently know more than the best masters.

Mr. Jordain to his footman.] Give me my gown that I may hear the better—Stay, I believe I shall be better without the gown.—No, give it me again, it will do better.

MUSICIAN.

" I languish night and day, nor sleeps my pain,
" Since those fair eyes impos'd the rigorous chain;
" But tell me, Iris, what dire fate attends
" Your enemies, if thus you treat your friends?"

Mr. Jordain. This song seems to me a little upon the melancholy strain; it inclines one to sleep; I should be glad you could enliven it a little in some parts.

Music-master. It is necessary, Sir, that the music should be suited to the words.

Mr. Jordain. I was taught one perfectly pretty some time ago. Stay——Um——How is it?

Dancing-master. Truly, Sir, I do not know.

Mr. Jordain. There is something about mutton or lamb in it?

Dancing-master. Mutton or lamb in it?

Mr. Jordain. Yes——I have it! [He sings.

" I thought my dear Namby
" As gentle as fair-o:
" I thought my dear Namby
" As mild as a lamb-y.
" Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear-o!
" For now the sad scold, is a thousand times told,
" More fierce than a tiger or bear-o."

Is not it pretty?

Music-master. Nothing can be prettier.

Dancing-master. And you sing it well.

Mr. Jordain. Yet I never learned music.

Music-master. You ought to learn it, Sir, as you do dancing. They are two arts which are strictly related to each other.

Dancing-master. And which open the human mind to see the beauty of things.

Mr. Jordain. What! do people of quality learn music too?

Music-master. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Jordain. Then to be sure I must learn it, but how to find time for all these things I know not, for I have agreed with a master of philosophy besides my fencing-master.

Music-master. Philosophy is something; but music, Sir, music———

Dancing-master. Music and dancing—Music and dancing are every thing.

Music-master. There is nothing of so much use in a state, as music.

Dancing-master. There is nothing so necessary for men, as dancing.

Music-master. A state cannot subsist without music.

Dancing-master. Without dancing, a man can do nothing.

Music-master. All the disorders, all the wars one sees in the world, happen only for not learning music.

Dancing-master. All the disasters of mankind, all the fatal misfortunes that histories are replete with, the blunders of politicians, the miscarriages of great commanders, all this comes from not knowing how to dance.

Mr. Jordain. How so?

Music-master. Does not war proceed from want of harmony among mankind?

Mr. Jordain. That is true.

Music-master. And if all men learned music, would not that be a means of keeping them better in tune, and of seeing universal peace in the world?

Mr. Jordain. You are in the right.

Dancing-master. When a man has been guilty of a defect in his conduct, be it in the affairs of his family, or in the government of the state, or in the command of an army; do not we always say, such a one has made a false step in such an affair?

Mr. Jordain. It is said so to be sure.

Dancing-master. And can making a false step proceed from any other cause but the want of knowing how to dance?

Mr. Jordain. It is true, you are both in the right.

Dancing-master. This is to let you see the excellence and advantage of dancing and music.

Mr. Jordain. I now comprehend it.

Music-master. Will you see each of our compositions?

Mr. Jordain. With all my heart.

Music-master. I have told you already, that this is a

slight essay which I formerly made upon the different passions that may be expressed by music.

Mr. Jordain. Very well.

Music-master to the musicians.] Here, come forward. [to Mr. Jordain.] You are to suppose them dressed in the characters of shepherds and shepherdesses.

Mr. Jordain. Why always shepherds? one sees nothing but such stuff every where.

Music-master. The reason is, Sir, that when musical performances are to be introduced, it is necessary to probability that we give into the pastoral way. Singing has always been peculiar to shepherds; and it would be unnatural in dialogue, that princes or citizens should sing their passions.

Mr. Jordain. Well, well. Let us see.

DIALOGUE in MUSIC between one Woman and two Men.

WOMAN.

THE heart that must tyrannic love obey,
A thousand fears and cares oppress.
Sweet are those sighs and languishments, they say;
Say what they will for me,
Nought is so sweet as liberty.

1. Man. Nothing so sweet as love's soft fire,
Which can two glowing hearts inspire
With the same life, the same desire.
The loveless swain no happiness can prove.
From life take soothing love,
All pleasure you remove.

2. Man. Sweet were the wanton archer's sway,
Would all with constancy obey:
But, cruel fate!

No nymph is true:
The faithleſs ſex more worthy of our hate,
To love ſhould bid eternally adieu.

1. Man. Pleaſing hates!
Woman. Freedom bleſt!
2. Man. Fair deceit!
1. Man. O how I love thee!
Woman. How I approve thee!
2. Man. I deteſt!
1. Man. Againſt love's ardour quit this mortal hate.
Woman. Shepherd myſelf I bind here,
To ſhow a faithful mate.
2. Man. Alas! but where to find her?
Woman. Our glory to retrieve,
My heart I here beſtow.
2. Man. But, nymph, can I believe
That heart no change will know?
Woman. Let experience decide,
Who loves beſt of the two.
2. Man. And the perjured ſide
May vengeance purſue.
All Three. Then let us kindle ſoft deſire,
Let us fan the amorous fire.
Ah! How ſweet it is to love,
When hearts united conſtant prove!

Mr. Jordain. Is this all?

Muſic-maſter. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Jordain. Really I think it very prettily ſet off, and there are ſome good ſayings enough in it.

Dancing-maſter. You have here, for my compoſition, a little eſſay of the fineſt movements, and the moſt beautiful attitudes with which a dance can poſſibly be varied.

Mr. Jordain. Are they ſhepherds too?

Dancing-master. They are what you please. [to the dancers.] Come, begin.

[Several dancers enter, and perform various movements and steps.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

MR. JORDAIN, MUSIC-MASTER, DANCING-MASTER.

MR. JORDAIN.

THESE are clever fellows, and perform dexterously.

Music-master. When the dance is mixed with the music, it will have a greater effect still, and you will see something gallant in the little entertainment we have prepared for you.

Mr. Jordain. That is however for by and by; and the person for whom I have ordered all this, is to do me the honour of dining with me here.

Dancing-master. Every thing is ready.

Music-master. But a single entertainment is not enough, Sir, it is necessary such a person as you, who live great, and have an inclination to things that are handsome, should have a concert of music at your house once a week at least.

Mr. Jordain. Have people of quality them so often?

Music-master. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Jordain. I will have one of them. Will it be fine?

Music-master. Without doubt. You must have three voices, a treble, a counter-tenor, and bass, which must be accompanied with a bass-viol, a theorbo-lute, and

a harpſicord for the thorough-baſs, with two violins to play the ſymphonies.

Mr. Jordan. Pray let there be a trumpet-marine too. The trumpet-marine is an inſtrument that pleaſes me, and is very harmonious.

Muſic-maſter. Leave us to manage matters.

Mr. Jordain. However, do not forget by and by to ſend the muſicians to ſing while I am at dinner.

Muſic-maſter. You ſhall have every thing that is neceſſary.

Mr. Jordain. I beg that you would let the entertainment be fine.

Muſic-maſter. You ſhall have no reaſon to complain, and amongſt other things you ſhall ſee ſome minuets in it.

Mr. Jordain. Ay, the minuets are my favourite dance; and I have a mind you ſhould ſee me dance one. Come, maſter.

Dancing-maſter. Your hat, Sir, if you pleaſe. [Mr. Jordain takes off his foot-boy's hat, and puts it on over his own night-cap; upon which his maſter takes him by the hand, and makes him dance to a minuet-air which he ſings.] Tol, lol, lol, lol, lol, lol; tol, lol, lol, twice; tol, lol, lol; tol, lol. Keep time, Sir, if you pleaſe. Tol, lol, the right leg forward. Tol, lol, lol. Do not ſhake your ſhoulders ſo much. Tol, lol, lol, lol, lol. Why, your arms hang as if they were broken. Tol, lol, lol, lol, lol. Hold up your head. Turn out your toes. Tol, lol, lol. Your body erect.

Mr. Jordain. There, that is enough for this day.

Muſic-maſter. Exceedingly well performed.

Mr. Jordain. Now I think on it, teach me how I muſt bow to pay my compliments to a marchioneſs; I ſhall ſoon have occaſion for it.

Dancing-master. You want to know how to accost a marchioness?

Mr. Jordain. Yes, a marchioness; her name is Dorimene.

Dancing-master. Give me your hand.

Mr. Jordain. No. You need only to do it, I shall remember it easily.

Dancing-master. If you would salute her with a great deal of respect, you must first of all make a bow and fall back, then advancing towards her, bow thrice, and at the last bow, bend yourself almost to the ground.

Mr. Jordain. Do it a little yourself. [After the dancing-master has made three bows.] Enough, enough.

SCENE II.

MR. JORDAIN, MUSIC-MASTER, DANCING-MASTER, FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

SIR, your fencing-master is here.

Mr. Jordain. Bid him come in that he may give me a lesson. [To the music and dancing-masters.] Now you shall see how I will perform.

SCENE III.

MR. JORDAIN, FENCING-MASTER, MUSIC-MASTER, DANCING-MASTER, FOOTMAN holding two foils.

FENCING-MASTER taking the two foils out of the footman's hand, and presenting one to Mr. Jordain.

COME, Sir, your salute. Your body straight. A little bearing upon the left thigh. Do not straddle so. Your feet both on a line. Your wrist opposite to your hip. The point of your sword opposite your shoulder. Your arm not quite so much extended. Your left hand on a level with your eye. Your left shoulder more square. Hold up your head. Your look bold. Advance. Your body steady. Beat quarte, and push quarte. One, two. Recover. Again with it, your foot firm. One, two. Leap back. When you make a pass, Sir, it is necessary your sword should disengage first, and your body make as small a mark as possible. One, two. Come beat tierce, and push the same. Advance. Your body firm. Advance. Quit after that manner. One, two. Recover. Repeat the same. One, two. Leap back. Parry, Sir, parry.

[The Fencing-master gives him two or three home-thursts, crying, parry.

Mr. Jordain. Ugh!

Music-master. You do wonders.

Fencing-master. I have told you already, that the whole science of defence consists but in two things, in giving and not receiving: and as I shewed you the other day by demonstrative reason, it is impossible you should receive, if you know how to turn your adversary's sword from the line of your body; which depends

only upon a ſmall motion of your wriſt, either inward, or outward.

Mr. Jordain. Why then a man, if he is ever ſuch a coward, is ſure to kill his adverſary, and not to be killed.

Fencing-maſter. Certainly, Do not you ſee it plainly demonſtrated?

Mr. Jordain. Yes.

Fencing-maſter. By this one may ſee of what conſideration ſuch perſons as we ſhould be eſteemed in a ſtate, and how highly the ſcience of arms exceeds all the other uſeleſs ſciences, ſuch as dancing, muſic, and—

Dancing-maſter. Soft and fair, Mr. Quarte and Tierce, Do not ſpeak of dancing but with reſpect.

Muſic-maſter. Pray learn to treat the excellence of muſic in a handſomer manner.

Fencing-maſter. You are merry fellows, to pretend to compare your ſciences with mine.

Muſic-maſter. Do but ſee the importance of the creature!

Dancing-maſter. The droll animal there, with his buff breaſt-plate!

Fencing-maſter. My little maſter ſkipper, I ſhall make you ſkip in another manner. And you, my little maſter ſcraper, I ſhall make you change your tune.

Dancing maſter. Mr. Tick-Tack, I ſhall teach you better manners.

Mr. Jordain to the Dancing-maſter.] Are you bewitched to quarrel with him, who underſtands tierce and quarte, who knows how to kill a man by demonſtrative reaſon?

Dancing-maſter. I laugh at his demonſtrative reaſon, and his tierce and his quarte.

Mr. Jordain to the Dancing-maſter.] Be quiet, I tell you.

Fencing-master to the Dancing-master.] How? Mr. impertinence!

Mr. Jordain. Nay, my dear Fencing-master!

Dancing-master to the Fencing-master.] How? You great dray-horse!

Mr. Jordain. Nay, my Dancing-master.

Fencing-master. If I lay my———

Mr. Jordain to the Fencing-master.] Gently.

Dancing-master. I will make you dance to such a tune———

Mr. Jordain. Nay, for heaven's sake!

Fencing-master. I shall curry you with such an air—

Mr. Jordain to the Fencing-master.] For goodness sake.

Dancing-master. I shall drub you after such a manner———

Mr. Jordain to the Dancing-master.] I beseech you.

Music-master. We will teach him how to speak.

Mr. Jordain to the Music-master.] Pray be quiet.

SCENE IV.

PHILOSOPHY-MASTER, MR. JORDAIN, MUSIC-MASTER, DANCING-MASTER, FENCING-MASTER, FOOTMAN.

MR. JORDAIN.

OH! Mr. Philosopher, you are come in the nick of time with your philosophy. Come and make peace amongst these people.

Philosophy-master. What is the matter, gentlemen?

Mr. Jordain. Why they have gone together by the ears about the preference of their professions, abused each other, and would come to blows.

Philosophy-master. O fy, gentlemen! what need

was there of all this fury? Have you not read Seneca's excellent treatise upon Anger? Is there any thing more base and shameful than this passion, which reduces us to a level with beasts? and should not reason guide all our actions?

Dancing-master. How, Sir? Why he has just now been abusing us both, in despising dancing, which science I have the honour to teach, and music which is his profession.

Philosophy-master. A wise man is above all injurious language, and the only answer one should make to all affronts, is moderation and patience.

Fencing-master. They had both the assurance to compare their professions to mine.

Philosophy-master. Should this disturb you? Men should not dispute about vain-glory and rank; that which perfectly distinguishes one from another, is wisdom and virtue.

Dancing-master. I mantained, that dancing was a science, which cannot be sufficiently honoured.

Music-master. And I, that music has always been revered.

Fencing-master. And I maintained against them both, that the science of defence is the finest and most necessary of all sciences.

Philosophy-master. And what becomes of philosophy then? You are all three very impertinent fellows, methinks, to talk in this manner in my presence; and impudently to give the name of science to things that do not even deserve the name of art, that cannot be comprized under any thing but the names of the pitiful trades of gladiator, ballad-singer, and morrice-dancer.

Fencing-master. Out, ye dog of a philosopher.

Music-master. Hence, ye scoundrel of a pedant.

Dancing-master. Begone, ye arrant pedagogue.

Philoſophy-maſter. How? you ſaucy impertinent varlets, do you——[The philoſopher falls upon them, they all three belabour him.

Mr. Jordain. Mr. Philoſopher!

Philoſophy-maſter. Infamous dogs! rogues! inſolent curs!

Mr. Jordain. Mr. Philoſopher!

Fencing-maſter. Plague on the animal!

Mr. Jordain. Gentlemen!

Philoſophy-maſter. Impudent villains!

Mr. Jordain. Mr. Philoſopher!

Dancing-maſter. Duce take the loobily aſs.

Mr. Jordain. Gentlemen!

Philoſophy-maſter. Profligate vermin!

Mr. Jordain. Mr. Philoſopher!

Muſic-maſter. Impertinent puppy!

Mr. Jordain. Gentlemen!

Philoſophy-maſter. Knaves! ſcoundrels! traitors! impoſtors!

Mr. Jordain. Mr. Philoſopher! Gentlemen! Mr. Philoſopher! Gentlemen! Mr. Philoſopher!

[They leave the ſtage beating each other.

SCENE V.

MR. JORDAIN, FOOTMAN.

MR. JORDAIN.

FAITH, gentlemen, you may fight as long as you pleaſe, I ſhall not meddle with you, I ſhall not ſpoil my gown to part you. I ſhould be a great fool to thruſt myſelf among them, and receive ſome blow that I might never recover.

SCENE VI.

PHILOSOPHY-MASTER, MR. JORDAIN, FOOTMAN.

PHILOSOPHY-MASTER setting his band right.

NOW to our leſſon.

Mr. Jordain. Ah! Sir, I am ſorry for the blows they have given you.

Philoſophy-maſter. It is nothing at all. A philoſopher knows how to receive things in a proper manner; and I ſhall immediately write a ſatire againſt them, in the manner of Juvenal, that ſhall cut them moſt glorioufly. Let that paſs. What are you deſirous of learning?

Mr. Jordain. All that I can, for I have a great deſire to be a ſcholar, and it vexes me that my father and mother had not made me ſtudy all the ſciences, when I was young.

Philoſophy-maſter. This is a very rational ſentiment. *Nam, ſine doctrina, vita eſt quaſi mortis imago.* You underſtand that, and are acquainted with Latin, I ſuppoſe?

Mr. Jordain. Yes; but not very well. Explain me the meaning of that.

Philoſophy-maſter. The meaning of it is, that "without learning, life is as it were an image of death."

Mr. Jordain. That ſame Latin is in the right.

Philoſophy-maſter. Have you not ſome principles, ſome rudiments of the ſciences?

Mr. Jordain. Oh! Yes, I can read and write.

Philoſophy-maſter. Where would you pleaſe to have us begin? Would you have me teach you Logic?

Mr. Jordain. Logic! what is that?

Philosophy-master. It is that which teaches us the three operations of the mind.

Mr. Jordain. And what are they?

Philosophy-master. The first, the second, and the third. The first is to conceive well, by means of universals. The second, to judge well, by means of categories. The third, to draw the conclusion right, by means of figures: *Barbara*, *Celarent*, *Darii*, *Ferio*, *Baralipton*, &c.

Mr. Jordain. These words are too crabbed. This logic does not suit me by any means. Let us learn something else that is prettier.

Philosophy-master. Will you learn morality?

Mr. Jordain. Morality!

Philosophy-master. Yes.

Mr Jordain. What means morality?

Philosophy-master. It treats of happiness; teaches men to moderate their passions, and———

Mr. Jordain. No, no, I will have nothing to do with that. I am as choleric as the devil, and there is no morality holds me; I will have my bellyfull of passion, whenever I have a mind to it.

Philosophy-master. Would you learn natural philosophy?

Mr. Jordain. What is natural philosophy?

Philosophy-master. Natural philosophy explains to us the principles of things natural, and the properties of bodies; it discourses of the nature of elements, of metals, of minerals, of stones, of plants, and animals, and teaches us the cause of all the meteors; the rainbow, *ignes fatui*, comets, lightnings, thunder, thunder-bolts, rain, snow, hail, winds, and whirl winds.

Mr Jordain. There is too much hurly-burly in this, too much confusion.

Philosophy-master. What must I teach you then?

Mr. Jordain. Teach me orthography.

Philoſophy-maſter. With all my heart.

Mr. Jordain. Afterwards you may teach me the almanack, to know when there is a moon, and when not.

Philoſophy-maſter. Be it ſo. To purſue this thought of yours right, and treat this matter like a philoſopher, we muſt begin, according to the order of things, with an exact knowledge of the nature of letters, and the different manner of pronouncing them. And on this head I muſt obſerve to you, that letters are divided into vowels, ſo called, becauſe they expreſs the voice: and into conſonants, ſo called becauſe they ſound with the vowels, and only mark the different articulations of the voice. There are five vowels or voices, A, E, I, O, U.

Mr. Jordain. I underſtand all that.

Philoſophy-maſter. The vowel A is formed by bringing the under-jaw near to the upper.

Mr. Jordain. A, A. Yes.

Philoſophy-maſter. The vowel E is formed by drawing the under-jaw a little nearer to the upper, A, E.

Mr. Jordain. A, E. A, E. Faith it is ſo. How pretty that is!

Philoſophy-maſter. And the vowel I, by opening the mouth pretty wide. A, E, I.

Mr. Jordain. A, E, I, I, I, I. It is true. Learning is a noble thing!

Philoſophy-maſter. The vowel O is formed by keeping the jaws open, and drawing the lips near at the two corners, the upper and the under, O.

Mr. Jordain. O, O. There is nothing more juſt, A, E, I, O, I, O. It is admirable! I, O, I, O.

Philoſophy-maſter. The opening of the mouth forms a little circle, which reſembles an O.

Mr. Jordain. O, O, O. You are in the right, O. How fine a thing it is but to know something!

Philosophy-master. The vowel U is formed by pushing out both lips, bringing them also near together without absolutely joining them, U.

Mr. Jordain. U, U. There is nothing more true, U. Ah! why did I not study sooner, that I might have known all this!

Philosophy-master. To-morrow we shall consider the other letters, which are the consonants.

Mr. Jordain. Is there any thing as curious in them, as in these?

Philosophy-master. Yes, yes. The consonant D, for example, is pronounced by striking the tip of your tongue above the upper teeth, D, E.

Mr. Jordain. DE, DE. It is so. Oh! charming things! charming things!

Philosophy-master. The F, in leaning the upper-teeth upon the lower-lip, EF.

Mr. Jordain. EF, EF. Perfectly right! Ah! father and mother of mine, how vexed I am at you!

Philosophy-master. And the R, in carrying the tip of the tongue up to the roof of your mouth; so that being grazed upon by the air which bursts out with a force, it yields to it, and returns always to its place, making a kind of undulatory sound. R, ra.

Mr. Jordain. R, r, ra. R, r, r, r, ra. That is true. What a clever man you are! How much time have I lost! R, r, r, ra.

Philosophy-master. I will thoroughly explain to you all these curiosities.

Mr. Jordain. Pray do: but now I must make you my confident in a little affair. I am in love with a person of great quality, and I should be glad you would

help me to write something to her in a short Billet-doux, which I will drop at her feet.

Philosophy-master. Very well.

Mr. Jordain. Will not that be very gallant?

Philosophy-master. Without doubt. Is it verse that you would write to her?

Mr. Jordain. No, no, none of your verse.

Philosophy-master. You would only have prose?

Mr. Jordain. No, I would neither have verse nor prose.

Philosophy-master. It must be one of the two.

Mr. Jordain. Why so?

Philosophy-master. Because, Sir, there is no other way of expressing ourselves but by prose, or verse.

Mr. Jordain. Is there nothing then but prose, or verse?

Philosophy-master. No, Sir, whatever is not prose, is verse; and whatever is not verse, is prose.

Mr. Jordain. And when one talks, what may that be then?

Philpsophy-master. Prose.

Mr. Jordain. How? When I say, Nicola, bring me my slippers, and give me my night-cap, is that prose?

Philosophy-master. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Jordain. Faith then, I have spoke prose above these forty years, without knowing any thing of the matter; and I am greatly obliged to you, for informing me of this. I would therefore put into a letter to her; "Beautiful marchioness, your bright eyes make me die "with love;" but I would have this placed in a gallant manner; and have a genteel turn.

Philosophy-master. Why, add that the fire of her eyes has reduced your heart to ashes: that you constantly suffer such torments that———

Mr. Jordain. No, no, no, I will not have all that—

I will have nothing but what I told you: "Beautiful "marchioneſs, your fair eyes make me die with love."

Philoſophy-maſter. But you muſt lengthen it out a little.

Mr. Jordain. No, I tell you, I will have none but thoſe very words in the letter: but turned in a modiſh quality-like manner. I deſire you would ſhew me how many different manners they may be put in.

Philoſophy-maſter. One may place them firſt of all as you ſaid: "Beautiful marchioneſs, your fair eyes make "me die for love:" Or ſuppoſe; "For love die me "make, beautiful marchioneſs, your fair eyes." Or, "Your eyes fair, for love me make, beautiful marchi-"oneſs, die." Or ſuppoſe: Die your fair eyes, beauti-"ful marchioneſs, for love me make." Or, "Me make "your eyes fair die, beautiful marchioneſs, for love."

Mr. Jordain. But which is the wittieſt of all theſe ways?

Philoſophy-maſter. That which you ſaid: "Beau-"tiful marchioneſs, your fair eyes make me die for "love."

Mr. Jordain. Yet at the ſame time, I never ſtudied it, and I made the whole of it at the firſt touch. I heartily thank you, and deſire you would come ſoon to-morrow.

Philoſophy-maſter. I ſhall not fail.

SCENE VII.

MR. JORDAIN, A FOOTMAN.

Mr. Jordain to his Footman.

WHAT! Are my clothes not come yet?

Footman. No, Sir.

Mr. Jordain. This damned raſcal of a tailor! to make

me wait on a day that I have so much business to do. I shall go mad! A quartan ague wring this villain of a tailor! Devil take the tailor! A plague choke the tailor! If I had him but here now, this detestable tailor, this dog of a tailor, this traitor of a tailor: I——

SCENE VIII.

MR. JORDAIN, TAILOR, his MAN, bringing a suit of clothes for Mr. Jordain, FOOTMAN.

MR. JORDAIN.

OH! You are there. I was going to be in a passion with you.

Tailor. I could not possibly come sooner; I have employed no less than twenty journeymen at your clothes.

Mr. Jordain. You have sent me a pair of silk stockings so strait, that I had all the difficulty in the world to get them on, and there are two stitches broke in them.

Tailor. They will stretch, Sir.

Mr. Jordain. Yes, if I break every day a loop or two. You have made me a pair of slippers too, that pinch me execrably.

Tailor. Not at all, Sir.

Mr. Jordain. How, not at all?

Tailor. No, they do not pinch you at all.

Mr. Jordain. I tell you they do hurt me.

Tailor. You fancy so.

Mr. Jordain. I fancy so, because I feel it. There is a fine reason indeed!

Tailor. Look here, Sir; I have brought you one of the handsomest suits at court, and the best-matched. It is a masterly work to invent a grave suit of clothes,

that is not black; and I will give the clevereſt tailor in town ſix trials to equal it.

Mr. Jordain. What a duce have we here? you have put the flowers downwards.

Tailor. Why, you did not tell me you would have them upwards.

Mr. Jordain. Muſt one tell you every thing?

Tailor. Yes certainly. All the people of quality wear them in that way.

Mr. Jordain. Do people of quality wear the flowers downwards?

Tailor. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Jordain. Oh! it is very well then.

Tailor. If you pleaſe I ſhall turn them the other way.

Mr. Jordain. No, no.

Tailor. You need only ſay the word.

Mr. Jordain. No, I tell you, you have done right. Do you think my clothes will fit me?

Tailor. A pretty queſtion! I defy a painter with his pencil to make any thing more exact. I have a fellow at home, who is the greateſt genius in the world for cutting out; and another, who is the hero of the age at making a button-hole.

Mr. Jordain. Are the peruque and feather as they ſhould be?

Tailor. Every thing is well.

Mr. Jordain looking earneſtly at the tailor's clothes.] Ah, hah! Mr. Tailor, here is ſome of the cloth of the laſt ſuit you made for me. I know it very well.

Tailor. The ſtuff appeared to me ſo handſome, that I muſt confeſs I cabbaged a ſuit of it for myſelf.

Mr. Jordain. But was that acting honeſtly?

Tailor. Will you put on your clothes?

Mr. Jordain. Yes, give me them.

Tailor. Have a little patience, Sir, if you pleaſe; theſe things are always done with ceremony; I have brought men along with me, to dreſs you to muſic. Soho, come in there.

SCENE IX.

MR. JORDAIN, TAILOR, his MAN, JOURNEYMEN-TAILORS dancing, a FOOTMAN.

TAILOR to his Journeymen.

DRESS the gentleman in the manner you do people of quality. [Enter four Journeymen-tailors, two of which pull off his ſtrait breeches made for his exerciſes, and two others his waiſtcoat; then they put him on his new ſuit to muſic; and Mr. Jordain walks amongſt them to ſhew them his clothes to ſee whether they fit or no.

Journeyman-tailor. Good your worſhip give us ſomething to drink.

Mr. Jordain. How do you call me?

Journeyman-tailor. Good your worſhip remember us.

Mr. Jordain. Good your worſhip! See what it is to dreſs like people of quality. You may go clothed like a cit all your days, and they will never call you, good your worſhip. [Gives them ſomething.] Stay, there is ſomething for good your worſhip.

Journeyman tailor. My lord, we are infinitely obliged to you.

Mr. Jordain. My lord! Oh, hoh! my lord! Stay, friend, my lord deſerves ſomething, my lord is a word not to be forgotten. Hold, there my lord gives you that.

Journeyman-tailor. My lord, we ſhall go drink your grace's health.

Mr. Jordain. Your grace! Stay, ſtay, do not go till I have given you ſomething more. Your grace, to me! [aſide.] I'faith if he goes as far as highneſs, he will empty my purſe. [aloud.] Hold, there is for my grace.

Journeyman-tailor. My lord, we moſt humbly thank your grace for your liberality.

Mr. Jordain. If they had gone on much longer they would have got all my money.

ACT III. SCENE I.

MR. JORDAIN, and his two FOOTMEN.

MR. JORDAIN.

I Am going about the town to ſhew my clothes, and do you walk behind me, and eſpecially take care, both of you, to walk immediately at my heels, that people may plainly ſee you belong to me.

Footmen. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Jordain. Call Nicola to me that I may give her ſome directions. Stay, here ſhe comes.

SCENE II.

MR. JORDAIN, NICOLA, two FOOTMEN.

MR. JORDAIN.

NICOLA.

Nicola. Your pleaſure, Sir?

Mr. Jordain. Come hither.

Nicola laughing.] Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Jordain. Who do you laugh at?

Nicola. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Jordain. What ails the slut?

Nicola. Ha, ha, ha! How you are bedizoned! Ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Jordain. Why, what———

Nicola. Oh! oh! my stars! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Jordain. What a baggage this is! What, do you make a jest of me?

Nicola. No, no, Sir, I should be very sorry to do any such thing. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Jordain. I shall give you a slap on the chops, if you laugh any more.

Nicola. Sir, I cannot help it. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Jordain. Will not you have done?

Nicola. Sir, I ask your pardon; but you are such a figure, that I cannot help laughing. Ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Jordain. Do but see the insolence!

Nicola. You are so thoroughly droll there! Ha, ha!

Mr. Jordain. I shall———

Nicola. I beg you would excuse me. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Jordain. Hold, if you laugh again the least in the world, I protest and swear, I will give you the heartiest blow on the ear you ever had in your life.

Nicola. Well, Sir, I have done; I will not laugh any more.

Mr. Jordain. Take care you do not. I would have you go immediately and clean——

Nicola. Ha, ha!

Mr. Jordain. You must clean out as it should be——

Nicola. Ha, ha!

Mr. Jordain. I ſay, you muſt go clean out the hall, and——

Nicola. Ha, ha!

Mr. Jordain. Again?

Nicola falls down with laughing.] Hold, Sir, beat me rather, and let me laugh my bellyfull, that will do me more good. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Jordain. I ſhall run mad!

Nicola. For goodneſs ſake, Sir, let me laugh. Ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Jordain. If I take you in hand——

Nicola. Si--r, I ſhall bu--urſt, if I do not laugh. Ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Jordain. Was there ever ſuch an impertinent ſlut as that! ſhe laughs in my face when I give her orders.

Nicola. What would you have me do, Sir?

Mr. Jordain. Why, take care to get ready my houſe, for the company who are to be here to day.

Nicola getting up.] Faith, I have no more inclination to laugh now, all your company makes ſuch a litter here, that the very word company is enough to put one in an ill humour.

Mr. Jordain. What! I ought to ſhut my door againſt every body to pleaſe you?

Nicola. You ought at leaſt to ſhut it againſt certain people.

SCENE III.

MRS. JORDAIN, MR. JORDAIN, NICOLA, TWO FOOTMEN.

MRS. JORDAIN.

HEY-DAY, husband, what fine dress is this you have got now? Do you despise the world, that you harness yourself out in this manner? Have you a mind to make yourself a laughing-stock wherever you go?

Mr. Jordain. None but fools, wife, will laugh at me.

Mrs. Jordain. Nay, people have not staid thus long to laugh, your ridiculous manners have long been the jest of the town.

Mr. Jordain. And who is this town, pray?

Mrs. Jordain. Why, every one that has any reason in them, and are not as great fools as yourself. For my part, I am shocked at the life you lead. I do not know what to call our house. One would swear there was a continual masquerade in it; and from break of day, for fear there should be any respite, there is nothing to be heard here, but an uproar of fiddlers and songsters, which disturb the whole neighbourhood.

Nicola. This is every word truth. I shall never see my things set to rights again for that gang of folks that you bring to the house. They ransack every quarter of the town with their feet for dirt to bring here; and I, poor huffy! am almost slaved off my legs with scrubbing the floors, which your pretty masters come to daub as regularly as the day comes.

Mr. Jordain. Hey-day! our maid Nicola! you have

a pretty nimble tongue of your own, for a country wench.

Mrs. Jordain. Nicola is in the right, and she has more sense than you have. I should be glad to know what you think to do with a dancing-master at your age?

Nicola. And with a lubberly fencing-master, that comes here with his stamping to shake the whole house: I am sure he has broke half a dozen boards already.

Mr. Jordain. Peace both of you.

Mrs. Jordain. What! will you learn to dance that you may go capering to your grave?

Nicola. Or have you a mind to murder somebody?

Mr. Jordain. Hold your prate, I tell you, you are ignorant creatures, both of you, and do not know the advantage of all this.

Mrs. Jordain. You ought much rather to think of marrying your daughter, who is of an age now to be settled in the world.

Mr. Jordain. I shall think of marrying my daughter when a suitable match presents itself; but in the mean time, I shall endeavour to improve myself in the arts and sciences.

Nicola. I have heard say farther, madam, that to pin the basket he has got a philosophy-master to day.

Mr. Jordain. Very well, and what then? I have a mind to have wit, and to know how to reason upon things with your people of quality.

Mrs. Jordain. Will you not go to school one of these days, and be whipt at your age?

Mr. Jordain. Why not? I would willingly be whipt this very instant before all the world, so I did but know what they learn at school.

Nicola. Yes, forsooth, that would be a mighty advantage to you.

Mr. Jordain. Indeed it would.

Mrs. Jordain. No doubt, this is all very neceſſary to the management of your houſe.

Mr. Jordain. Certainly. You talk, both of you like aſſes, and I am aſhamed of your ignorance. [to Mrs. Jordan.] For example, do you know, you, what it is you now ſpeak?

Mrs. Jordain. Yes, I know that what I ſpeak is nothing but the truth, and that you ought to think of living in another manner.

Mr. Jordain. I do not talk of that; I aſk you what the words are that you now ſpeak?

Mrs. Jordain. They are words that have a good deal of ſenſe in them, and your conduct is quite the contrary.

Mr. Jordain. I do not talk of that, I tell you: I aſk you, what is that I now ſpeak to you, which I ſay this very moment?

Mrs. Jordain. Nonſenſe.

Mr. Jordain. Pſhaw, no, it is not that. That which we both of us ſay, the language we ſpeak this inſtant?

Mrs. Jordain. Well?

Mr. Jordain. How do you call it?

Mrs. Jordain. Call it? Why call it what you pleaſe.

Mr. Jordain. It is proſe, you ignorant creature.

Mrs. Jordain. Proſe?

Mr. Jordain. Yes, proſe. Whatever is proſe, is not verſe; and whatever is not verſe, is proſe. There now, I learnt this by ſtudying. And you, [to Nicola.] do you know how you muſt do to form an U?

Nicola. How?

Mr. Jordain. Yes. What is it you do when you form an U?

Nicola. What?

Mr. Jordain. Say U only.

Nicola. Well, U.

Mr. Jordain. What is it you do?

Nicola. I ſay U.

Mr. Jordain. Yes, but when you ſay U, what is it you do?

Nicola. Why I do what you bid me.

Mr. Jordain. O! what a ſtrange thing it is to have to do with ignorant people! You pout out your lips, and bring your under-jaw to your upper, U; do you ſee? I make a mouth, U.

Nicola. Yes, that is fine.

Mrs. Jordain. It is admirable!

Mr. Jordain. Yes, but what would you have ſaid had you ſeen O, and DEE, DEE, and EF, EF.

Mrs. Jordain. What ridiculous ſtuff!

Nicola. What are we the better for all this?

Mr. Jordain. It makes one mad to ſee theſe ignorant women.

Mrs. Jordain. For ſhame! you ſhould ſend all theſe folks a packing with their ſilly ſtuff.

Nicola. And eſpecially that great lubberly fencing-maſter, who fills the whole houſe with dirt.

Mr. Jordain. Hey-day! This fencing-maſter ſticks ſtrangely in thy ſtomach. I will let thee ſee thy ignorance preſently. [He orders the foils to be brought, and gives one to Nicola.] Stay, reaſon demonſtrative, the line of the body: when they puſh quarte one needs only do ſo; and when they puſh in tierce, ſo. This is the way never to be killed; and is not that clever to be upon ſure grounds, when one fights with any body? There, puſh at me a little, to try.

Nicola. Well, and how then? [Nicola gives him ſeveral thruſts.

Mr. Jordain. Gently! Hold! Oh! ſoftly; ducc take the huſſy.

Nicola. You bid me puſh.

Mr. Jordain. Yes, but you push me in tierce, before you push in quarte; and you do not give me time to parry.

Mrs. Jordain. You are a fool, husband, with all these whims, and this is come to you since you have taken upon you to keep company with people of quality, as you call them.

Mr. Jordain. In keeping company with people of quality, I shew my judgment; and that is much better than herding with your cits.

Mrs. Jordain. Yes, truly, there is a great deal to be got by keeping company with your nobility; and you have made fine work with that count you are so bewitched with.

Mr. Jordain. Peace, take care what you say: do you know, wife, whom you speak of, when you mention him? He is a man of more importance than you imagine; a nobleman of consideration at court, who speaks to the king just as freely as I speak to you. Is it not a thing that does me great honour, to see a person of that quality come so often to my house, who calls me his dear friend, and treats me as if I were his equal? He has more kindness for me than one would ever imagine; and he caresses me in such a manner before company, that I myself am perfectly confounded at it.

Mrs. Jordain. Yes, he is very kind to you truly! and caresses you; but it is only to borrow your money of you.

Mr. Jordain. Well, and is it not a great honour to me to lend money to a man of that rank? And can I do less for a lord who calls me his dear friend?

Mrs. Jordain. And pray what is it this lord does for you?

Mr. Jordain. Things that would astonish you, if you did but know them.

Mrs. Jordain. And what may they be?

Mr. Jordain. No, hold there, wife. It is sufficient that if I have lent him money, he will pay it me honestly, and that before it is long.

Mrs. Jordain. Yes, trust you to that.

Mr. Jordain. Certainly: did he not tell me so?

Mrs. Jordain. I dare say he has, and he will not fail to disappoint you.

Mr. Jordain. He swore to me on the honour of a gentleman.

Mrs. Jordain. All that is nothing.

Mr. Jordain. Heh! You are mighty obstinate, wife of mine; I tell you he will keep his word with me, I am sure of it.

Mrs. Jordain. And I am sure that he will not; and all the great kindness he shews you is only to make a dupe of you.

Mr. Jordain. Hold your tongue. Here he comes.

Mrs. Jordain. Yes, he comes I suppose to do you the honour of borrowing something more of you; I hate the very sight of him.

Mr. Jordain. Peace, once more.

SCENE IV.

DORANTES, MR. JORDAIN, MRS. JORDAIN, NICOLA.

DORANTES.

MY good friend, Mr. Jordain, how do you do?

Mr. Jordain. Very well, Sir, at your service.

Dorantes. And madam Jordain there, how does she do?

Mrs. Jordain. Madam Jordain does as well as she can.

Dorantes. Hah! Mr. Jordain, you are dreſt the moſt genteelly in the world!

Mr. Jordain. As you ſee.

Dorantes. I declare you have quite the quality air, and we have never a young fellow at court that looks better than you.

Mr. Jordain. He! he! Sir, you are pleaſed to compliment me.

Mrs. Jordain aſide.] He ſcratches him where it itches.

Dorantes. Turn about. It is moſt gallant.

Mr. Jordain aſide.] Yes, as much of the fool behind as before.

Dorantes. 'Faith, Mr. Jordain, I was ſtrangely impatient to ſee you. You are the man in the world I moſt eſteem, and I was talking of you but this morning at the king's Levee.

Mr. Jordain. You do me a great deal of honour, Sir. [to Mrs. Jordain.] At the king's Levee!

Dorantes. Pray be covered.

Mr. Jordain. Sir, I know the reſpect I owe you.

Dorantes. I beg that you would be covered; no ceremony pray between us two.

Mr. Jordain. Sir.

Dorantes. Put on your hat, I tell you, Mr. Jordain, you are my friend.

Mr. Jordain. Sir, I am your humble ſervant.

Dorantes. I will not be covered, if you will not.

Mr. Jordain puts on his hat.] I had rather be unmannerly than troubleſome.

Dorantes. I am your debtor, you know.

Mrs. Jordain aſide.] Yes, faith, we know it but too well.

Dorantes. You have generouſly lent me money upon

several occasions; and have obliged me, most certainly, with the best grace in the world.

Mr. Jordain. You jest, Sir.

Dorantes. But I know how to acknowledge favours.

Mr. Jordain. I do not doubt it, Sir.

Dorantes. I am willing to get out of your books, and came hither to make up our accounts together.

Mr. Jordain aside to Mrs. Jordain.] Well, wife, you see your impertinence.

Dorantes. I am one who love to pay every one as soon as possible.

Mr. Jordain aside to Mrs. Jordain.] I told you so.

Dorantes. Pray how much do I owe you?

Mr. Jordain aside to Mrs. Jordain.] Now, what are come of your ridiculous suspicions?

Dorantes. Do you remember right all the sums you have lent me?

Mr. Jordain. I believe so. I made a little memorandum of it. Here it is. Let you have at one time two hundred louis d'ors.

Dorantes. Right.

Mr. Jordain. Another time, six score.

Dorantes. Yes.

Mr. Jordain. And another time a hundred and forty.

Dorantes. You are right.

Mr Jordain. These three articles make four hundred and sixty louis d'ors, which come to five thousand and sixty livres.

Dorantes. The account is very right. Five thousand and sixty livres.

Mr. Jordain. One thousand eight hundred and thirty two livres to your plume-maker.

Dorantes. Just.

Mr. Jordain. Two thousand seven hundred and four-score livres to your tailor.

Dorantes. True.

Mr. Jordain. Four thousand three hundred and seventy nine livres, twelve sols and eight deniers to your merchant.

Dorantes. Very well. Twelve sols, eight deniers. The account is just.

Mr. Jordain. And a thousand seven hundred and forty eight livres seven sols four deniers to your saddler.

Dorantes. Exactly. What does that amount to?

Mr. Jordain. Sum total, fifteen thousand eight hundred livres.

Dorantes. It is all right. Fifteen thousand and eight hundred livres. To which add two hundred pistoles, which you are going to lend me, that will make exactly eighteen thousand franks, which I shall pay you the first opportunity.

Mrs. Jordain aside to Mr. Jordain.] Well, did I not guess how it would be?

Mr. Jordain aside to Mrs. Jordain.] Peace.

Dorantes. If it is not convenient to you, I shall apply somewhere else.

Mr. Jordain. Oh! no.

Mrs. Jordain aside to Mr. Jordain.] This man will certainly ruin you.

Mr. Jordain aside to Mrs. Jordain.] Hold your tongue.

Dorantes. If this will incommode you, I will seek it elsewhere.

Mr. Jordain. No, Sir.

Mrs. Jordain aside to Mr. Jordain.] He is a true leech.

Mr. Jordain aside to Mrs. Jordain.] Hold your tongue, I tell you.

Dorantes. You need only tell me if this puts you to any ſtraits.

Mr. Jordain. Not at all, Sir.

Mrs. Jordain aſide to Mr. Jordain.] He is a true wheedler.

Mr. Jordain aſide to Mrs. Jordain.] Hold your tongue then.

Mrs. Jordain aſide to Mr. Jordain.] He will drain you to the laſt farthing.

Mr. Jordain aſide to Mrs. Jordain.] What, again?

Dorantes. I have a good many people would be glad to lend it me, but as you are my very good friend, I thought I ſhould wrong you if I applied to any other perſon.

Mr. Jordain. It is too much honour, Sir, you do me. I will go fetch what you want.

Mrs. Jordain aſide to Mr. Jordain.] What! going to lend him ſtill more?

Mr. Jordain aſide to Mrs. Jordain.] What can I do? Would you have me refuſe a man of that rank, who ſpoke of me this morning at the king's Levee?

Mrs. Jordain aſide to Mr. Jordain.] Go, you are a downright dupe.

SCENE V.

DORANTES, MRS. JORDAIN, NICOLA.

DORANTES.

YOU ſeem very melancholy, Madam Jordain, What ails you?

Mrs. Jordain. My head is bigger than my fiſt, unleſs it is ſwelled.

Dorantes. Where is miſs your daughter, that I have not the pleaſure of ſeeing her?

Mr. Jordain. Miſs my daughter is pretty well where ſhe is.

Dorantes. How does ſhe go on?

Mr. Jordain. She goes on her two legs.

Dorantes. Will not you come with her, one of theſe days, and ſee the ball, and the play that is acted at court?

Mrs. Jordain. Yes truly, we have a great inclination to laugh, a great inclination to laugh indeed!

Dorantes. I fancy, Madam Jordain, you had a vaſt many ſparks in your younger years, being ſo handſome and good-humoured as you certainly were then?

Mrs. Jordain. What, Sir, is Madam Jordain grown decrepit? and does her head totter already with a palſy?

Dorantes. I aſk your pardon, Madam Jordain, I did not conſider that you were yet in your bloom. I am very often abſent. Pray excuſe my impertinence.

SCENE VI.

MR. JORDAIN, MRS. JORDAIN, DORANTES, NICOLA.

Mr. JORDAIN to Dorantes.

HERE are two hundred pieces for you.

Dorantes. I do aſſure you, Mr. Jordain, I am greatly obliged to you; and I long to do you ſervice at court.

Mr. Jordain. I am infinitely obliged to you.

Dorantes. If Madam Jordain has a mind to ſee the royal diverſion, ſhe ſhall have the beſt place in the drawing-room.

Mrs. Jordain. Madam Jordain is your humble ſervant.

Dorantes aside to Mr. Jordain.] Our pretty marchioness, as I informed you in my letter, will be here presently to honour your musical entertainment; I brought her, at last, to consent to accept of the treat you design to give her.

Mr. Jordain. Let us draw aside a little, for a certain reason.

Dorantes. It is eight days since I saw you, and I gave you no tidings of the diamond you put into my hands to make her a present of as from you; but the reason was, I had all the difficulty in the world to conquer her scruples, and it was not till this very day that I could prevail on her to accept of it.

Mr. Jordain. How did she like it?

Dorantes. Greatly; and I am much deceived if the beauty of this diamond has not an admirable effect upon her.

Mr. Jordain. Grant it, kind heaven!

Mrs. Jordain to Nicola.] When they get together, there is no parting of them.

Dorantes. I made her sensible in a proper manner, of the richness of the present, and the greatness of your love.

Mr. Jordain. You perfectly overwhelm me with favours; I am in the greatest confusion in the world to see a person of your quality condescend to do what you do for me.

Dorantes. You jest sure. Does one ever stop at such sort of scruples among friends? And would not you do the same thing for me upon such an occasion?

Mr. Jordain. Oh! certainly I would.

Mrs. Jordain aside to Nicola.] I hate the sight of him.

Dorantes. For my part, I stop at nothing to serve a friend; and when you imparted to me the ardent pas-

sion you had entertained for the agreeable marchioness, with whom I was acquainted, you see that I made an immediate offer of my service.

Mr. Jordain. It is true. I am quite ashamed of so many favours.

Mrs. Jordain to Nicola.] What! will he never be gone?

Nicola. They are mighty fond of each other.

Dorantes. You have took the right way to touch her heart. Women, above all things, love the expence we are at on their account; and your frequent serenades, your entertainments; that elegant fire-work on the water, the diamond she received by way of present from you, and the banquet you are now preparing; all this speaks much better in favour of your passion than any thing you yourself could possibly have said to her.

Mr. Jordain. I should grudge no expence to gain her affection. A woman of quality has powerful charms for me, and it is an honour I would purchase at any rate.

Mrs. Jordain aside to Nicola.] What can they be talking of so long? Go softly, and listen.

Dorantes. You will soon have the pleasure of seeing and entertaining her without any restraint.

Mr. Jordain. To be at full liberty, I have ordered matters so, that my wife shall dine with my sister, where she will pass the whole afternoon.

Dorantes. You have done wisely, for your wife's presence might have been troublesome to us. I have given the proper orders for you to the cook, and for every thing necessary for the ball. It is of my own invention; and provided the execution answers the plan, I am certain———

Mr. Jordain perceives that Nicola listens, and gives

her a box on the ear.] What do you want, Mrs. Slyboots? [to Dorantes.] Let us retire, if you please.

SCENE VII.

MRS. JORDAIN, NICOLA.

NICOLA.

YOU see, madam, what I have got for my curiosity, but I believe there is a snake in the grass; for they were talking of some affair, which they were not willing you should be present at.

Mrs. Jordain. This is not the first time, Nicola, that I have suspected my husband's fidelity. I am the most deceived person in the world, or there is some amour in agitation, and I am labouring to discover what it should be. But let us think of my daughter. You know how greatly Cleontes loves her. He is a man who hits my fancy, and I am determined to use my utmost efforts to have him for my son-in-law.

Nicola. In truth, madam, I am rejoiced to find you in this mind; for if the master hits your taste, the man hits mine no less; and I could wish our marriage might be concluded under favour of theirs.

Mrs. Jordain. Go, and talk with him about it, as from me, and tell him to come to me immediately, that we may join in asking my husband's consent.

Nicola. I fly, madam, with joy, and could not have received a more agreeable commission. [alone.] I believe this message will be very agreeable to them both.

SCENE VIII.

CLEONTES, COVIEL, NICOLA.

NICOLA to Cleontes.

HAH, well met. Rare tidings! I come——

Cleontes. Begone, ye perfidious ſlut, and do not come to amuſe me with thy falſe ſpeeches.

Nicola. Do you receive in this manner——

Cleontes. Begone, I tell thee, and go directly and inform thy traiterous miſtreſs, that ſhe ſhall no longer impoſe upon the too fond and credulous Cleontes.

Nicola. What whim is this? My dear Coviel, tell the meaning of all this.

Coviel. Thy dear Coviel, wicked minx? Away quickly out of my ſight, huſſy, and leave me at quiet.

Nicola. What! doſt thou too———

Coviel. Begone, I ſay, and talk not to me, for thy life.

Nicola aſide.] Hey-day! I wonder what has poſſeſſed them both. Well, I muſt go and inform my miſtreſs of this affair.

SCENE IX.

CLEONTES, COVIEL.

CLEONTES.

WHAT! to uſe a lover in this manner! and a lover the moſt conſtant, the moſt paſſionate of all his ſex!

Coviel. Never were two lovers ſo terribly duped.

Cleontes. I diſcover all the ardour for her, all the tenderneſs one can imagine: I love nothing in the

world but her, have nothing in my thoughts beſides her. She has all my care, all my deſire, all my joy. I ſpeak of nought but her, think of nought but her, dream of nought but her, I breathe only for her, my heart lives wholly in her; and this is the worthy recompenſe of ſuch a love! After an abſence of two tedious days, which are to me as many ages, I meet her accidentally, my heart feels all tranſported at the ſight; joy ſparkles in my face; I fly to her with extaſy, and the faithleſs creature turns away her eyes, and bruſhes haſtily by me, as if ſhe had never ſeen me in her life!

Coviel. I may ſay the ſame as you do.

Cleontes. Is it poſſible to ſee any thing, Coviel, equal to this perfidy of the ungrateful Lucilia?

Coviel. Or that, Sir, of the treacherous ſlut Nicola?

Cleontes. After ſo many ardent ſacrifices of ſighs and vows that I have breathed to her charms!

Coviel. After ſo many aſſiduous ſneaking cares, and ſervices that I have paid her in the kitchen!

Cleontes. So many tears that I have ſhed at her feet!

Coviel. So many buckets of water that I have drawn for her!

Cleontes. Such fervency as I have ſhown, in loving her more than myſelf!

Coviel. So much heat as I have endured, in turning the ſpit in her place!

Cleontes. She avoids me with contempt!

Coviel. She turns her back upon me with impudence!

Cleontes. Such an inſult deſerves the greateſt puniſhment!

Coviel. This is a treachery that deſerves a thouſand boxes on the ear.

Cleontes. I charge thee never to speak to me once more in her favour.

Coviel. I, Sir? heaven forbid.

Cleontes. Never come to excuse the actions of this false woman.

Coviel. Not I, truly.

Cleontes. Do not, I say; all discourses in her defence will signify nothing.

Coviel. Who dreams of such a thing?

Cleontes. I am determined to continue my resentment against her, and part with her for ever.

Coviel. I give my consent.

Cleontes. This fame count that visits her, has, I suppose, dazzled her eye; and her fancy, I see plainly, is touched with his quality. But I must, for my own honour, prevent the triumph of her inconstancy: I will make as sudden a change as herself, and will not leave her all the glory of having cast me off.

Coviel. It is very well said, and for my share, I enter into all your sentiments.

Cleontes. Second my resentments, and support my resolutions against all the remains of love, that may yet plead for her. I conjure thee, set all her faults before my eyes; paint her person so as to make her despicable.

Coviel. She, Sir? A fine piece indeed to be so much enamoured with! I see nothing in her, but what is very indifferent, and you might find a hundred persons more deserving of you. First of all, she has little eyes.

Cleontes. It is true, she has little eyes; but they are full of fire, the most sparkling, piercing, striking, that ever——

Coviel. She has a wide mouth also.

Cleontes. Yes; but one sees such graces in it, as one

does not see in other mouths, and the sight of that mouth inspires desire: it is the most attractive, the most amorous in the world.

Coviel. As to her height, she is not tall.

Cleontes. No; but she is easy, and well-shaped.

Coviel. She affects a negligence in her speech and actions.

Cleontes. It is true; but all this has a gracefulness in her, and her ways are engaging; they have I do not know what charms, that insinuate into our hearts.

Coviel. As to her wit——

Cleontes. Ah! Coviel, she has the most refined, the most delicate turn of wit.

Coviel. And her conversation——

Cleontes. Is charming.

Coviel. She is always surly.

Cleontes. Would you have her always laughing? Do you see any thing more impertinent than those women who are always upon the giggle?

Coviel. In short, she is the most capricious creature I ever beheld.

Cleontes. Yes, I own she is capricious; but every thing sits well upon fine women; we bear with every thing from the fair.

Coviel. Well, well, I see plainly you desire always to love her.

Cleontes. I! I should love death sooner; and I am now going to hate her as much as ever I loved her.

Coviel. How can that be, when you think her so perfect?

Cleontes. That will make my revenge the more conspicuous; in that I shall better display the force of my resolution in hating her, quitting her, most beautiful as she is; most charming, most amiable, as I think her. But here she comes.

SCENE X.

LUCILIA, CLEONTES, COVIEL, NICOLA.

NICOLA to Lucilia.

FOR my part, I am quite aſhamed of your behaviour.

Lucilia. It can proceed from nothing elſe, Nicola, but what I ſaid. But there he comes.

Cleontes to Coviel.] I will not condeſcend to ſpeak to her.

Coviel. I will follow your example.

Lucilia. What means this, Cleontes, what is the matter with you?

Nicola. What ails thee, Coviel?

Lucilia. What is the reaſon of this uneaſineſs?

Nicola. What croſs humour poſſeſſes thee?

Lucilia. Are you dumb, Cleontes?

Nicola. Have you loſt your ſpeech, Coviel?

Cleontes. Was ever ſuch baſeneſs?

Coviel. Oh! the Judas in petticoats.

Lucilia. I ſee very well that the late meeting has enraged you.

Cleontes to Coviel.] You ſee ſhe is ſenſible of what ſhe has done.

Nicola. The reception you met with this morning I ſuppoſe has put you in a pet.

Coviel to Cleontes.] She has gueſſed where the ſhoe pinches.

Lucilia. Is it not true, Cleontes, that this is the reaſon of your being angry?

Cleontes. Yes, perfidious maid, that is it, ſince I muſt ſpeak; and I muſt tell you, that you ſhall not tri-

umph, as you imagine, by your unfaithfulneſs. I am reſolved to be the firſt to break off all connections between us, and you will not have the credit of diſcarding me. I ſhall, doubtleſs, have ſome difficulty in conquering the paſſion I have for you: it will cauſe me uneaſineſs; I ſhall ſuffer for a while; but I ſhall compaſs my point, and I would ſooner ſtab myſelf to the heart than have the weakneſs of returning to you.

Coviel to Nicola.] Like maſter, like man.

Lucilia. Here is a noiſe indeed about nothing: I will tell you, Cleontes, the reaſon that made me avoid joining you this morning.

Cleontes endeavouring to go to avoid Lucilia.] No, I will hear nothing.

Nicola to Coviel.] I will tell you what made us leave you ſo ſuddenly.

Coviel endeavouring to go to avoid Nicola.] I will hear nothing.

Lucilia following Cleontes.] You muſt know that this morning——

Cleontes walks about without regarding Lucilia.] No, I tell you.

Nicola following Coviel.] Know that——

Coviel walks about likewiſe without regarding Nicola.] No, traitreſs.

Lucilia. Hear me.

Cleontes. No.

Nicola. Let me ſpeak.

Coviel. I am deaf.

Lucilia. Cleontes.

Cleontes. No.

Nicola. Coviel.

Coviel. No.

Lucilia. Stay.

Cleontes. Idle ſtuff.

Nicola. Hear me.

Coviel. No ſuch thing.

Lucilia. One moment.

Cleontes. Not at all.

Nicola. A little patience.

Coviel. A fiddle-ſtick.

Lucilia. Two words.

Cleontes. No, it is over.

Nicola. One word.

Coviel. I have done with you.

Lucilia ſtopping.] Well, ſince you will not hear me, remain in your preſent way of thinking, and do what you pleaſe.

Nicola ſtopping likewiſe.] Since that is thy way, you may do as you will for me.

Cleontes. Let us know the ſubject then of this ſtrange behaviour.

Lucilia going in her turn to avoid Cleontes.] I do not chuſe to ſpeak any more to you.

Coviel. Let us a little into this ſtory.

Nicola going likewiſe in her turn to avoid Coviel.] I will not inform thee now, not I.

Cleontes following Lucilia.] Tell me——

Lucilia. No, I will tell you nothing.

Coviel following Nicola.] Say——

Nicola. No, I will ſay nothing.

Cleontes. Pray now do.

Lucilia. No, I tell you.

Coviel. For heaven's ſake.

Nicola. I have no more to ſay to you.

Cleontes. I beſeech you.

Lucilia. Let me alone.

Coviel. I conjure thee.

Nicola. Away with thee.

Cleontes. Lucilia!

Lucilia. No.

Coviel. Nicola!

Nicola. Not at all.

Cleontes. For heaven's ſake.

Lucilia. I will not.

Coviel. Speak to me.

Nicola. Not a word.

Cleontes. Clear up my doubts.

Lucilia. No, I will not concern myſelf about you.

Coviel. Do but make me eaſy.

Nicola. No, it is not my pleaſure.

Cleontes. Well, ſince you are ſo indifferent about making me eaſy, or juſtifying yourſelf as to the unworthy treatment my paſſion has received from you, ungrateful creature, it is the laſt time you ſhall ſee me, and I am going far from you to die of grief and love.

Coviel to Nicola.] And I ſhall do the ſame.

Lucilia to Cleontes who is going.] Cleontes!

Nicola to Coviel, who follows his maſter.] Coviel!

Cleontes ſtopping.] Well?

Coviel likewiſe ſtopping.] Your pleaſure?

Lucilia. Whither are you going?

Cleontes. Where I told you.

Coviel. We go to die.

Lucilia. Do you go to die, Cleontes?

Cleontes. Yes, hard-hearted fair one, ſince you will have it ſo.

Lucilia. I? I have you die?

Cleontes. Yes, you wiſh it.

Lucilia. Who told you ſo?

Cleontes going up to Lucilia.] Would you not have it ſo, ſince you would not clear up my ſuſpicions?

Lucilia. Is that my fault? If you had but given me the hearing, ſhould I not have told you that the adven-

ture you complain so much of, was occasioned this morning by the presence of an old aunt who will absolutely have it, that the mere approach of a man is a dishonour to a girl; who is perpetually lecturing us upon this head, and represents all your sex as so many devils, whom every woman who would maintain her virtue ought to avoid.

Nicola to Coviel.] There is the whole secret of the affair.

Cleontes. Do not you deceive me, Lucilia?

Coviel to Nicola.] Dost thou not put a trick upon me?

Lucilia to Cleontes.] Is it nothing but the truth?

Nicola to Coviel.] It is just as you have heard.

Coviel to Cleontes.] Well, Sir, shall we surrender?

Cleontes. Ah, Lucilia! what art you have to calm my passions with a single word! How easily do we suffer ourselves to be persuaded by those we love!

Coviel. Those bewitching devils can turn us any way they think proper.

SCENE XI.

MRS. JORDAIN, CLEONTES, LUCILIA, COVIEL, NICOLA.

MRS. JORDAIN.

I HAVE just been seeking you, Cleontes, and am glad I have found you. My husband is a coming, catch your opportunity, and demand Lucilia in marriage.

Cleontes. Ah! madam, how you charm me with this goodness! Could I receive an order more pleasing? a favour more agreeable?

SCENE XII.

MR. JORDAIN, MRS. JORDAIN, CLEONTES, LUCILIA, COVIEL, NICOLA.

CLEONTES.

SIR, I was unwilling to employ any other person to make a certain demand of you, which I have long meditated. The consequence is a sufficient motive for me to undertake it in my own person; and, without further circumlocution, I shall inform you, that the honour of being your son-in-law is an illustrious favour which I intreat you to grant me.

Mr. Jordain. Before I give you an answer, Sir, pray tell me whether you are a gentleman.

Cleontes. Sir, few people would hesitate to reply to such a question. Every one assumes this title, and custom now-a-days seems to authorize the theft. For my part, I confess to you, my sentiments in this matter are somewhat more delicate. I look upon all imposture as unworthy an honest man; and that it is a baseness to disguise the condition in which heaven has placed us; in tricking ourselves out to the eyes of the world, in a stolen title; in desiring to put ourselves off for what we are not. I am undoubtedly born of parents who have held honourable posts in the state. I have had the honour of six years' service in the army; and have fortune enough to maintain a tolerable rank in the world; but for all this I will not give myself a name, which others in my place would think they had sufficient pretensions to, and I will tell you frankly that I am no gentleman.

Mr. Jordain. Your hand, Sir, my daughter is not for you.

Cleontes. How?

Mr. Jordain. You are no gentleman, you shall not have my daughter.

Mrs. Jordain. What would you be at then with your gentleman? Are we gentle folks pray?

Mr. Jordain. Hold your tongue, wife.

Mrs. Jordain. Are we either of us otherwise descended than of plain citizens?

Mr. Jordain. There is a scandalous reflection for you!

Mrs. Jordain. And was not your father a tradesman as well as mine?

Mr. Jordain. Plague take the woman, she is constantly harping on this string. If your father was a tradesman, so much the worse for him; but as for mine, they are ignorant fools that say he was. All that I have to say to you, is that I will have a gentleman for my son-in-law.

Mrs. Jordain. Your daughter should have a husband that is suitable to her; and an honest man, who is rich and agreeable, would be much better for her than a gentleman who is a beggar.

Nicola. That is very true. We have a young squire in our town who is the greatest blockhead that I ever set my eyes on.

Mr. Jordain. Hold your prate, Mrs. Impertinence. Must you always be meddling? I have means sufficient for my daughter, and want nothing but honour, and I will have her a marchioness.

Mrs. Jordain. A marchioness!

Mr. Jordain. Yes, a marchioness.

Mrs. Jordain. Marry, heavens preserve me from it!

Mr. Jordain. I am resolved upon it.

Mrs. Jordain. It is what I shall never consent to. Matches with superiors always occasion unhappiness.

I do not like that a ſon-in-law ſhould have it in his power to reproach my daughter with her parents, or that ſhe ſhould have children who ſhould be aſhamed to call me grand-mother. Should ſhe come and viſit me with the equipage of a grand lady, and through inadvertency miſs ſaluting any of the neighbourhood, they would not fail preſently ſaying an hundred idle things. Do but ſee, would they ſay, this lady marchioneſs, what haughty airs ſhe gives herſelf! She is the daughter of Mr. Jordain, who was glad when ſhe was a little one, to play with us. She was not always ſo lofty as ſhe is now; and her two grand-fathers acquired their riches by ſelling cloth, which perhaps they may have to anſwer for in the other world: people do not generally grow ſo rich by being honeſt. I will not have all theſe tittle-tattle ſtories; in one word, I will have a man who will thank me for his wife, and to whom I can ſay, ſit you down there, ſon-in-law, and dine with me.

Mr. Jordain. Theſe are only the ſentiments of mean ſouls, who deſire always to continue in a mean condition. Let me have no more replies; my daughter ſhall be a marchioneſs in ſpite of the world; and if you vex me, I will make her a ducheſs.

SCENE XIII.

MRS. JORDAIN, LUCILIA, CLEONTES, NICOLA, COVIEL.

MRS. JORDAIN.

LET not this diſcourage you, Cleontes, [to Lucilia.] Follow me, daughter, and come tell your father reſolutely, that if you have not him, you will not have any body.

SCENE XIV.

CLEONTES, COVIEL.

COVIEL.

YOU have made a pretty piece of work of it with your delicate ſentiments.

Cleontes. What could I do? they are ſuch as I cannot ſubdue.

Coviel. You are in the wrong to be ſerious with ſuch a man as that. Do not you ſee that he is a fool? And would it coſt you any thing to have humoured his whims?

Cleontes. You are in the right; but I did not think there was any neceſſity to prove my being of a noble race to be ſon-in-law to Mr. Jordain.

Coviel laughing.] Ha, ha, ha!

Cleontes. What do you laugh at?

Coviel. At a thought that is come into my head to put a trick upon our ſpark, and help you to obtain what you deſire.

Cleontes. What is it?

Coviel. The thought is abſoluely droll.

Cleontes. What is it?

Coviel. There was a certain maſquerade performed not long ſince, which comes in here the beſt in the world; and which I intend to inſert into a piece of roguery I deſign to make for our coxcomb. This whole affair looks a little like making a joke of him; but with him we may hazard every thing, there is no need here to ſtudy fineſſe ſo much, he is a man who will play his part to a wonder; and will eaſily give in to all the ſham tales we ſhall take in our heads to tell him. I have actors, I have habits all ready, only let me alone.

Cleontes. But inform me of it.

Coviel. You ſhall know all, but let us begone, for I ſee him coming.

SCENE XV.

MR. JORDAIN alone.

I Cannot underſtand what theſe people would be at; they have nothing but great lords to reproach me with; and I, for my part, ſee nothing ſo fine as keeping company with people of quality; there is nothing but honour and civility among them; and I would willingly give two fingers of a hand to have been born a count or a marquis.

SCENE XVI.

MR. JORDAIN, FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

SIR, here is the count, and a lady, whom he is handing in.

Mr. Jordain. Good lack a-day! I have ſome orders to give. Tell them that I will wait on them immediately.

SCENE XVII.

DORIMENE, DORANTES, FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

MY maſter ſays he will be with you immediately.

Dorantes. Very well.

SCENE XVIII.

DORIMENE, DORANTES.

DORIMENE.

I HAVE taken a ſtrange ſtep, Dorantes, in ſuffering you to bring me to a houſe where I know no-body.

Dorantes. What place then, madam, would you have a lover chooſe to entertain you in, ſince, to avoid clamour, you neither allow of your own houſe nor mine?

Dorimene. You do not conſider that I am every day inſenſibly engaged to receive too great proofs of your paſſion. In vain do I refuſe things, you weary me out of reſiſtance, and you have a civil kind of obſtinacy, which makes me come gently into whatſoever you pleaſe. Frequent viſits have commenced, declarations came next, which drew after them ſerenades and entertainments, which were followed by preſents. I oppoſed all theſe things, but you are not diſheartned, and you become maſter of my reſolutions ſtep by ſtep. For my part, I can anſwer for nothing hereafter, and I believe in the end you will bring me to matrimony, notwithſtanding I am ſo averſe to it.

Dorantes. Faith, madam, you ought to have been in that ſtate before now. You are a widow, and depend upon no body but yourſelf. I am my own maſter, and love you more than my life. What does it ſtick at then, that you ſhould not, from this day forward, compleat my happineſs?

Dorimene. Alas! Dorantes, there muſt go a great many qualities on both ſides, to make the marriage ſtate happy; and two of the moſt reaſonable perſons in

the world have often much ado to compose an union to both their satisfactions.

Dorantes. You are in the wrong, madam, to represent to yourself so many difficulties in this affair; and the experience you have had is no rule for others.

Dorimene. In short, I always abide by this. The expences you put yourself to for me, gives me uneasiness for two reasons; one is, they engage me more than I could wish; and the other is, I am sure, no offence to you, that you cannot do this, but you must incommode yourself, and I would not have you do that.

Dorantes. These are trifles, madam, and it is not by that———

Dorimene. I know what I say; and, amongst other things, the diamond you forced me to take, is of a value———

Dorantes. Pray, madam, set not such a value upon a thing my love thinks unworthy of you: and permit ——But here comes the master of the house.

SCENE XIX.

MR. JORDAIN, DORIMENE, DORANTES.

MR. JORDAIN, after having made two bows, finding himself too near Dorimene.

A LITTLE farther, madam.

Dorimene. How?

Mr. Jordain. One step, if you please.

Dorimene. What then?

Mr. Jordain. Fall back a little for the third.

Dorantes. Mr. Jordain, madam, knows the world.

Mr. Jordain. Madam, I esteem it the greatest ho-

nour to be so fortunate, to be so happy, to have the felicity that you should have the goodness, to grant me the favour, to do me the honour, to honour me with the favour of your presence; and had I also the merit to merit a merit like yours, and that heaven—envious of my good—had granted me—the advantage of being worthy—of—

Dorantes. Enough, Mr. Jordain, my lady hates too many compliments, and she is very well acquainted with your understanding. [aside to Dorimene.] This is a foolish cit, as you may see by his whole behaviour.

Dorimene aside to Dorantes.] It is not very difficult to perceive that.

Dorantes. Madam, this gentleman is one of my sincere friends.

Mr. Jordain. You do me too much honour.

Dorantes. A very polite man.

Dorimene. I greatly esteem him.

Mr. Jordain. I have done nothing yet, madam, to merit this favour.

Dorantes aside to Mr. Jordain.] Take good care you do not mention the diamond ring you gave her.

Mr. Jordain aside to Dorantes.] May not I ask her only how she likes it?

Dorantes aside to Mr. Jordain.] How! take special care you do not. It would be very low and ill-bred of you; and to act like a man of gallantry, you should make as if it were not you who made the present. [aloud.] Mr. Jordain, madam, says that he is in raptures to see you at his house.

Dorimene. He does me a great deal of honour.

Mr. Jordain aside to Dorantes.] I am very much obliged to you, Sir, for speaking to her in that manner on my account.

Dorantes aſide to Mr. Jordain.] I have had much adoto prevail on her to come hither.

Mr. Jordain aſide to Dorantes.] I do not know how to thank you enough for it.

Dorantes. He ſays, madam, that he thinks you the moſt charming perſon in the world.

Dorimene. I am very much obliged to him.

Mr. Jordain. Madam, it is I who am ſo to you, and——

Dorantes. Let us think of ſitting down to table.

SCENE XX.

MRS. JORDAIN, DORIMENE, DORANTES, FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN to Mr. Jordain.

SIR, every thing is ready.

Dorantes. Come then, let us ſit down to table; and order the muſicians to come in.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

DORIMENE, MR. JORDAIN, DORANTES, THREE MUSICIANS, FOOTMEN.

DORIMENE.

THIS is a ſumptuous entertainment indeed, Dorantes.

Mr. Jordain. You are pleaſed to banter, madam, I wiſh it were more worthy of your acceptance. [Dori-

mene, Mr. Jordain, Dorantes, and three muſicians ſit down at the table.]

Dorantes. Mr. Jordain, madam, is perfectly right in what he ſays, and he obliges me in paying you, after ſo genteel a manner, the honours of his houſe. I agree with him that the entertainment is not worthy of you. As it was myſelf that ordered it, and I am not ſo clear-ſighted in theſe affairs, as certain of our friends, you have here no very artful feaſt; and you will find incongruities of good cheer in it, ſome barbariſms of good taſte. Had our friend Damis lent his aſſiſtance, every thing had been done by rule; elegance and erudition would have run through the whole, and he would not have failed exaggerating all the parts of the entertainment he gave you, and force you to own his great genius in the ſcience of good eating; he would have told you of bread de Rive, with the golden kiſſing-cruſt, raiſed too all round with a cruſt that crumples tenderly in your teeth; of wine with a velvet ſap, armed with a tartneſs not too poignant; of a breaſt of mutton ſtuffed with parſley; of a loin of veal thus long, white, delicate, and taſtes like almond-paſte; partridges of a ſuper-excellent flavour; and then by way of farce or entertainment, of a ſoup with gelly broth, fortified with a young plump turkey-pout, garniſhed with pigeons, and ſmothered with onions and ſuccory. But for my part, I confeſs to you my ignorance; and as Mr. Jordain has juſtly obſerved, I wiſh the repaſt were more worthy of your acceptance.

Dorimene. I make no other anſwer to this compliment than eating as I do.

Mr. Jordain. Ah! what pretty hands are there!

Dorimene. The hands are ſo ſo, Mr. Jordain; but you mean to ſpeak of the diamond, which is very fine.

Mr. Jordain. I, madam? I would not mention it

for the world, it would be quite ill-bred. The diamond is a mere trifle.

Dorimene. You eat very little, Mr. Jordain.

Mr. Jordain. You have too much goodneſs——

Dorantes having made ſigns to Mr. Jordain.] Come, give ſome wine to Mr. Jordain, and to thoſe gentlemen, who will favour us with a ſong.

Dorimene. Muſic is an excellent ſeaſoner to good cheer. I muſt own I was never more elegantly treated.

Mr. Jordain. Madam it is not——

Dorantes. Mr. Jordain, let us liſten to theſe gentlemen, their muſic will be better than any thing we can poſſibly ſay.

First and Second MUSICIAN together, each having a glaſs in his hand.

Put it round, my dear Phillis, invert the bright glaſs;
Oh what charms to the cryſtal thoſe fingers impart!
You and Bacchus combin'd, all reſiſtance ſurpaſs,
And with paſſion redoubled have raviſh'd my heart.
'Twixt him, you, and me, my charmer, my fair,
Eternal affection let's ſwear.

At the touch of thoſe lips how he ſparkles more bright!
And his touch in return, thoſe lips does embelliſh:
I cou'd quaff 'em all day, and drink bumpers all night.
What longing each gives me, what guſto, what reliſh!
'Twixt him, you, and me, my charmer, my fair,
Eternal affection let's ſwear.

Second and Third MUSICIAN together.

Since time flies so nimbly away,
Come drink, my dear boys, drink about;
Let's husband him well while we may,
For life may be gone before the mug's out.
When Charon has got us aboard,
Our drinking and wooing are past;
We ne'er to lose time can afford,
For drinking's a trade not always to last.
Let your puzzling rogues in the schools,
Dispute of the Bonum of man;
Philosophers dry are but fools,
The secret is this, drink, drink off your can.
When Charon has got us aboard,
Our drinking and wooing are past,
We ne'er to lose time can afford,
For drinking's a trade not always to last.

All three together.

Why hoh there! some wine, boys! come fill the glass, fill,
Round and round let it go, till we bid it stand still.

Dorimene. Vastly well sung, and the words are excellent.

Mr. Jordain. I see something here though, madam, more excellent.

Dorimene. Hey! Mr. Jordain is more gallant than I thought he was.

Dorantes. How, madam! who do you take Mr. Jordain for?

Mr. Jordain. I wiſh ſhe would take me for what I could wiſh to ſtile myſelf.

Dorimene. Again?

Dorantes to Dorimene.] You do not know him.

Mr. Jordain. She ſhall know me whenever ſhe pleaſes.

Dorimene. Oh! Too much.

Dorantes. He is one who has a repartee always ready. But you do not ſee, madam, that Mr. Jordain eats all the pieces you have touched.

Dorimene. I am really very much charmed with Mr. Jordain.

Mr. Jordain. If I could charm your heart I ſhould be——

SCENE II.

MRS. JORDAIN, MR. JORDAIN, DORIMENE, DORANTES, MUSICIANS, FOOTMEN.

MRS. JORDAIN.

HEY-DAY! why here is a jolly company of you, and I plainly ſee mine was not expected. It was for this pretty affair then, Mr. Huſband of mine, that you were in ſuch a violent hurry to ſend me to dine with my ſiſter; I juſt now found open houſe below, and here I find a dinner fit for a wedding. This is the way you ſpend your money, and thus it is you feaſt the ladies when I am from home, with your balls and your concerts; very fine doings, truly!

Dorantes. What do you mean, Madam Jordain? I dare ſay you are not in your right ſenſes, to ſay that your huſband ſpends his money, and that it is he who entertains my lady? Know, pray, that it is I do it, that

he only lends me his houſe, and that you ought to conſider a little better what you ſay.

Mr. Jordain. Yes, Mrs. Impertinence, his lordſhip gives this entertainment to her ladyſhip, who is a perſon of quality. He does me the honour to borrow my houſe, and is pleaſed to admit me as one of his gueſts.

Mrs. Jordain. It is all ſtuff this. I know what I know.

Dorantes. Mrs. Jordain, pray make uſe of your ſpectacles.

Mrs. Jordain. I have no need of ſpectacles, Sir, I am clear-ſighted enough; I have ſmelt things out a great while ago, I am no aſs. It is baſe in you, who are a great lord, to make ſuch an ideot, as you do, of my huſband. And you, madam, who are a great lady, it is neither handſome, nor honeſt in you, to ſow diſſenſion in a family, and to encourage my huſband to make love to you.

Dorimene. What can be the meaning of all this? Did you mean to make a jeſt of me, Dorantes, by bringing me here to be expoſed to the ſilly viſions of this raving woman?

Dorantes following Dorimene who goes out.] Madam, why, madam, where are you running?

Mr. Jordain. Madam———My lord, make my excuſes to her, and perſuade her to return, if poſſible.

SCENE III.

MRS. JORDAIN AND MR. JORDAIN, FOOTMEN

MR. JORDAIN.

YOU see what a fine piece of work you have made, Mrs. Impertinence; you come and affront me in the face of the world, and drive people of quality away from my house.

Mrs. Jordain. I value not their quality.

Mr. Jordain. I do not know what hinders me, you gipsey, from breaking your head with the fragments of the feast you came to disturb.

[Footmen take away the table.

Mrs. Jordain going.] I laugh at all this. I defend my own rights, and I am sure of having all the married women on my side.

Mr. Jordain. You do well to leave me, else I——

SCENE IV.

MR. JORDAIN alone.

WHAT a pity it is that she came here at this most unlucky time! I was in the humour of saying the prettiest things in the world, and never did I find myself so witty But who the devil is this coming?

SCENE V.

MR. JORDAIN, COVIEL disguised.

COVIEL.

GOod-morrow, Sir; I do not know whether I have the honour to be known to you.

Mr. Jordain. Indeed, Sir, I cannot say that I do know you.

Coviel. Very probable; but I remember you since you were not thus tall.

Mr. Jordain. Me?

Coviel. Yes, you: you were one of the sweetest children in the world; and all the ladies used to take you in their arms to kiss you.

Mr. Jordain. To kiss me?

Coviel. Yes, I was an intimate friend of the worthy gentleman your father.

Mr. Jordain. Of the worthy gentleman my father?

Coviel. Yes. He was a worthy gentleman.

Mr. Jordain. What do you say?

Coviel. I say that he was a worthy gentleman.

Mr. Jordain. My father?

Coviel. Yes.

Mr. Jordain. And you knew him then?

Coviel. Indeed I did.

Mr. Jordain. And did you know him for a gentleman?

Coviel. Most certainly.

Mr. Jordain. Well, this is an odd world, and it is not to be wondered at.

Coviel. How?

Mr. Jordain. Why, there are some ridiculous people, who would insist that he was a tradesman.

Coviel. He a tradesman! It is a mere scandal, he never was one. All the affair was, that being a very obliging, officious, worthy gentleman, and being a great connoisseur in stuffs, he used to pick them up every where, have them carried to his house, and gave them to his friends for money. A tradesman indeed!

Mr. Jordain. I am very glad of your acquaintance, that you may bear witness that my father was a gentleman.

Coviel. I will swear that he was a gentleman.

Mr. Jordain. You will very much oblige me. But what business brings you to me?

Coviel. Since my acquaintance with the late gentleman your father, honest gentleman, as I was telling you, I have made a tour round the globe.

Mr. Jordain. Round the globe?

Coviel. Yes.

Mr. Jordain. I fancy it is a huge way off, that same country.

Coviel. Most certainly. It is but four days since I returned from these tedious travels of mine: and because I have an interest in every thing that concerns you, I come to tell you the best news you can possibly receive.

Mr. Jordain. And pray, what is that?

Coviel. You know that the son of the great Turk is just arrived?

Mr. Jordain. I? No.

Coviel. How? He has a most magnificent train: all the world goes to see him; and he has been received with all the honours due to a person of his importance.

Mr. Jordain. In troth, I did not know that.

Coviel. But what will give you the greatest pleasure is, that he is in love with your daughter.

Mr. Jordain. Who, the son of the great Turk?

Coviel. Yes, and wants to be your ſon-in-law.

Mr. Jordain. My ſon-in-law? the ſon of the great Turk my ſon-in-law?

Coviel. Even ſo. As I have been to ſee him, and perfectly underſtand his language, we had a long converſation together; and after ſome other diſcourſe, ſays he to me, *Acciam croc ſoler, onch alla mouſtaph gidelum amanahem varahini ouſſere carbulath?* That is to ſay, Have you not ſeen a beautiful young creature, who is the daughter of Mr. Jordain, a gentleman of Paris?

Mr. Jordain. Did the ſon of the great Turk ſay that of me?

Coviel. Yes. When I told him, that I knew you perfectly well, and that I had ſeen your daughter, ah! ſays he to me, *Marababa ſahem;* that is to ſay, Ah! how am I enamoured with her!

Mr. Jordain. *Maraba baſahem* means, Ah! how am I enamoured with her?

Coviel. Yes.

Mr. Jordain. Marry, you did well to tell me ſo, for I ſhould never have thought that *Marababa ſahem* had meant, Ah! how am I enamoured with her! The Turkiſh is an excellent language!

Coviel. More ſo than you imagine. Do you know very well what is the meaning of *Cacaramouchen?*

Mr. Jordain. *Cacaramouchen?* Indeed I do not.

Coviel. It means, my dear ſoul.

Mr. Jordain. *Cacaramouchen* means, my dear ſoul?

Coviel. Yes.

Mr. Jordain. Why, it is very wonderful! *Cacaramouchen,* my dear ſoul. Who would ever have thought it? I am perfectly confounded at it.

Coviel. In ſhort, to finiſh my embaſſy, he comes to demand your daughter in marriage; and to have a father-in-law who ſhould be ſuitable to him, he deſigns

to make you a *Mamamouchi*, which is a certain great rank in his country.

Mr. Jordain. A *Mamamouchi?*

Coviel. Yes, a *Mamamouchi:* that is to say, in our language, a Paladine. Now Paladine, with the antients——Paladine, I say, there is nothing in the world more noble than this; and you will rank with the grandeſt lords upon earth.

Mr. Jordain. The ſon of the great Turk does me a great deal of honour, and I deſire you will bring him here, that I may return him my hearty thanks.

Coviel. How? Why he is juſt a coming hither.

Mr. Jordain. Is he a coming hither?

Coviel. Yes. And he brings all things along with him for the ceremony of your dignity.

Mr. Jordain. He does not want to put off any time.

Coviel. His love will ſuffer no delay.

Mr. Jordain. All that perplexes me, in this caſe, is that my daughter is an obſtinate huſſy, who has taken into her head one Cleontes, and ſhe has ſworn to have him or nobody.

Coviel. She will change her opinion, when ſhe ſees the ſon of the grand Turk; and it happens very luckily, though ſomewhat unaccountable, that the ſon of the grand Turk very much reſembles this Cleontes. I juſt now came from him, they ſhewed him me; and the love ſhe bears for one, may eaſily paſs to the other, and——But here comes the prince.

SCENE VI.

CLEONTES like a Turk, three pages bearing up the train of Cleontes, Mr. JORDAIN, COVIEL.

CLEONTES.

AMBOUSAHIM oqui boraf, Iordina, ſalamalequi.

Coviel to Mr. Jordain.] That is to ſay, Mr. Jordain, may your heart be all the year like a roſe-buſh in bloſſom. It is a polite way of ſaluting perſons in his country.

Mr. Jordain. I am his Turkiſh highneſs's moſt humble ſervant.

Coviel. *Carigar camboto ouſtin moraf.*

Cleontes. *Ouſtin yoc catamalequi baſum baſe alla moran.*

Coviel. He ſays, may heaven give you the ſtrength of lions, and the prudence of ſerpents.

Mr. Jordain. His Turkiſh highneſs does me too much honour; and I wiſh him all manner of proſperity.

Coviel. *Oſſa binamin ſadoc babally oracaf ouram.*

Cleontes. *Bel-men.*

Coviel. He ſays that you ſhould go with him immediately to prepare yourſelf for the ceremony, in order afterwards to ſee your daughter, and to conclude the marriage.

Mr. Jordain. So many things in two words?

Coviel. Yes, it is the nature of the language, to ſay a great deal in few words. Follow him quickly.

SCENE VII.

COVIEL alone.

HA, ha, ha! I'faith, this is very comical. What a dupe! Had he ſtudied his part, he could not have played it better. O, hoh!

SCENE VIII.

DORANTES, COVIEL.

COVIEL.

OH, Sir, I beſeech you lend us a helping-hand in an affair which is in agitation.

Dorantes. Ah! ah! Coviel, who could have known thee in this dreſs?

Coviel. You ſee. Ha, ha!

Dorontes. What do you laugh at?

Coviel. At ſomething, Sir, that well deſerves it.

Dorantes. What is it?

Coviel. I could give you a good many times, Sir, to gueſs the ſtratagem we are making uſe of with Mr. Jordain, to get his daughter for my maſter.

Dorantes. I do not at all gueſs the ſtratagem, but I dare ſay it will have the deſired effect, ſince you undertake it.

Coviel. I know, Sir, you are not unacquainted with the fool we have to deal with.

Dorantes. Tell me what it is.

Coviel. Come a little this way, if you pleaſe, to make room for what I ſee a-coming. You may be ſpectator of part of the ſtory, whilſt I inform you of the reſt.

SCENE IX.

The TURKISH CEREMONY.

The MUFTI, DERVISES, TURKS assisting the MUFTI, Singers and Dancers.

SIX Turks enter gravely, two and two, to the sound of instruments. They bear three carpets, with which they dance in several figures, and then lift them up very high: the Turks singing, pass under the carpets, and range themselves on each side of the stage. The Mufti, accompanied by Dervises, close the march.

THEN the Turks spread the carpets on the ground, and kneel down upon them, the Mufti and the Dervises standing in the middle of them; while the Mufti invokes Mahomet in dumb contorsions and grimaces, the Turks prostrate themselves on the ground, singing *Alla*, raising their hands to heaven, singing *Alla*, and so continuing alternately to the end of the invocation: when they all rise up, singing *Alla ekber;* then two Dervises bring Mr. Jordain.

SCENE X.

The MUFTI, DERVISES, Turkish Singers and Dancers, Mr. JORDAIN cloathed like a Turk, his head shaved, without a turban or sabre.

The MUFTI to Mr. Jordain.

IF you can answer, speak,
If not, hold your tongue.
I am Mufti,
Who art thou?

If you do not understand,
Hold thy peace, hold thy peace.
[Two Dervises retire with Mr Jordain.

SCENE XI.

The MUFTI, DERVISES, TURKS singing and dancing.

MUFTI.

TELL me, Turks, who is this,
An Anabaptist, an Anabaptist?
The Turks. No.
Mufti. A Zuinglian?
The Turks. No.
Mufti. A Coffite?
The Turks. No.
Mufti. An Uffite? a Morist? a Froneſt?
The Turks. No, no, no.
Mufti. No, no, no. Is he a Pagan?
The Turks. No.
Mufti. A Lutheran?
The Turks. No.
Mufti. A Puritan?
The Turks. No.
Mufti. A Bramin? a Moſſian? a Zurian?
The Turks. No, no, no.
Mufti. No, no, no. A Mahometan, a Mahometan?
The Turks. Ay, there you have it.
Mufti. What do you call him?
The Turks. Jordain, Jordain.
Mufti dancing.] Jordain! Jordain!
The Turks. Jordain, Jordain.
Mufti. To Mahomet for Jordain,
I pray night and day,

That he would make a Paladine
Of Jordain, of Jordain.
Give him a turban, and give a ſabre,
With a galley and a brigantine,
To defend Paleſtine.
To Mahomet for Jordain,
I pray night and day.
[To the Turks.]
Will Jordain be a good Turk?

The Turks. Yes, yes.

Mufti ſinging and dancing.] *Ha la ba, ba la chou, ba.*

The Turks. *Ha la ba, ba la chou, ba la ba ba.*

SCENE XII.

MUFTI, DERVISES, MR. JORDAIN, TURKS ſinging and dancing.

THE Mufti returns with the ſtate turban, which is of an immeaſurable largeneſs, garniſhed with lighted wax candles, four or five rows deep, accompanied by two Derviſes bearing the Alcoran with conic caps, garniſhed alſo with lighted candles.

THE two other Derviſes lead up Mr. Jordain, and place him on his knees with his hands to the ground, ſo that his back, on which the Alcoran is placed, may ſerve for a deſk to the Mufti, who makes a ſecond burleſque invocation, knitting his eyes-brows, ſtriking his hands ſometimes upon the Alcoran, and toſſing over the leaves with precipitation; after which, lifting up his hands, and crying with a loud voice, *Hou.*

DURING this ſecond invocation, the aſſiſtant Turks bowing down and raiſing themſelves alternately, ſing likewiſe, *hou, hou, hou.*

Mr. JORDAIN aſide after they have taken the Alcoran off his back.

OH! I am tired and bruiſed almoſt to death.

Mufti to Mr. Jordain.] Thou wilt not be a rogue?

The Turks. No, no, no.

Mufti. Not be a thief?

The Turks. No, no, no.

Mufti to the Turks.] Give the turban.

The Turks. Thou wilt not be a knave?

No, no, no.

Not be a thief?

No, no, no.

Give the turban.

The Turks dancing put the turban on Mr. Jordain's head at the ſound of the inſtruments.

Mufti giving the ſabre to Mr. Jordain.] Be brave, and be no coward,

Take the ſabre.

The Turks drawing their ſabres.] Be brave, be no coward,

Take the ſabre.

The Turks dancing ſtrike Mr. Jordain ſeveral times with their ſabres, to muſic.

Mufti. Give, give

The baſtonade.

The Turks. Give, give

The baſtonade.

The Turks dancing give Mr. Jordain ſeveral ſtrokes as before.

Mufti. Be not aſhamed,

This is the laſt affront.

The Turks. Be not aſhamed,

This is the laſt affront.

THE Mufti begins a third invocation. The Der-

vises support him with great respect, after which the Turks singing and dancing round the Mufti, retire with him, and lead off Mr. Jordain.

ACT V. SCENE I.

MRS. JORDAIN, MR. JORDAIN.

MRS. JORDAIN.

WHAT is the matter now? Mercy upon us! What have we got here! What a figure! What! are you turned mountebank? Speak therefore, what does this mean? Who has bundled you up thus?

Mr. Jordain. What impertinence, to speak thus to a *Mamamouchi!*

Mrs. Jordain. A what?

Mr. Jordain. Yes, you must shew me respect now, I am just made a *Mamamouchi*.

Mrs. Jordain. What do you mean by a *Mamamouchi?*

Mr. Jordain. *Mamamouchi* I tell you. I am a *Mamamouchi.*

Mrs. Jordain. What a beast is that?

Mr. Jordain. *Mamamouchi*, in our language, signifies a *Paladine.*

Mrs. Jordain. A *Baladin?* Are you of an age to be a morrice-dancer?

Mr. Jordain. What a blockhead! I say *Paladine;* it is a dignity, which has lately been conferred on me with great ceremony.

Mrs. Jordain. What ceremony pray?

Mr. Jordain. *Mahameta per Jordina.*

Mrs. Jordain. What does that mean?

Mr. Jordain. *Jordina*, that is to say, Jordain.

Mrs. Jordain. Well, and what of Jordain?

Mr. Jordain. *Voler far un Paladina de Jordina.*

Mrs. Jordain. What?

Mr. Jordian. *Dar turbanta con galera.*

Mrs. Jordain. What is the meaning of that?

Mr. Jordain. *Per deffender Paleſtina.*

Mrs. Jordain. What would you be at?

Mr. Jordain. *Dara, dara, baſtonnara.*

Mrs. Jordain. What is this ſame jargon?

Mr. Jordain. *Non tener honta, queſta ſtar l'ultima affronta.*

Mrs. Jordain. What in the name of wonder, can all this be?

Mr. Jordain ſinging and dancing.] *Hou la ba, ba la chou, ba la ba, ba la da.* [Falls down to the ground.

Mrs. Jordain. Mercy defend us! My huſband is turned fool.

Mr. Jordain getting up and walking off.] Peace, inſolence, and learn the reſpect due to Mr. *Mamamouchi.*

Mrs. Jordain alone.] How could he loſe his ſenſes? I muſt run and prevent his going out to expoſe myſelf. [Seeing Dorimene and Dorantes.] So, ſo, here come the reſt of our gang. I dare ſwear I ſhall never ſee an end of my vexation.

SCENE II.

DORANTES, DORIMENE.

DORANTES.

YES, madam, I will divert you with the merrieſt thing that can be ſeen; and I do not believe it is poſſible, in the whole world, to find ſuch another maſter-piece of folly as our cit here. And beſides,

madam, we must endeavour to assist Cleontes in his amour, by helping him to carry on his farce. He is a very pretty gentleman, and deserves every thing we can do for him.

Dorimene. I have a very great value for him, and really think he deserves a good fortune.

Dorantes. Besides, we have here, madam, an entertainment that will suit us, and which we ought not to lose; and I must, by all means, see whether my fancy will succeed.

Dorimene. I saw there magnificent preparations, and these are things, Dorantes, I can no longer suffer. Yes, I am resolved to put a stop, at last, to your profusions; and to cut short the enormous expences you are at on my account, I have determined to marry you out of hand. This is the real secret of the affair, and all these things end, as you know, with marriage.

Dorantes. Ah! madam, is it possible you should form so delightful and generous a resolution in my behalf?

Dorimene. I only do it to prevent you from ruining yourself; and without this, I see plainly, that before it is long you will not be worth a farthing.

Dorantes. How am I obliged to you, madam, for the care you take to preserve my estate! Both it and my heart are wholly at your disposal.

Dorimene. I shall make a proper use of them both. But here comes your man; he makes an admirable appearance, truly!

SCENE III.

MR. JORDAIN, DORIMENE, DORANTES.

DORANTES.

SIR, this lady and I are come to pay our homage to your new dignity, and heartily to congratulate you on the marriage you are concluding betwixt your daughter and the son of the grand Turk.

Mr. Jordain bowing first in the Turkish manner.] Sir, I wish you the strength of serpents, and the prudence of lions.

Dorimene. I was exceeding glad to be one of the first, Sir, who should come to rejoice with you upon the high degree of glory to which you are raised.

Mr. Jordain. Madam, may your rose-tree flower all the year round; I am very much obliged to you for interesting yourselves in the honour which have been conferred on me; and I am greatly rejoiced to see you returned hither, that I may make my most humble excuses for the ridiculous behaviour of my wife.

Dorimene. That is nothing at all, I readily excuse such little starts of passion; your heart ought to be precious to her, and it is not at all strange the possession of such a man as you are, should give her some alarms.

Mr. Jordain. The possession of my heart, madam, is wholly yours.

Dorantes. You see, madam, that Mr. Jordain is none of those people whom prosperity blinds; he still remembers his friends, even in the midst of his greatness.

Dorimene. It is the mark of a noble soul.

Dorantes. Where is his Turkish highness? We

ſhould be glad, as your friends, to pay our dutiful reſpects to him.

Mr. Jordain. There he comes, and I have ſent to bring my daughter to give her hand to him.

SCENE IV.

MR. JORDAIN, DORIMENE, DORANTES, CLEONTES in a Turkiſh dreſs.

DORANTES to Cleontes.

MOST noble prince, we come to compliment your highneſs, as friends of the gentleman your father-in-law, and to aſſure you, with reſpect, of our moſt humble ſervices.

Mr. Jordain. Where is the interpreter, to tell him who you are, and make him underſtand what you ſay; you ſhall ſee that he will anſwer you, and he ſpeaks Turkiſh admirably. Hola there; where the duce is he gone? [to Cleontes.] *Streſ, ſtrif, ſtrof, ſtraf.* The gentleman is a *grande ſegnore, grande ſegnore, grande ſegnore;* and madam is a *granda dama, granda dama.* [ſeeing he cannot make himſelf underſtood.] Lack-a-day! [to Cleontes.] Sir, he be a French *Mamamouchi*, and madam a French *Mamamoucheſs*. I cannot ſpeak plainer. Oh! but here comes the interpreter.

SCENE V.

MR. JORDAIN, DORIMENE, DORANTES, CLEONTES in a Turkish habit, COVIEL disguised.

MR. JORDAIN.

WHERE do you run? We can have no conversation without you. [pointing to Cleontes.] Inform him that the gentleman and lady are persons of great quality, who come to pay their compliments to him, as friends of mine, and to assure him of their services. [to Dorimene and Dorantes.] Now you shall hear how finely he answers.

Coviel. *Alabala crocciam, acci boram alabamen.*

Cleontes. *Catalequi tubal curin fotor amalouchan.*

Mr. Jordain to Dorimene and Dorantes.] Do ye see?

Coviel. He says, he wishes that the rain of prosperity may at all seasons water the garden of your family.

Mr. Jordain. I told you how excellently he speaks Turkish.

Dorantes. This is admirable.

SCENE VI.

CLEONTES, MR. JORDAIN, LUCILIA, DORIMENE, DORANTES, COVIEL.

MR. JORDAIN.

COME, daughter, come near, and give his Turkish highness your hand, who does you the honour of demanding you in marriage.

Lucilia. Dear father, what means this foolish dress? Are you going to play a part in the farce?

Mr. Jordain. No, no, it is no farce, it is a very serious affair; and the most honourable for you that possibly can be wished. [pointing to Cleontes.] This is the husband I give you.

Lucilia. Give me, father?

Mr. Jordain. Yes, you. Come, give your hand, and thank heaven for your good fortune.

Lucilia. I will not marry.

Mr. Jordain. I will make you, am I not your father?

Lucilia. I cannot consent.

Mr. Jordain. Here is a noise indeed! Come, I tell you. Your hand here.

Lucilia. No, father, I have told you before that no power on earth can oblige me to marry any other person than Cleontes; and I am determined upon all extremities rather than—— [discovering Cleontes.] It is true that you are my father; I owe you absolute obedience; and you have an undoubted right to dispose of me according to your pleasure.

Mr. Jordain. Hah! I am charmed to see you return so readily to your duty; and it is a pleasure to me to have so obedient a daughter.

SCENE THE LAST.

CLEONTES, MRS. JORDAIN, MR. JORDAIN, LUCILIA, DORIMENE, DORANTES, COVIEL.

MRS. JORDAIN.

WHAT is the matter now, husband? They tell me you design to marry your daughter to a mountebank.

Mr. Jordain. Peace, impertinence, you are always

coming to mix your extravagances with every thing; there is no poſſibility of teaching you reaſon.

Mrs. Jordain. It is you whom there is no teaching to be wiſe, who are perpetually running from folly to folly. What is your deſign? What would you do with this croud of people?

Mr. Jordain. I am going to marry my daughter to the ſon of the grand Turk.

Mrs. Jordain. To the ſon of the grand Turk?

Mr. Jordain. Yes, [pointing to Coviel.] Make your compliments to him by the interpreter there.

Mrs. Jordain. I have nothing to do with the interpreter; and I ſhall tell him plainly to his face, that he ſhall have none of my daughter.

Mr Jordain. I beg you would hold that fooliſh tongue of yours.

Dorantes. What, Mrs. Jordain, do you oppoſe ſuch an honour as this? Do you refuſe his Turkiſh highneſs for a ſon-in-law?

Mrs. Jordain. Pray, good Sir, meddle you with your own affairs.

Dorimene. It is a great honour, it is by no means to be rejected.

Mrs. Jordain. Madam, I beg you would not trouble yourſelf about what no ways concerns you.

Dorantes. It is our friendſhip that makes us intereſt ourſelves in what is of advantage to you.

Mrs. Jordain. I ſhall eaſily excuſe your friendſhip.

Dorantes. Your daughter is all obedience to her father's pleaſure.

Mrs. Jordain. My daughter conſent to marry a Turk?

Dorantes. Certainly.

Mrs. Jordain. Can ſhe forget Cleontes?

Dorantes. What would one not do to be a princeſs?

Mrs. Jordain. I would ſtrangle her with my own hands, had ſhe done ſuch a thing as this.

Mr. Jordain. What a babbling is here! I tell you this marriage ſhall be conſummated.

Mrs. Jordain. And I ſay it ſhall not.

Mr. Jordain. What a noiſe is here!

Lucilia. Mother!

Mrs. Jordain. Go, you are a pitiful huſſy.

Mr. Jordain to Mrs. Jordain.] What! are you angry with her for being obedient to me?

Mrs. Jordain. Yes, ſhe ought to obey me as well as you.

Coviel to Mrs. Jordain.] Madam.

Mrs. Jordain. What would you ſay to me, you?

Coviel. One word.

Mrs. Jordain. I have nothing to do with you nor your word.

Coviel to Mr. Jordain.] Sir, would ſhe hear me but one word in private, I will promiſe you to make her conſent to your pleaſure.

Mrs. Jordain. I will not conſent to it.

Coviel. Only hear me.

Mrs. Jordain. No.

Mr. Jordain to Mrs. Jordain.] Give him the hearing.

Mrs. Jordain. No, I will not hear him.

Mr. Jordain. He will tell you———

Mrs. Jordain. He ſhall tell me nothing.

Mr. Jordain. Do but ſee the great obſtinacy of the woman! Can it do you any harm to hear him?

Coviel. Only hear me; you may do your pleaſure afterwards.

Mrs. Jordain. Well, what?

Coviel aſide to Mrs. Jordain.] We have made ſigns to you, madam, this hour. Do not you ſee plainly that all this is done purely to humour your huſband's

folly whom we have impoſed upon under this diſguiſe? and that it is Cleontes himſelf who is the ſon of the great Turk?

Mrs. Jordain aſide to Coviel.] Oh, hoh!

Coviel aſide to Mrs. Jordain.] And that it is me, Coviel, who am the interpreter?

Mrs. Jordain aſide to Coviel.] Hoh! in that caſe, I give my conſent.

Coviel aſide to Mrs. Jordain.] Do not ſeem to know any thing of the matter.

Mrs. Jordain aloud.] Yes, it is all done, I conſent to the marriage.

Mr. Jordain. Ay, all the world ſubmits to reaſon. [to Mrs. Jordain.] You would not hear him! I knew he would explain to you what the ſon of the great Turk is.

Mrs. Jordain. Yes, yes, he has explained it to me ſufficiently, and I am ſatisfied with it. Send for a notary.

Dorantes. That is well ſaid. And, Mrs. Jordain, that you may be perfectly contented, and that you ſhould this day quit all jealouſy which you may have entertained of the gentleman your huſband, my lady and I ſhall make uſe of the ſame notary for our marriage.

Mrs. Jordain. With all my heart.

Mr. Jordain aſide to Dorantes.] It is to make her believe.

Dorantes aſide to Mr. Jordain.] We muſt by all means amuſe her a little with this pretenſe.

Mr. Jordain. Good, good. [aloud.] Let ſomebody go immediately for the notary.

Dorantes. While he is forming the contract, let us divert his highneſs with the entertainment we have made for him.

Mr. Jordain. Well thought on: come, let us take our places.

Mrs. Jordain. But can we not find a match for poor Nicola too?

Mr. Jordain. I will give her to the interpreter; and my wife to any body that chuses her.

Coviel. I am very much obliged to you, Sir. [aside.] Were there a greater fool upon earth than this, I should certainly go to Rome and inform the Pope of it.

THE END.

THE

IMPERTINENTS.

A

COMEDY.

The IMPERTINENTS, *a Comedy of Three Acts, performed at Vaux in Auguſt* 1661, *and at Paris at the Theatre of the Palace-Royal the 4th of November the ſame Year.*

THE theatre as yet reſounded with the juſt applauſe which was given to the SCHOOL for HUSBANDS, when the IMPERTINENTS was performed at Vaux, in the houſe of M. Fouquet, Superintendant of the Finances, before the king and court. Paul Peliſſon, famous for the delicacy of his wit, but much more ſo for his inviolable attachment to the perſon of M. Fouquet, even in his misfortunes compoſed the Prologue to it in praiſe of the king: the ſcene of the Hunter, the hint of which the king gave Moliere, was afterwards added when it was acted at St. Germains. This ſpecies of comedy is almoſt void of all plot; the ſcenes having no neceſſary connection with one another, you may change the order of them, leave out ſome, and ſubſtitute others without injuring the work; but the main point was to keep up the attention of the ſpectator by the variety of characters, the juſtneſs of the portraits, and the continued elegance of the ſtyle; it was the aſſemblage of theſe exquiſite beauties, together with this image, or rather reality itſelf of the embarraſſments and importunities of a court, which made the Impertinents meet with ſo much ſucceſs.

ACTORS.

DAMIS, guardian of Orphisa.
ORPHISA.
ERASTUS, in love with Orphisa.

ALCIDORUS.
LYSANDER.
ALCANDER.
ALCIPPUS.
ORANTE.
CLIMENE.
DORANTES.
CARITIDES.
ORMIN.
PHILINTES.

} Impertinents.

MONTAIGN, servant of Erastus.
L'ESPINE, servant of Damis.
LA RIVIERE, and two other servants of Erastus.

SCENE, PARIS.

THE

IMPERTINENTS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ERASTUS, MONTAIGN.

ERASTUS.

KIND heaven, under what planet am I born, that I must be continually plagued with impertinents? Wherever I go, fortune throws them in my way, and every day I see some new species of them; but nothing can come up to this day's impertinent. In short, I despaired of being free from him, and a thousand times I cursed the innocent fancy, which I took at dinner, of going to a play to amuse myself; I was severely punished for my sins; I will give thee an account of it, for my passion rises whenever it comes into my head. I went upon the stage with an intention to attend to the piece, which I had heard a great deal in praise of: the actors began, and all the people were silent, when a man with a blustering air, full of extravagance, with huge pantaloons, brushes in, crying, Soho there! a chair immediately; and with his intolerable noise disturbed the company in one of the most beautiful passages of the piece. Heaven defend us! says I, will our Frenchmen, who are

corrected so often, never learn to behave like sensible men? Must we expose our folly in a public theatre, and by the noise of fools confirm what is said every where? While this reflection made me shrug up my shoulders, the actors seemed desirous to go on with their parts, but the fellow made a new disturbance in seating himself, and though he might have sat agreeably on either side, he made large strides across the stage, placed his chair in the middle of the front, where with his brawny back he intercepted the actors from three fourths of the pit. They set up a noise which would have made any other person ashamed, but he did not mind it in the least, and would have remained in the same position, had he not discovered me. Ha! marquis, cried he, placing himself near me, how dost thou do? give me leave to embrace thee. It put me to the blush, that people should see I was acquainted with such a hair-brained fellow; though I know very little of him: but it will be seen in those people who will be very great with you from nothing, whose kisses you must bear as you tender your happiness, and who treat you with so much familiarity, as even to *thee* and *thou* you. He directly asked a hundred trifling questions, raising his voice above the actors. Every body present was cursing him, and I, by way of putting an end to his conversation, told him I would be glad to hear the play. Thou hast not seen this before, marquis, heh! Rat me, if I do not think it very droll, and I am no fool in these things; I know by what rules a work is to be finished, and Corneille reads every thing that he does to me. Upon this he gave me a short account of the whole piece, telling me scene by scene, what was to be be done next, and even the verses he could say by heart he repeated aloud to me in the presence of the actors. It was to

no purpose for me to resist, he pushed his point, and towards the end got up long before the time; for these fine fellows, to act genteelly, take great care above all things not to hear the conclusion. I thanked heaven, and reasonably thought that with the play my misery was ended: but, as if I had come off too cheap, my gentleman joined me again; rehearsed his exploits to me, his great virtue, and talked of his good fortune and his horses, the favour he had at court, sincerely offering me his service there. I returned him thanks with a genteel nod, considering all the time attentively how I should retreat: he observing me upon the move, says, Come, let us walk, every body is gone. When we got into the street, he says, Marquis, come, let us go to the ring, you shall see my chariot how well contrived it is; dukes and lords have took pattern by it. I returned him thanks, and to get rid of him, said, I had a certain entertainment to make. Hah! egad, I will make one at it, being in the number of thy friends, and disappoint the man of quality I was engaged to. I dare not invite a person of your condition to such poor cheer said I; but he replied, I am a man of no ceremony, and go only to have a little talk with thee; I declare I am quite tired of great entertainments. I told him it would be wrong to disappoint the company. Thou art mistaken, marquis, we all understand each other, and I prefer an entertainment with thee. I struggled within myself, was confused and melancholy at the unhappy success my excuses had, and was at a loss where to betake myself to get free of a trouble that tormented me; when an elegant chariot, loaded before and behind with footmen, stopped before us, from whence springs a young fellow dressed most genteelly; he and my impertinent meeting to embrace, amazed the passengers by their vi-

olent encounters, in the midſt of which I ſlipped away without ſaying a word. I had long groaned under the torture, and curſed the impertinent, whoſe obſtinate fondneſs prevented me from making my appointment good here.

Montaign. Ah, Sir, men would be too happy here below, if the pleaſures of this life were not mixed with vexations; we cannot have every thing as we would wiſh it; it is the will of heaven that we ſhould have our impertinents here.

Eraſtus. But the worſt of all my impertinents is Damis, the guardian of the lady I adore, who diſappoints all the hopes ſhe favours me with in my addreſſes, and notwithſtanding her kindneſs, prevents me from ſeeing her. It was in this walk Orphiſa was to be, I am afraid it is paſt the hour appointed.

Montaign. An appointed hour is not always confined to the limits of an inſtant, it has generally ſome latitude.

Eraſtus. That is true; but I tremble, and the exceſs of my paſſion makes a crime even of nothing towards her I love.

Montaign. If this perfect love, which you ſo well teſtify, makes a fault of nothing, towards her you love; in return, the juſt paſſion ſhe entertains for you, makes nothing of all your faults.

Eraſtus. But doſt thou really believe ſhe loves me?

Montaign. What! do you ſtill doubt of a confirmed love?

Eraſtus. How can a heart enflamed with love be ſatisfied in ſuch a caſe? It is afraid of flattering itſelf, and in the midſt of its various cares, it leaſt believes what it wiſhes moſt for. But let us go in ſearch of the dear creature.

Montaign. Sir, your band gapes before.

Eraſtus. It is no matter.

Montaign. Pray, let me put it right.

Eraſtus. Pho! you ſtrangle me; fool, let it be as it is.

Montaign. Let me comb you a little——

Eraſtus. Thou haſt almoſt took off one of my ears with a tooth of the comb. Was ever any body ſo ſtupid!

Montaign. Your pantaloons——

Eraſtus. Let me alone, you are too exact.

Montaign. They are all rumpled.

Eraſtus. They ſhall be ſo.

Montaign. For goodneſs ſake, allow me to bruſh your hat, it is all duſty.

Eraſtus. Bruſh it then, ſince I muſt bear all this.

Montaign. Do you chuſe to wear it cocked, as it is?

Eraſtus. S'death! be quick.

Montaign. It would be ſhameful——

Eraſtus having waited ſome time.] It is enough.

Montaign. Have a little patience.

Eraſtus. Do you intend to keep the hat for ever?

Montaign. It is done.

Eraſtus. Then give it me.

Montaign letting the hat fall.] Hey!

Eraſtus. There, it is down! A plague take thee, I am finely aſſiſted.

Montaign. Let me with a rub or two take off——

Eraſtus. I will not have it done. A duce take all troubleſome ſervants who fatigue their maſters, and do nothing but diſpleaſe by mere affectation of being uſeful.

SCENE II.

ORPHISA, ALCIDORE, ERASTUS, MONTAIGN.

ERASTUS.

IS not this Orphisa who comes? Yes, it is she. Where is she gone so quick, and who is he that hands her? [He salutes her as she passes by, and she turns her head from him.

SCENE III.

ERASTUS, MONTAIGN.

ERASTUS.

HEAVENS! am I awake? Did she really pass me, pretending not to know me? What can I think? What say you? Speak, if you will.

Montaign. Sir, I say nothing, for fear of being thought impertinent.

Erastus. And to say nothing to me, in the extremity of this cruel torture, is really being so. Make some answer to my oppressed mind. What am I to imagine? Speak, give me your opinion of it.

Montaign. Sir, I shall be silent, and do not desire to affect being useful.

Erastus. Plague on the impertinent puppy! Go follow them; and do not quit them, till you see what becomes of them.

Montaign coming back.] Must I follow them at a distance?

Erastus. Certainly.

Montaign coming back.] Without being perceived by them, or appearing as if I were sent after them?

Eraſtus. No, you will do better to tell them, that you follow them by my deſire.

Montaign coming back.] Shall I find you here, when I return?

Eraſtus. Heaven confound thee! I dare ſay there never was ſuch an impertinent blockhead.

SCENE IV.

ERASTUS alone.

OH! what miſery am I in! it had been happy for me, had I been diſappointed of this fatal appointment. Inſtead of finding every thing propitious to me, according to my expectation, I have ſeen what ſtabs me to the heart.

SCENE V.

LYSANDER, ERASTUS.

LYSANDER.

MY dear marquis, I knew it was thee, even at this diſtance, under theſe trees, and made up to thee directly. I muſt ſing to thee, as one of my friends, a certain air of a little courant that I have made, which all the people at court, who have any ſkill, are very fond of; and to which more than twenty have already made verſes. I have fortune, birth, and a tolerable good employment, and make a figure in France, conſiderable enough; but I would not, for all I am worth, but have made that air, which I am go-

ing to shew thee: sal, lal, hem, hem; pr'ythee mind it. [He sings his courant.] Is it not very pretty?

Eraſtus. Oh!

Lyſander. This cloſe is pretty. [He sings the cloſe over again four or five times ſucceſſively.] Now what is your opinion of it?

Eraſtus. Very pretty, indeed.

Lyſander. The ſteps I have made to it are not leſs agreeable; and above all, the figure has a ſurpriſing grace. [He sings, talks, and dances all together.] Stay, the man croſſes thus: then the woman croſſes again: together, then they quit, and the woman comes there: doſt thou ſee this pretty touch of a feint here? this fleuret? theſe coupees running after the fair one? back to back; face to face preſſing up cloſe to her? What doſt thou think of it, marquis?

Eraſtus. Theſe ſteps are certainly very fine.

Lyſander. For my part, I deſpiſe the dancing-maſters.

Eraſtus. I ſee ſo.

Lyſander. Then the ſteps?

Eraſtus. Have nothing but what is marvellous.

Lyſander. Wouldſt thou have me teach them thee out of friendſhip?

Eraſtus. Indeed, at preſent, I am a little perplexed about——

Lyſander. Well then, it ſhall be at your own time; if I had theſe new words about me, we would read them together, and ſee which were prettieſt.

Eraſtus. Another time.

Lyſander. Adieu. My deareſt Baptiſt has not ſeen my courant, and I am going in queſt of him. We have a mighty ſympathy in our taſte for tunes, and I will deſire him to add the parts to it.

[Exit, ſinging as he goes.

SCENE VI.

ERASTUS alone.

HEAVENS! muſt quality, which covers every fault, oblige us daily to endure the impertinence of a hundred fools! and make us demean ourſelves often even to the complaiſance of applauding their folly!

SCENE VII.

ERASTUS, MONTAIGN.

MONTAIGN.

SIR, Orphiſa is alone, and will be here preſently.

Eraſtus. Oh! what hurry and confuſion am I in! I have ſtill a fondneſs for this cruel beauty, and my reaſon bids me abhor her.

Montaign. Your reaſon, Sir, neither knows what it would have, nor what power a miſtreſs has over a man's mind. Though one has ever ſo juſt cauſe to be out of temper, one word from a fine woman can ſet every thing right.

Eraſtus. Alas! I own it, and the ſight of her has already ſet aſide all my reſentment.

SCENE VIII.

ORPHISA, ERASTUS, MONTAIGN.

ORPHISA.

ERASTUS, there is a ſadneſs in your countenance, can it be my preſence which occaſions

it? What does this mean? What is it that affects you, and makes you sigh at the sight of me?

Erastus. Cruel creature! Can you ask me what causes this sorrow? Is it not ill-natured to pretend ignorance of what you have done? He whose conversation induced you to pass me in full view——

Orphisa laughing.] Is it that which disturbs you?

Erastus. Inhuman creature, will you still insult my misery? It ill becomes you to rally my grief, ungrateful as you are; to abuse my passion, on account of the foible of which you are the cause.

Orphisa. One must certainly laugh at you, and own that you are very foolish to give yourself so much uneasiness. I am so far from being pleased with the man you speak of, that I think him an impertinent fellow, whom I was endeavouring to shake off; one of those troublesome fools who will not allow one to be alone any where, but come immediately with fawning compliments, to offer their hand, when it is very disagreeable. To conceal my intention, I pretended to be going away; and he would even hand me to my coach. By this means I got rid of him, and came in again by the other gate to find you.

Erastus. Is your heart sincere to me, Orphisa? Must I believe this story?

Orphisa. You are a pretty gentleman indeed, to talk thus; when I justify myself against your trifling complaints. I am very weak too, and my foolish kindness——

Erastus. Ah! too severe beauty, be not angry, I will not complain. Being absolutely under your command, I will implicitly believe every thing you are so obliging as to tell me. Deceive, if you please, an unhappy lover: I shall respect you, even to the grave. Abuse my love, and refuse me yours; expose to my sight the

triumph of my rival; yes, I will bear with every thing from thoſe celeſtial charms; I will die for it, but, in ſhort, never will complain.

Orphiſa. While ſuch ſentiments reign in your breaſt, I ſhall on my part——

SCENE IX.

ALCANDER, ORPHISA, ERASTUS, MONTAIGN.

ALCANDER.

A Word with thee, Marquis. [to Orphiſa.] Madam, be ſo good as forgive the indiſcretion of preſuming to whiſper before you. [Orphiſa goes out.

SCENE X.

ALCANDER, ERASTUS, MONTAIGN.

ALCANDER.

MARQUIS, it is with reluctance I requeſt this of you; but there is a man has juſt now groſly affronted me, and I ſincerely wiſh, not to be behindhand with him, that thou wouldeſt directly carry him a challenge from me. Thou knoweſt that I would gladly ſerve thee in the like caſe.

Eraſtus having remained ſilent ſome time.] I will not now act the *bravo;* yet I have been a ſoldier before I was a courtier; I ſerved fourteen years, and think I may fairly withdraw myſelf from ſuch a ſcrape, with a good grace, and not be afraid that the refuſal of my ſword will be looked upon as cowardice. Duelling puts people in a wretched poſture; and our king is no mere painted monarch, he will be obeyed by the people of firſt rank in his kingdom; and I think he acts

in this like a worthy prince. When his service calls me I will do it chearfully: but I am not willing to displease him. I regard his order as a supreme law; seek somebody else, and not me, to disobey him. I talk very freely to thee, marquis, and am, in any other affair, thy most obedient. Farewel.

SCENE XI.

ERASTUS, MONTAIGN.

ERASTUS.

THE devil take all impertinents, say I. Where is this dear object of my vows retired to?

Montaign. Really, Sir, I do not know.

Erastus. Go search every where to find her out. You will see me in this walk.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ERASTUS.

LORD be thanked, I am once more freed from these impertinents. I think it rains impertinents from every quarter. I fly from them, and meet them; and for an additional torment, I cannot find her of whom I am in pursuit. The thunder and rain are quickly over, and have not chaced away the *beau monde*. Would heaven, among the favours it bestows here so profusely, they had but chaced away the people that perplex me! The sun is now almost set, and I am surprised that my man is not yet returned.

SCENE II.

ALCIPPUS, ERASTUS.

ALCIPPUS.

GOOD-morrow, Sir.

Eraſtus aſide.] Will my love always be diverted?

Alcippus. Marquis, comfort me for the ſtrange hand I yeſterday loſt at piquet, with one St. Bovain, to whom I could have given fifteen, and the eldeſt hand. It is a blow would make one mad, it diſturbs me ever ſince yeſterday, and would make one wiſh all gameſters at the devil; a blow moſt certainly to make one hang one's ſelf at the market-croſs. I want but two, and the other wants a pique: I deal, he takes ſix, and demands to deal over again: I ſeeing myſelf almoſt up, would not conſent to it. I go out ace of clubs, (do but admire my misfortune) the ace, king, knave, ten, and eight of hearts; and throw out, as my policy was to go for point, queen and ten of diamonds; ten and queen of ſpades. To my five hearts that I went out, I took in alſo the queen, which made me exactly a quint major: but my gentleman with the ace, not without my great amazement, ſpreads upon the table a ſixiéme of low diamonds. I had thrown out the queen of the ſame with the king, but he miſſing of his pique, I recovered my fright, and reaſonably thought I ſhould make at leaſt two poor tricks. With the ſeven diamonds he had four ſpades; and playing the laſt of them, it puzzled me cruelly, as not knowing which of my two aces to keep. I threw away the ace of hearts, as I think, with good reaſon, but he had diſcarded four clubs. And there was I capoted with a ſix of hearts, without

being able, through vexation, to ſpeak one ſyllable. S'heart, do me juſtice for this terrible ſtroke: one could not have believed it had they not ſeen it.

Eraſtus. The greateſt ſtrokes of fortune are obſerved to be in play.

Alcippus. S'death, you ſhall judge whether I am wrong; and whether I complain without a cauſe, for here are our two games, which I have directly about me; ſtay, this is the hand I went out as I told you; and here——

Eraſtus. I underſtand it all by the deſcription you give of it, and ſee the juſtice of the paſſion which ruffles you; but I muſt leave you, upon a particular affair. Farewel, comfort yourſelf however under your misfortune.

Alcippus. Who, I? I ſhall always have it next my heart: it is worſe than a thunderbolt to my mind: I am reſolved to ſhew it to all the world. [He goes a little way, and ready to turn back, calls out.] A ſix of hearts! Two tricks!

Eraſtus alone.] Turn which way one will, one ſees nothing but fools! What place are we got into?

SCENE III.

ERASTUS, MONTAIGN.

ERASTUS.

HAH! How impatient have I been for your coming!

Montaign. Sir, I could not come ſooner.

Eraſtus. But doſt thou bring me any news at laſt?

Montaign. Indeed I do, and from the object on whom your fate depends. I have by her expreſs commands ſomething to tell you.

Eraſtus. Speak: I am impatient to hear it.

Montaign. Do you wiſh to know what it is?

Eraſtus. Yes, ſpeak immediately.

Montaign. Stop a little, Sir, if you pleaſe; I have almoſt loſt my breath with running.

Eraſtus. Doſt thou delight in keeping me in ſuſpence?

Montaign. Since you are ſo deſirous of knowing the order I received from this charming object, I will tell you——Believe me, without bragging to you of my diligence, I went a great way to find the lady; and if——

Eraſtus. Have done with thy digreſſions.

Montaign. Fy! you ſhould moderate a little your paſſions; and Seneca——

Eraſtus. Seneca's a fool, in thy mouth, ſince he tells me not a word that concerns me. Give me the order immediately.

Montaign. To ſatisfy your longing, your Orphiſa—there is an inſect got into your hair.

Eraſtus. Let it ſtay there.

Montaign. This fair one bids me acquaint you on her part——

Eraſtus. What?

Montaign. Gueſs.

Eraſtus. Pr'ythee tell me, I am not in a laughing humour at preſent.

Montaign. Her order is, that you are to ſtay here, aſſuring yourſelf, that in a little while ſhe will come to you, when ſhe has got rid of ſome country ladies, who are a troubleſome ſort of animals to courtiers.

Eraſtus. Let us then remain in the place that ſhe was pleaſed to fix upon: but as this appointment gives me here ſome time, leave me to think a little. [Montaign

goes out.] I have an intention of making her some verses to a tune which I know she is very fond of.

[Musing.

SCENE IV.

ORANTE, CLIMENE, ERASTUS at a corner of the stage without being seen.

ORONTE.

EVERY body will be of the same opinion with me.

Climene. Do you think to carry it by obstinacy?

Orante. I approve of my own reasons.

Climene. I wish somebody would hear us both.

Orante seeing Erastus.] I see a man here who is no blockhead; he may be judge in our difference. [to Erastus.] Marquis, a word with you, if you please; allow us to appeal to you, to be judge in a quarrel betwixt us two, in a debate arising from our different sentiments, about what is the sign of the most perfect lover.

Erastus. It is a difficult question to decide, and you had best look for a more skilful judge.

Orante. No, these stories you tell us will have no effect: we know you very well; you are a noted wit, every body gives you that character very justly, and—

Erastus. Oh! I intreat you——

Orante. In one word, you must bestow a minute or two upon us, and be our arbitrator.

Climene to Orante.] You retain here a person who will condemn you: for in short, if what I venture to believe of him be true, the gentleman will honour my reasons with victory.

Eraſtus aſide.] I wiſh my raſcal would invent ſomething to get me off.

Orante to Climene.] For my part, I have too good proof of his wit, to fear he ſhould pronounce any thing to my diſadvantage. [to Eraſtus.] In ſhort, this grand debate which is kindled betwixt us, is whether a lover ſhould be jealous or not.

Climene. Or, to explain our thoughts better, who ſhould pleaſe moſt, one that is jealous, or one that is not ſo.

Orante. For my part, undoubtedly, I am for the laſt.

Climene. And I am for the former.

Orante. I think we ſhould give our vote on the ſide of him who ſhews moſt reſpect.

Climene. And I, that if our inclinations muſt appear, it ſhould be in favour of him who diſcovers moſt love.

Orante. Yes, but one diſcovers the warmth of a lover's paſſion much better by reſpect, than jealouſy.

Climene. And my opinion is, that whoever has an attachment to us, is by ſo much the more loving, as he is the more jealous.

Orante. Fy, Climene, talk not to me of thoſe people for lovers, whoſe love reſembles hatred, and who, inſtead of reſpect and gentle addreſſes, are ever troubleſome; whoſe minds, being always prompted by a gloomy paſſion, buſy themſelves in converting our leaſt actions into a crime; ſubject our innocence to their blindneſs, and want an explanation from us upon the leaſt glance of an eye; who perceiving in us any ſadneſs, immediately complain that their preſence is the cauſe of it; and when the leaſt joy brightens in our eyes, ſuſpect their rivals is the occaſion of it: in ſhort, who taking privilege from the fury of their love, never ſpeak

to us but with an intention to quarrel with us; they presume to forbid every body approaching us, and set themselves up for tyrants over their very conquerors. Give me the lovers who are inspired by respect, I think their submission the greatest mark of our power.

Climene. Tell me not that those persons are true lovers who feel no transports; those luke-warm gallants, whose quiet hearts reckon already upon every thing as secure in their favour; are not afraid of losing us, and through too great a confidence, suffer their love to fall asleep at every turn; have a good intelligence with their rivals, and leave them a clear stage to push their point. This sedate love raises my resentment. Love without jealousy, is loving with indifference; I would have a lover continually suspicious, to convince me of his passion; one who, by hasty transports, gives a glaring token of the esteem he has for me. One then applauds one's self for his disquiet; and if he chances to treat us rudely, the pleasure of seeing him on his knees to excuse the violence of his passion, his tears and vexation are a sufficient revenge for our anger.

Orante. If so much raving is necessary to please you, I can tell you one who will satisfy you; and I am acquainted with five or six people in Paris, who love so excessively as to go to cuffs about it.

Climene. I know some people who would suit you exactly, if you do not like jealousy: men so patient in their love, that they could see you in the arms of thirty, and be quite unconcerned.

Orante. Indeed you must declare which person's love you would prefer.

[Orphisa appears at the farther end of the stage, and sees Erastus between Orante and Climene.]

Erastus. As I must give my opinion, I will please you both, and not give sentence against what is agree-

able to either of you: I think the jealous loves most, and the other loves best.

Climene. Certainly the sentence is a very judicious one; but——

Erastus. Allow me to leave you. After what I have said, I will have no more to do with it.

SCENE V.

ORPHISA, ERASTUS.

Erastus perceiving Orphisa, and going up to her.

WHAT a stay you have made, madam; I see plainly——

Orphisa. I beg you may not quit such agreeable conversation. I dare say you could dispense with my absence very well; it is wrong to blame me for staying.

Erastus. And will you be angry with me without reason, and blame me for the trouble they have given me? I intreat you to stay——

Orphisa. Pray go join your company again, and let me alone.

SCENE VI.

ERASTUS alone.

LET me follow her, in spite of her opposition; I must clear up my innocence. Heavens! must impertinents of both sexes conspire to frustrate my dearest wishes this day?

SCENE VII.

DORANTES, ERASTUS.

DORANTES.

AH! Marquis, what a multitude of impertinents does one meet with every day, to interrupt one's pleasures! I am so angry at a very fine chace which a booby——I must tell thee the story.

Erastus. I cannot stay, for I am in quest of a particular person.

Dorantes. I'gad, I will tell it thee as we walk along. We were an agreeable select company of us, who made a party yesterday to hunt a stag; and we went on purpose into the country to lie upon the spot, that is to say, my dear, into the thickest part of the forest. As this exercise is a very great delight to me, I had a mind, that the thing might be well done, to go into the wood myself; and we all determined to bend all our efforts upon a stag, which every body told us was a full-made stag; but for my part, my judgment was, without standing to observe the marks, that he was only a stag of the second head. We had separated our relays properly, and were breakfasting hastily, upon some new-laid eggs, when a peasant, with a long rapier, vainly mounting his breeding-mare, came to make us an awkward compliment, presenting us also, to compleat the vexation, with a great booby of a son, as great a fool as his father. He called himself a great hunter, and desired that he might have the favour of the chace along with us. Heaven preserve every skilful person, when hunting, from a fellow that blows his horn unseasonably, from people, who, having half a score scabby beagles at their heels, cry, *my pack*, and are marvellous hunt-

ers! His requeſt being granted, and his virtues eſteemed, we were all purſuing our blinks. Within the diſtance of three bow-ſhots, all of a ſudden was cried, *Ilho! Ilho!* The dogs were laid on the ſtag: I ſecond it, and blow aloud; my ſtag unharbours, and paſſes a pretty long plain, and my dogs after him, but ſo well in breath that you might have covered them all with a cloak. He made to the foreſt. We then ſlip the old pack upon him, and I, in great haſte, take my horſe Allezan. Pray have you ſeen him?

Eraſtus. I think not.

Dorantes. How! it is a horſe as good as he is handſome, and which I bought a few days ago of Gaveau. I leave you to judge whether he would deceive me in ſuch an affair as this, he that conſiders who I am; ſo that I am quite eaſy about him; and in reality he never ſold a better horſe, nor a better made one. The head of a barb, with a fair ſtar, the neck of a ſwan, ſlender, and very ſtraight; no more ſhoulders than a hare, ſhort-jointed, and that ſhews his vivacity by his carriage; feet, i'gad, ſuch feet! double-rein'd; to ſpeak the truth, I was the only perſon could find the way to maſter him, and young Jack Gaveau never mounted him without fear, though he ſet the beſt face he could on it. His buttocks are not to be equalled for largeneſs, and legs, mercy on me! In ſhort he is a miracle; if you will believe me, I refuſed a hundred pieces for him, and one of the king's horſes to boot. I mount, therefore, and was in high pleaſure to ſee the vintagers in rows at a great diſtance on the plain; I ſpur on, and find myſelf in a by-thicket at the heels of the dogs, only I and Drecar: within that our ſtag ſtood at bay for an hour; upon this I cheer the dogs, and played the duce and all among them. In ſhort, never was hunter in higher glee; I imprimed him myſelf, and all things

went swimmingly; ours joined company with a young hind; one part of my dogs divided from the other, then, marquis, as you may imagine, they all hunted timorous, and Jowler was at a loss; he turned all of a sudden, which made my heart leap for joy; he struck in afresh upon the track, and I sound my horn, and cry, hark to Jowler, hark to Jowler; I traced him again with pleasure upon a mole-hill, and sounded again a long while. Some of the dogs came back to me, when, as ill-luck would have it, the young hind, marquis, passes my country bumpkin. My hair-brains, as was likely, falls a blowing his horn, and bellowing aloud, *Ilho, Ilho, Ilhoy*. My dogs all left me, and make directly to my booby; I puts on thither, and discovered the track again in the high-road; but no sooner had I cast my eyes on the ground, than I found out the change, and was greatly mortified. In vain did I shew him all the differences between the edge of my stag's hoofs, and his marks; he still maintains to me like a blockhead of a sportsman, that it is the pack-stag, and by this dispute he gave time to the dogs to get a great way off. I stormed at it, and cursing the mortal heartily, I spurs my horse full speed over hill and dale, who brushed through boughs as thick as my arm: I recovered the dogs to my first scent, who, to my great joy, run upon the quest of our stag, as if they had been in full view. They imprime him afresh; but was ever such a trick seen before? To tell thee the truth, marquis, it vexes me to death; our stag being imprimed, runs by our spark, who thinking to do the exploit of a most laudable huntsman, with a holster-pistol, that he had brought along with him, shoots him directly thro' the head and cries out to me, a great way off, I have fetched the beast down. Good heaven! Did ever any body hear of pistols in stag-hunting? For my part,

when I reached the ſpot, I thought it was ſo out-of-the-way an action, that I claps both ſpurs to my horſe in a fury, and never ſtopped gallop until I got home, without ſpeaking ſo much as one word to the ignorant fool.

Eraſtus. I admire your prudence, you could not have done better; in this manner we ſhould ſhake off all impertinents. Farewel.

Dorantes. When you pleaſe, we will go to ſome place where we ſhall avoid your country hunters.

Eraſtus. Very well. [alone.] I think at laſt I ſhall loſe all patience. Let me make all poſſible haſte to excuſe myſelf.

ACT III. SCENE I.

ERASTUS, MONTAIGN.

ERASTUS.

INDEED my diligence hath at laſt ſucceeded on one hand: I at laſt got the dear object appeaſed: but on the other hand, they quite tire me; my cruel ſtars have perſecuted me in my amour with double fury. Yes, Damis, her tutor, one of my moſt ſhocking impertinents, oppoſes my moſt tender addreſſes afreſh; he even has forbid me the ſight of his lovely niece, and intends to provide her another huſband to-morrow. But notwithſtanding this, Orphiſa deigns to grant one favour to my love this evening; and I have prevailed upon the fair one to allow me to wait upon her at her own houſe privately. Love delights in ſecret favours above every thing; it finds a pleaſure in breaking through oppoſition, and when forbid, the ſhorteſt con-

verſation with the dear object is an immenſe favour. It is near the hour of my appointment, I muſt go; I would not chuſe to be later, but rather before the time.

Montaign. Muſt I follow you?

Eraſtus. No, I am afraid you would diſcover me to ſome ſuſpicious perſon or other.

Montaign. But———

Eraſtus I will not have you.

Montaign. I muſt obey your orders: but at a diſtance, at leaſt———

Eraſtus. Muſt I bid thee hold thy tongue twenty times over? Wilt thou never leave off this way of making thyſelf troubleſome, at every turn, for an impertinent varlet?

SCENE II.

CARITIDES, ERASTUS.

CARITIDES.

SIR, it is an improper time to do myſelf the honour of waiting upon you, the morning being more ſeaſonable for the performance of that duty: but it is not very eaſy to meet with you; for you are always either aſleep, or abroad; at leaſt your ſervants always tell me ſo; and I took this opportunity to find you; it is a great happineſs too that fortune favours me with, for I had miſſed of you again, if I had been two moments later.

Eraſtus. Do you want any thing with me, Sir?

Caritides. Sir, I acquit myſelf of the duty I owe you: and come——excuſe the boldneſs that inſpires me, if———

Eraſtus. Set ceremony aſide, and tell me plainly what you have to ſay to me.

Caritides. As the rank, the wit, the generoſity, which every body extols in you———

Eraſtus. Yes, I am very much extolled; go on, Sir.

Caritides. Sir, it is a very great difficulty upon a man, when he is obliged to introduce himſelf to any perſon: and one ſhould always be introduced to great men, by people who ſet us forth a little; whoſe diſcourſe being liſtened to, diſplays, with ſome weight, what our little merit can ſhew: for my part, I ſhould have been glad that ſomebody, who are well apprized of it, could have told you, Sir, who I am.

Eraſtus. Sir, your manner of accoſting me lets me know what you are.

Caritides. Yes, Sir, I am a learned man, who am delighted with your virtues; none of thoſe learned men whoſe name ends only in *-us*; there is nothing ſo common as a name after the Latin termination; they who are habited after the Greek manner, have a much better mien; and that I might have one which ſhould terminate in *es*, I call myſelf Mr. Caritides.

Eraſtus. Mr. Caritides be it. What have you to ſay?

Caritides. Sir, I have a petition, which I will read to you, and I preſume to deſire you will preſent it to the king.

Eraſtus. Alas, Sir, you can preſent it better yourſelf.

Caritides. Sir, the king grants this extreme favour, it is true, but through this very exceſs of his unparalleled goodneſs, ſo many villainous petitions are preſented, that they ſtifle the good ones; and what my hope reſts upon, is, that ſomebody would give mine when the king is by himſelf.

Eraſtus. Well, take your time to do it.

Caritides. Ah! Sir, the door-keepers are ſad fellows, they treat men of learning with a filip on the noſe, as if they were ſcoundrels; and I can get no farther than the guard-room. The ill treatment I muſt endure would make me retire from court for ever, had I not conceived great hope that you will be my patron with his Majeſty. Yes, your credit is a certain means———

Eraſtus. Well, I will preſent it. Give me it me.

Caritides. Here it is; but pleaſe to hear it read however firſt.

Eraſtus. No———

Caritides. I intreat you will, Sir, that you may be acquainted with it.

A

PETITION

TO THE

KING.

May it pleaſe your Majeſty,

" YOUR moſt humble, moſt obedient, moſt faith-
" ful, and moſt learned ſubject and ſervant,
" Caritides, a Frenchman by nation, a Grecian by pro-
" feſſion, having ſtudied the great and notable abuſes
" committed in the inſcriptions upon ſigns of houſes,
" ſhops, taverns, ninepin-alleys, and other places of
" Your good city of Paris; in that certain ignorant
" compoſers of the ſaid inſcriptions, do ſubvert by a
" barbarous, pernicious, and deteſtable orthography,

" all manner of ſenſe and reaſon, without regard to a-
" ny etymology, analogy, energy, or allegory whatſo-
" ever, to the great ſhame of the republic of letters,
" and of the French nation, which is diſcredited and
" diſhonoured by the ſaid abuſes and groſs faults, in
" regard to ſtrangers, and notoriouſly, in reſpect to the
" Germans, curious readers and inſpectors of the ſaid
" inſcriptions———

Eraſtus. This petition being ſo long may poſſibly tire———

Caritides. Oh! Sir, every word of it is abſolutely neceſſary.

[He continues.]

" Humbly ſupplicates Your Majeſty, for the good
" of Your kingdom, and honour of Your government,
" to inſtitute an office of comptroller, intendant, cor-
" rector, reviſer, and reſtorer-general of the ſaid in-
" ſcriptions; and to honour Your ſupplicant with this,
" as well in conſideration of his rare and eminent e-
" rudition, as of the great and ſignal ſervices he has
" done to the ſtate, and to Your Majeſty in compoſ-
" ing an anagram on Your ſaid Majeſty in French, La-
" tin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic———

Eraſtus interrupting him.] Very well: give it me immediately, and retire; the king ſhall ſee it; the thing is as good as done.

Caritides. Oh! Sir, if you but ſhew my petition, it is enough. If the king but ſees it, I am ſure of my point: for as his juſtice is ſo great in every thing, he cannot refuſe my demand. And now, to exalt your name to the ſkies, give me your name and ſirname in writing, and I will make a poem that ſhall have the

form of an acroſtic at both ends of the verſe, and in each hemiſtich.

Eraſtus. Yes, Mr. Caritides, I will give it you to-morrow. [Alone.] Really, ſuch learned fellows are moſt admirable aſſes. I ſhould have laughed heartily at his folly at another time.

SCENE III.

ORMIN, ERASTUS.

ORMIN.

I CHOSE to let that man have done with you before I ſpoke, though an affair of great conſequence brings me here.

Eraſtus. Very well, but I muſt be gone, ſo diſpatch.

Ormin. Sir, I make no doubt but you are quite tired of the fellow who has juſt left you, he is a troubleſome mortal, a little crack-brained; I have always ſome invention ready to get rid of him. In the Mall, at Luxemburgh, and in the Tuilleries, he tires all the world with his fooliſh fancies; and ſuch people as you ſhould avoid the converſation of theſe pedantic ſcholars. For my part, I am not afraid of being troubleſome, as I come to make your fortune.

Eraſtus aſide.] This is ſome whiſling alchymiſt, one of thoſe fellows who are not worth a ſixpence; and are always promiſing you great riches. [Loud.] You have hit upon that bleſſed ſtone, Sir, which of itſelf can enrich all the kings of the earth?

Ormin. A pretty fancy! Oh! you are quite miſtaken, Sir; heaven preſerve me from being one of thoſe ſort of fools! I do not feed upon triſling viſions, I bring you here ſolid words of a propoſal which I would communicate by you to the king, and which I always

carry about me safe under seal. None of those silly projects, those vain fancies which the super-intendants have dinned in their ears; none of those beggarly proposals, whose pretensions go no farther than to talk of twenty or thirty millions of livres; but one which, at a moderate computation, will bring in to the king yearly four hundred millions clear money, with ease, without hazard or suspicion, and without the least hardship upon the subject. In short, it is a hint of inconceivable gain, and which at the first word you will find to be feasible. Yes, if I can but be encouraged by you—

Erastus. Well, I am a little in haste at present, we shall talk of it afterwards.

Ormin. I will discover this important project to you, if you will promise to keep it a profound secret.

Erastus. No, no, I will not be let into your secret.

Ormin. Sir, I will freely inform you of the secret, I believe you too prudent to betray it——let us take care no body overhears us— [Whispers Erastus] This surprising project of which I am the inventor, is that—

Erastus. At a greater distance, Sir, for a particular reason.

Ormin. I do not need to tell you of the great profits which the king receives annually from his sea-ports. Now, the project, which no body has hit upon as yet, and is an easy matter, is that you should turn all the coasts of France into famous sea-ports. This would amount to immense sums; and if——

Erastus. The project is good, and will please the king extremely. Farewel. We shall see you.

Ormin. At least stand by me for having discovered the first hint of it.

Erastus. I will, I will.

Ormin. If you would lend me a brace of pieces,

which you might repay yourſelf, Sir, out of the profits of the invention——

Eraſtus gives two pieces of gold to Ormin.] Yes, with all my heart. [Alone.] Would to heaven I could get rid of all the impertinents in this manner! To ſee the unſeaſonableneſs of their viſits! I hope at laſt to get clear. Will not ſomebody elſe come and divert me?

SCENE IV.

PHILINTES, ERASTUS.

PHILINTES.

I HAVE heard ſtrange news juſt now, marquis.

Eraſtus. What is it?

Philintes. That a man has quarrelled with thee lately.

Eraſtus. With me?

Philintes. To diſſemble the matter ſignifies nothing; I am well informed, that you have had a challenge ſent you; and as your friend, I come to offer my ſervice to you againſt all the world.

Eraſtus. I am obliged to you; but believe me, you—

Philintes. You will not own it; but you come abroad without ſervants: ſtay you in town, or go into the country, you ſhall go no where but I will accompany you.

Eraſtus aſide.] Plague! I ſhall go diſtracted.

Philintes. To what purpoſe can you hide it from me?

Eraſtus. I declare, marquis, they have impoſed upon you.

Philintes. It is in vain for you to deny it.

Eraſtus. May I be thunder-ſtruck, if I have had any quarrel——

Philintes. Do you think that I believe you?

Eraſtus. Bleſs me! I tell you ſeriouſly, that——

Philintes. Do not ſuppoſe me either a dupe or credulous upon this point.

Eraſtus. Will you oblige me?

Philintes. No.

Eraſtus. Pray leave me.

Philintes. By no means, marquis.

Eraſtus. A little affair of galantry calls me this evening to a particular place——

Philintes. I will not leave you: I ſhall follow you, be it to what place it will.

Eraſtus. S'death! ſince you will have me have a quarrel, I conſent to it, to ſatisfy your zeal; it ſhall be with you who plague me to diſtraction, and from whom I cannot by fair means diſengage myſelf.

Philintes. This is not accepting a piece of ſervice in a friendly manner: but as I do you ſo ill an office, farewel. Determine all your affairs without me.

Eraſtus. When you leave me, you will be my friend. [alone.] But what misfortunes perſecute me! They will have made me ſlip the appointed hour.

SCENE V.

DAMIS, L'ESPINE, ERASTUS, LA RIVIERE and his Comrades.

DAMIS to L'Eſpine.

IS the villain ſo impudent as to expect to gain her in ſpite of me? My juſt vengeance ſhall prevent him.

Eraſtus aſide.] I have a glance of ſomebody there,

before Orphisa's door. What! must I always have some obstacle or other in the way of a passion she is pleased to authorize?

Damis to L'Espine.] Yes, I am informed, that in spite of all my care, my niece is to have a private interview this evening with Erastus, in her chamber, without witnesses.

La Riviere to his comrades.] What! do I hear those people there talking of our master? let us draw nearer softly, without discovering ourselves.

Damis to L'Espine.] But I must stab the traitor's heart in a hundred places, before he gets time to accomplish his design. Go and bring those people I was just now speaking of, place them in ambush where I would have them, that at hearing the name of Erastus, you may be ready to revenge my honour, which his passion has the impudence to injure; break the assignation which brings him here, and smother his passion in his own blood.

La Riviere with his comrades attacking Damis.] Thou must say something to us, traitor, before they can sacrifice him to thy rage.

Erastus. Honour urges me to assist my mistress's uncle, though he would have taken my life. [to Damis.] I am your man, Sir. [draws his sword against Riviere and his companions, whom he drives off.]

Damis. Heavens! who am I obliged to for so great a service? by whose assistance is my life preserved?

Erastus returning.] In saving you, I have only done an act of justice.

Damis. O heaven! can I believe my ears? Is it Erastus's hand——

Erastus. Yes, yes, Sir, it is I; too happy in that my hand hath saved you; too unhappy, in having deserved your displeasure.

Damis. Is he whose death I had determined upon, the person who has done me this favour? Indeed it is too much; my heart is obliged to surrender, and whatever might be the intention of your love, this night, this amazing generosity should stifle all animosity. I am ashamed of my caprice. You have been too much injured by my hatred; and to make amends, you shall be joined to the object of your wishes this night.

SCENE VI.

ORPHISA, DAMIS, ERASTUS.

ORPHISA, coming out of her house with a candle.

PRAY, Sir, what is the reason of this terrible noise?

Damis. Nothing but what is agreeable, since, after my blaming your passion so long, it is what gives you Erastus for a husband. His arm has saved me from a death I most narrowly escaped; and I desire you may requite him for me by giving him your hand.

Orphisa. I agree to it, Sir, if it is to discharge the debt you owe, and particularly as he has saved your life.

Erastus. Am I awake? I am so amazed at this wonder.

Damis. We will celebrate the happy state you are going to enjoy, and be regaled by our violins.

[A knocking at Damis's door.

Erastus. Who is that knocks so hard there?

SCENE THE LAST.

DAMIS, ORPHISA, ERASTUS, L'ESPINE.

L'ESPINE.

I HAVE brought the masks, Sir, with their kits and tabors.

[Enter masques, who cover the whole stage.

Erastus. Shall I never be free of these impertinents? Come hither, Swiss, and turn them about their business.

THE END.

THE

SICILIAN:

OR,

LOVE makes a PAINTER.

A

COMEDY.

The SICILIAN, *or* LOVE *makes a* PAINTER, *a Comedy of One Act, performed at St. Germain in January, 1667, and at Paris at the Theatre of the Palace-Royal the 10th of June the same Year.*

THE following Comedy is one of those of the intriguing kind, the unravelling of which is similar to that of the SCHOOL for HUSBANDS, especially with regard to the veil by which Don Pedro is deceived in the SICILIAN, as Sganarel is in the SCHOOL for HUSBANDS. The chief merit of this comedy consists in the delicacy of the dialogue, and the lively description of love in an Italian lover and a French lover: but it was greatly ornamented with dancing and music.

ACTORS.

DON PEDRO, a Sicilian gentleman.

ADRASTUS, a French gentleman, in love with Iſiodora

ISIODORA, a Grecian, ſlave to Don Pedro.

ZAIDE, a young ſlave.

A SENATOR.

HALI, a Turk, ſlave to Adraſtus.

TWO FOOTMEN.

SCENE at Meſſina, in a public place.

THE SICILIAN: OR, LOVE makes a PAINTER.

SCENE I.

HALI, MUSICIANS.

HALI to the Muſicians.

STOP where you are, and come no farther; but be careful not to make a noiſe.

SCENE II.

HALI alone.

THE ſky is dreſſed like Scaramouche to-night, not a ſtar to be ſeen to ſhew one the end of one's noſe; a man may as well be in an oven. What a ſorry condition is that of a ſlave, to be entirely engroſſed by the paſſions of a maſter, and never to live for one's ſelf! To be governed by his humours alone, and obliged to make all his views one's own buſineſs! My ma-

ſter makes me eſpouſe all his anxieties, and forſooth, becauſe he is in love, I muſt have no reſt day or night. But here come the flambeaux, and undoubtedly it muſt be him.

SCENE III.

ADRASTUS, and two Footmen, carrying each a Flambeau, HALI.

ADRASTUS.

HALI, is it thee?

Hali. Who elſe could you expect to ſee at this hour but me? Beſides you, and myſelf, Sir, I do not believe any body takes it into his head to wander about the ſtreets at ſuch hours.

Adraſtus. Nor can I imagine there is a man who ſuffers the pain I feel. I think it trifling to have the cruelty or indifference of the object one loves to combat with, if one has the liberty of complaining and ſighing to her; but to be debarred of the pleaſure of an opportunity of telling her ſo, and not to be able to learn from her whether the love ſhe inſpires one with is pleaſing or diſpleaſing to her, is in my opinion the greateſt of all perplexities; and to this unhappy ſtate am I reduced by the jealous fellow who watches my lovely Grecian with ſo much care, and never goes any where without dragging her with him.

Hali. But there are many ways for people who are in love to ſpeak to each other; I think your eyes and her's have ſaid a great many things within theſe two months.

Adraſtus. Indeed our eyes have often ſpoke: but how ſhall I know if each of us have mutually explained this language as we ſhould do? Perhaps ſhe may

not underſtand all my looks tell her, nor her looks tell me what I ſometimes imagine.

Hali. We muſt find out ſome means of talking together after another manner.

Adraſtus. Are your muſicians there?

Hali. Yes.

Adraſtus. Order them to come nearer. [alone.] I will have them ſing here till day-light, and ſee whether their muſic will not draw the fair one to ſome window.

SCENE IV.

ADRASTUS, HALI, MUSICIANS.

HALI.

HERE they are. Pray what ſhall they ſing?

Adraſtus. What they moſt approve of.

Hali. They ſhall ſing a three-part ſong, which they ſung me the other day.

Adraſtus. No, that does not pleaſe me.

Hali. Oh! Sir, indeed it is a fine Beccare.

Adraſtus. What the devil doſt thou mean with thy fine Beccare?

Hali. Sir, I am for the Beccare. You know that I am a Connoiſſeur in that. The Beccare delights me: ſetting aſide the Beccare, no ſoundneſs in harmony. Liſten to this three-part ſong a little.

Adraſtus. No. I will have ſomething tender and paſſionate, that will entertain me with a ſoothing penſiveneſs.

Hali. Then the Bemol will ſuit you; but we may both be pleaſed. They muſt even ſing a particular ſcene of a ſhort play, which I ſaw them practiſe. There are two amorous ſhepherds, all full of languiſhment, who,

in the Bemol, come ſeparately to make their complaints in the grove; afterwards they diſcover to each other the cruelty of their miſtreſſes, upon which comes a jolly ſwain, with an admirable Beccare, who laughs at their folly.

Adraſtus. Well, let us ſee what it is.

Hali. Here is a very proper place to ſerve for a ſcene; and there are flambeaux to light the play.

Adraſtus. Place yourſelf oppoſite to this houſe, that I may order the lights to be ſtruck at the leaſt noiſe within.

A FRAGMENT OF A COMEDY,

Sung and accompanied by the Muſicians which HALI had brought.

SCENE I.

PHYLENA, THYRSIS.

1. MUSICIAN repreſenting PHYLENA.

IF to recite my amorous care,
Diſturb your ſolitary reſt,
Forgive, ye rocks, and hear my pray'r;
Let me but tell what anguiſh racks my breaſt,
Rocks though you are, my moving ditty
Shall melt your flinty hearts to pity.

2. Muſician repreſenting Thyrſis.

Through theſe vaſt groves the feather'd throng,
Salute each dawn with ſprightly ſong;
Whilſt I, with each returning day,
My ſorrows vent in doleful lay.
My dear Phylena.

Phylena. My Thyſis dear.
Thyrſis. Great is my pain.
Phylena. As great my care.
Thyrſis. Climene's deaf to all my vows.
Phylena. Cloris nor love, nor pity knows.
Both together.
O love, inhuman are thy laws!
Their breaſts with ardent paſſion warm,
Or leave 'em not the power to charm.

SCENE II.

PHYLENA, THYRSIS, A SHEPHERD.

3. MUSICIAN repreſenting a ſhepherd.

YE captivated youths, no more
The cruel and the fierce adore:
Upon himſelf no wiſer ſwain
Will e'er revenge the nymph's diſdain.
Give me the maid that's ſoft and kind,
'Tis ſhe alone my heart can bind.
Theſe plains are throng'd by numerous fair,
Whom I addreſs with ſtudious care;
To each I vow, to each complain,
In humbleſt guiſe, in ſofteſt ſtrain:
But if a tigreſs I muſt woo,
I court her as a tiger too.
Phylena and Thyrſis both together.
Happy the ſwains who thus the fair purſue!

Hali. Hark, Sir, do you not hear ſomebody ſtirring.
Adraſtus. Put out the flambeaux immediately, and retire.

SCENE IV.

DON PEDRO, ADRASTUS, HALI.

Don PEDRO coming out of his house in his night-cap and night-gown, with a sword under his arm.

I HAVE heard, for some time, a singing at my door; and it must undoubtedly be for some reason. I must endeavour, in the dark, to discover who these people are.

Adrastus. Hali?

Hali. What?

Adrastus. Do you hear nothing more?

Hali. No.

[Don Pedro is behind them, and overhears them.

Adrastus. What! cannot all our efforts procure one minute's conversation with this lovely Greek? And this cursed jealous-pate, this traitor of a Sicilian, will he always prevent me from having access to her?

Hali. I wish sincerely that the devil had him, for the trouble he gives us, pestering cur, a hang-dog as he is. Oh! if we had him here, with what pleasure should I revenge myself upon his shoulders, all the fruitless steps his jealousy has made me take.

Adrastus. We must invent some means, some cunning trick to catch our bear; I am too far engaged here, to bear a disappointment; and though I should employ——

Hali. Sir, I do not know what is the meaning of this; but the door is open; if you please I will go in softly, to discover whence this happens.

[Don Pedro retires within his door.

Adrastus. Yes, do so, but softly, I shall not be

far behind thee. Would to heaven it were the lovely Iſiodora!

Don Pedro giving Hali a blow.] Who is this?

Hali ſtriking Don Pedro again.] A friend.

Don Pedro. Why, hoh! Francis, Dominic, Simon, Martin, Peter, Thomas, George, Charles, Bartholomew; here, quickly, my ſword, my target, my halbert, my piſtols, my blunderbuſſes, my carbines; quick, diſpatch; here, kill and ſlay, no quarter.

SCENE V.

ADRASTUS, HALI.

ADRASTUS.

I DO not hear any body ſtirring. Hali! Hali! Hali hid in a corner.] Sir.

Adraſtus. Where art thou hidden?

Hali. Are all theſe fellows come out?

Adraſtus. No, nobody ſtirs.

Hali coming out of the place where he had hid himſelf.] If they do come, I will drub them heartily.

Adraſtus. What! muſt all the trouble we have taken then be to no purpoſe? Muſt this old jealous fellow always prevent our intenſions?

Hali. No, the rage of honour ſeizes me; it ſhall never be ſaid that they triumph over my dexterity. My quality of ſharper deſpiſes all thoſe obſtacles, and I ſhall take upon me fully to diſplay the talents which heaven has beſtowed upon me.

Adraſtus. Were ſhe but informed of the ſentiments I entertain for her, and I informed of her's, upon this head one might find out ſome method——

Hali. Leave it to me, I will try many experiments till ſome ſucceed. But the day breaks; I will go

bring my people, and come wait here till that jealous fellow comes abroad.

SCENE VI.

DON PEDRO, ISIODORA.

ISIODORA.

WHAT can be your meaning for awaking me so early in the morning; I should think it not suitable to your design of having my picture drawn today; and it is by no means the way to have a blooming colour and sparkling eyes, to rise by break of day.

Don Pedro. I have business which obliges me to go abroad at this time.

Isiodora. But, I think, you might, without any inconvenience to yourself, allow me to taste the sweets of a morning nap. Your business might have dispensed with my absence.

Don Pedro. Yes, but it gives me pleasure to have you always in my sight. There is no harm in being guarded against the designs of spies; and this night again, people came and sung under our windows.

Isiodora. It is true. The music was delightful.

Don Pedro. That was all done on your account.

Isiodora. You tell me so, I will believe it.

Don Pedro. Pray, do you know who it was that gave this serenade?

Isiodora. No; but whoever it was, I am much obliged to him.

Don Pedro. Obliged?

Isiodora. Undoubtedly, as he endeavours to divert me.

Don Pedro. Then you like to be admired?

Isiodora. Mightily, that must always be agreeable.

Don Pedro. And do you wish all those well who take this trouble?

Isiodora. Indeed I do.

Don Pedro. That is speaking your thoughts sincerely.

Isiodora. Why should I dissemble? Whatever looks one may put on, one always likes to be beloved; this homage to our charms is never displeasing to us. Whatever they may say, believe me, the great ambition of women is to inspire love. All the pains they take are for nothing else but that: and one does not see a woman so disdainful, but in her heart applauds herself for the conquests her eyes make.

Don Pedro. But if you, for your part, take pleasure in being admired; do you know that I who love you, take no manner of pleasure in it?

Isiodora. Why do you not? If I were in love with any body, I should have no greater pleasure than in seeing him beloved by all the world. Is there any thing can more shew the goodness of our choice? And is it not what we should applaud ourselves for, that what we love all the world thinks lovely?

Don Pedro. That is not my way of thinking; I should be very glad that you were not so much admired. You will oblige me if you will not endeavour to appear so in the eyes of other people.

Isiodora. What! jealous of these matters?

Don Pedro. Yes, jealous of these matters; but jealous as a tiger, and, if you please, as a devil. My love would have you intirely to myself: its delicacy takes offence at a smile, at a glance that any person forces from you, and all the care you see me take, is to debar all access of galants, and secure to myself the possession of a heart, which I cannot bear any body should share with me.

Iſiodora. Indeed I think you take a very wrong method; when people expect to keep a heart by force, it muſt be very ill ſecured. For my part, I declare to you, were I a galant to a lady, who is in the power of another, I ſhould bend all my ſtudy to make that other perſon jealous, and oblige him to watch the fair one I had a mind to win day and night. It is the beſt way to advance our affairs; and perſons will not fail taking advantage of the uneaſineſs and reſentments, which conſtraint and ſervitude create in the mind of a woman.

Don Pedro. Then, ſhould any man make love to you, he would find you diſpoſed to receive his addreſſes.

Iſiodora. I ſay nothing of that. But in ſhort, women do not like to be reſtrained, and it is running a great hazard, only to diſcover a ſuſpicion of them, and keep them locked up.

Don Pedro. This is a very poor reward for what you owe me; and, methinks, a ſlave whom I have ſet at liberty, and intend to make my wife——

Iſiodora. What am I obliged to you, if you change my ſlavery into one much more ſevere; if you let me enjoy no manner of liberty, and teize me, as you do, with a conſtant guard?

Don Pedro. But all this proceeds only from my great love for you.

Iſiodora. If this is your manner of loving, your hate will be more agreeable.

Don Pedro. You are in a very ill humour to-day; but I forgive theſe ſpeeches, on account of the uneaſineſs you may be under from getting up ſo early.

SCENE VII.

DON PEDRO, ISIODORA, HALI dreſſed like a Turk, making ſeveral bows to Don Pedro.

DON PEDRO.

YOU are too ceremonious. What is your buſineſs?

Hali ſtands between Don Pedro and Iſiodora. He turns to Iſiodora at every word he ſpeaks to Don Pedro, and makes ſigns to her to let her underſtand the deſign of his maſter.] Sir, (with the lady's permiſſion) I ſhall inform you (with the lady's permiſſion) that I come to ſee you (with the lady's permiſſion) to deſire of you (with the lady's permiſſion) that you would be ſo good (with the lady's permiſſion)———

Don Pedro. With the lady's permiſſion, come a little this way.

[Don Pedro goes between Hali and Iſiodora.

Hali. Sir, I am a virtuoſo.

Don Pedro. I have nothing to give.

Hali. I do not aſk that. But as I practiſe a little in muſic and dancing, I have inſtructed ſome ſlaves who would be glad to find a maſter who has a taſte in theſe things, and as I know you are a perſon of note, I would deſire you to ſee and hear them, to buy them, if you chuſe it, or to recommend them to ſome of your friends, whom they would ſuit.

Iſiodora. It is a thing worth ſeeing, and will divert us. Bring them hither.

Hali. Chala bala——This is a new ſong, and very much in vogue. Be attentive. Chala bala.

SCENE VIII.

DON PEDRO, ISIODORA, HALI, TURKISH SLAVES.

A Slave singing to Isiodora.

A SWAIN purſues his lovely fair,
With eager heart from place to place,
But an old churl, with jealous care,
For ever interrupts the chace,
And leaves no commerce, or acceſs,
But by the language of the eyes;
Say then, what greater pain than this,
Can lover fear, or heart deviſe?

To Don Pedro.

Chiribirida ouch alla,
Star bon Turca
Non avar danara
Ti voler comprara,
Me ſervir à ti,
Si pagar per mi,
Far bona coucina,
Mi levar matina,
Far boller caldara,
Parlara, parlara,
Ti voler comprara.

Slave ſings to Iſiodora.

'Tis more than death at every ſtroke,
Th' expiring tortur'd lover feels;
But if his ſaint, with one kind look,
His ſuff'ring martyr cheers and heals,
And grants him but his farther boon,
In public to confeſs his love,
His rival's jealous arts would ſoon
The ſubject of his mockery prove.

To Don Pedro.

Chiribirida ouch alla,
Star bon Turca,
Mon aver danara
Ti voler comprara,
Mi ſervir à ti,
Se pagar per mi,
Far bona coucina,
Mi levar matina,
Far boller caldara,
Parlara, parlara,
Ti voler comprara.

Don Pedro ſings.

D'ye know, ye arch wags,
That either I judge ill;
Or this pretty ſong
Smells ſtrong of a cudgel?

Chiribirida ouch alla,
Mi ti non comprara,
Ma ti baſtonnara,
Si, ſi, non andara,
Andara, andara,
O ti baſtonnara.

Oh, oh! the wanton rogues! [to Iſiodora.] Come, let us go in again, I have altered my mind, ſince the weather is a little overcaſt. [To Hali, who ſtill continues there.] Ay, ſcoundrel, let me find you there.

Hali. Well, it is certain my maſter adores her; there is nothing he is more deſirous of than to diſcover his paſſion to her; and he will marry her, if one conſents to it.

Don Pedro. Yes, yes, I keep her for him.

Hali. We ſhall have her in ſpite of you.

Don Pedro. How, raſcal?

Hali. I tell you, we will have her in ſpite of your teeth.

Don Pedro. If I lay hold———

Hali. Your guard is to no purpoſe, ſhe ſhall be ours, I have ſworn it.

Don Pedro. Let me come; ſcamper, or I ſhall catch thee.

Hali. We ſhall catch you; ſhe ſhall be our wife, that is reſolved; [alone.] I will bring it about or I will hang for it.

SCENE IX.

ADRASTUS, HALI, TWO FOOTMEN.

ADRASTUS.

WELL, Hali, how goes our affairs?

Hali, Sir, I have made a little ſort of a puſh already, but I———

Adraſtus. Do not give yourſelf any more trouble, I have, by accident, met with all I could wiſh, and am going to enjoy the happineſs of an interview with this fair one at her own houſe. I was at my friend Damon's the painter, who told me, that to-day he was to draw the picture of this charming creature; and as he has been, this long time, one of my moſt intimate friends, he was pleaſed to favour my paſſion, and ſends me in his place, with a ſhort letter to gain me admittance. You know, I always took delight in painting, and that I ſometimes handle the pencil, contrary to the cuſtom of France, which will not allow that a gentleman ſhould know how to do any thing: thus I ſhall have the liberty of ſeeing my adorable at my leiſure. But I make no doubt but our impertinent jealous mortal will always be preſent, and prevent all the

converſation we might have together; and to tell thee the truth, I have a ſtratagem in readineſs, by the means of a young ſlave, to get this fair Greek out of her jealous pate's hands, if I can obtain her conſent.

Hali. Let me alone, I will ſhew you the way to entertain him a little. [Whiſpers Adraſtus.] It ſhall never be ſaid that I am of no ſervice in the affair. When do you go?

Adraſtus. Directly; and every thing is already prepared.

Hali. I am going to prepare myſelf too, on my part.

Adraſtus alone.] I will not loſe time. Ho! there, I am impatient to ſee her.

SCENE X.

DON PEDRO, ADRASTUS, TWO FOOTMEN.

DON PEDRO.

WHO do you want here?

Adraſtus. I want ſignior Don Pedro.

Don Pedro. I am he.

Adraſtus. Pray take the trouble of reading this letter.

Don Pedro. "I ſend you, in my room, this French "gentleman, to draw the picture you know of, who, "being a perſon ambitious of obliging people of worth, "was very ready to undertake this trouble, upon my "propoſing it to him. He is, without doubt, the "firſt man in the world for theſe ſort of perform-"ances; and I thought I could not do you a more a-"greeable piece of ſervice, than to ſend him to you, "as your deſign is to have a finiſhed picture of her "you love. Have a care, above all things, how you "mention a word of recompence; for he is a man

" who would be affronted at it, and who does things " only for his glory and reputation."

Signior François, it is a great favour you intend me; and I am extremely obliged to you.

Adraſtus. All my ambition is to ſerve people of merit and character.

Don Pedro. I will bring the perſon whoſe picture you are to draw.

SCENE XI.

ISIODORA, DON PEDRO, ADRASTUS, AND TWO FOOTMEN.

DON PEDRO to Iſiodora.

DAMON has ſent this gentleman to us, who is ſo kind as to give himſelf the trouble of taking your picture. [to Adraſtus who embraces Iſiodora by way of ſalutation.] Hold, ſignior François, this way of ſaluting is not cuſtomary in this country.

Adraſtus. It is the French way.

Don Pedro. The French way is well enough for your women, but it is a little too familiar for ours.

Iſiodora. I accept this honour with a great deal of pleaſure; I am ſurpriſed at the adventure; and, to ſpeak freely, I did not expect ſo illuſtrious a painter.

Adraſtus. Any body would think it a glory to touch upon ſuch a piece of work. I have no great judgment; but here, the ſubject furniſhes but too much of itſelf; and there is room to make ſomething beautiful upon ſuch an original as this is.

Iſiodora. The original is triſling, but the painter's ſkill can hide its defects.

Adraſtus. The painter can diſcover none in it; and only wiſhes to be able to repreſent thoſe graces to the eyes of all the world, as great as they appear to him.

Iſiodora. If your pencil flatters as much as your tongue, you will draw a picture which will not reſemble me at all.

Adraſtus. Heaven, which formed the original, deprives us of the power of doing a picture which can flatter.

Iſiodora. Heaven, ſay what you will, did not——

Don Pedro. Have done with this, and ſet about the picture.

Adraſtus to the Footmen.] Come, bring every thing.

[They bring every thing neceſſary to paint Iſiodora.

Iſiodora to Adraſtus.] Where ſhall I place myſelf?

Adraſtus. Here. This is the moſt advantageous place, and beſt admits of thoſe favourable degrees of light which are neceſſary.

Iſiodora ſitting down.] Is this right?

Adraſtus ſitting.] Yes. A little more erect, if you pleaſe; a little more on that ſide; your body turned ſo; the head lifted up a little that the beauty of the neck may be ſeen. This a little more uncovered. [Uncovering her neck a little more.] Good. A little more; the leaſt more imaginable.

Don Pedro to Iſiodora.] There is a great deal of trouble in placing you properly; cannot you keep yourſelf as you ſhould do.

Iſiodora. I am quite unacquainted with theſe things; and it is the gentleman's part to place me as he would have me.

Adraſtus. It is very well now, and you behave ſurpriſingly. [Turning her a little towards him.] So, if you pleaſe. All depends on the attitudes we give the perſons we paint.

Don Pedro. Very well.

Adraſtus. A little more on this ſide: your eyes

turned always towards me, pray; your looks fixed upon mine.

Iſiodora. I ſhould love a picture really like myſelf, that people may not be obliged to aſk who it is. I am not like thoſe women who would have a portrait that is none of their own, and are diſpleaſed with the painter, if he does not make them handſomer than they are. One picture may do for all, for all require the ſame things: a complexion of lillies and roſes, a fine noſe, ſmall mouth, fine large lively eyes, well divided, a ſmall face, not larger than one's hand, though it were a foot ſquare.

Adraſtus. Should they aſk that of yours, it would be very hard indeed; for your features very few reſemble. What charms and ſweetneſs they have! one runs a great hazard in painting them.

Don Pedro. The noſe appears to me a little too large.

Adraſtus. I have read, I do not know where, that Apelles formerly painted a miſtreſs of Alexander, of amazing beauty, and that in painting her, he fell ſo deſperately in love with her, that he had like to have loſt his life; inſomuch that Alexander, in generoſity, gave him up the object of his wiſhes. [to Don Pedro.] I might do now, what Apelles did formerly; but, perhaps, you would not do what Alexander did.

[Don Pedro looks ill-natured.

Iſiodora to Don Pedro.] All this ſhews the nation; the gentlemen of France have always a fund of galantry which diſplays itſelf on all occaſions.

Adraſtus. One is not eaſily deceived in theſe ſort of things, and you have too diſcerning a judgment, not to perceive the ſource from whence theſe things I have ſaid, proceed. Yes, though Alexander were here, and he were your lover, I could not forbear

telling you, that I never saw any thing so beautiful as what I now see, and that———

Don Pedro. Signior François, methinks you should not talk so much, it takes your attention from your work.

Adrastus. Oh! not in the least; I always accustom myself to talk when I paint; and a little conversation is necessary in these affairs, to revive the fancy, and keep the face in such a gaiety as is necessary in persons we are painting.

SCENE XII.

HALI dressed like a Spaniard, DON PEDRO, ADRASTUS, ISIODORA.

DON PEDRO.

WHAT can this man want here? And who allows people to come up stairs, without coming to inform us of it?

Hali to Don Pedro.] I enter here with freedom; but such liberties are allowed amongst gentlemen. Do you not know me, Sir?

Don Pedro. No, Sir.

Hali. I am Don Gilles d' Avalos, and the history of Spain must have informed you of my merit.

Don Pedro. Is there any thing I can serve you in?

Hali. Yes, advice upon a point of honour. I know that in these sort of matters, there is not a more consummate gentleman than yourself; but I beg the favour of you, that we may step aside a little.

Don Pedro. We are at a great enough distance.

Adrastus to Don Pedro, who surprises him as he is whispering Isiodora.] I was observing the colour of her eyes a little nearer.

Hali taking Don Pedro aſide.] Sir, I received a ſlap on the face. You know what a ſlap on the face is, when it is given with the open hand, full on the middle of the cheek. This ſlap on the face ſticks grievouſly in my ſtomach; and I am uncertain whether to revenge the affront, I ſhould fight my man, or rather have him aſſaſſinated.

Don Pedro. Aſſaſſinating is the ſureſt and ſhorteſt way. Pray who is your enemy?

Hali. Pray, let us ſpeak ſoftly.

Adraſtus kneels to Iſiodora, during the time that Don Pedro and Hali whiſper.] Yes, charming Iſiodora, my looks have told it you this two months paſt; and you muſt have underſtood them. I love you above every thing that man can love, and I have no other thought, no other end, no other paſſion, but to be intirely yours for my whole life.

Iſiodora. I do not know whether you ſpeak truth, but you perſuade.

Adraſtus. But do I ſo perſuade you, as to inſpire you with ever ſo ſmall a degree of kindneſs for me?

Iſiodora. I only fear I have too much.

Adraſtus. Fair Iſiodora, have you enough to conſent to the intention I have told you of?

Iſiodora. I cannot tell you as yet.

Adraſtus. What do you wait for, as to that?

Iſiodora. To form a reſolution.

Adraſtus. Ah! when one is really in love, one ſoon forms a reſolution.

Iſiodora. Well, go; yes, I do conſent to it.

Adraſtus. But, tell me, do you conſent that it ſhall be this very moment?

Iſiodora. When a perſon is once determined upon a thing, do they ſtick at the time?

Don Pedro to Hali.] You have my opinion, and I kiſs your hand.

Hali. Sir, when you have received any ſlap on the face, I am a man alſo to be adviſed with, and I may do the ſame for you.

Don Pedro. I leave you without waiting on you down again; but theſe freedoms are allowed amongſt gentlemen.

Adraſtus to Iſiodora.] No there is nothing can efface from my mind the tender proofs—[Adraſtus perceiving that Don Pedro obſerved him in cloſe converſation with Iſiodora.] I was looking upon this ſmall dimple on her chin; and I thought at firſt that it had been a mole. But we have done enough for to-day, we ſhall finiſh another time. [to Don Pedro, who would look at the picture.] No, pray, do not look at any thing as yet; let it be locked up, pray. [to Iſiodora.] And you, madam, I intreat you not to droop; and to keep yourſelf chearful for the intention I have of finiſhing our work.

Iſiodora. I ſhall preſerve all the gaiety neceſſary for that purpoſe.

SCENE XIII.

DON PEDRO, ISIODORA.

ISIODORA.

WHAT think you of him? This gentleman ſeems to me the moſt obliging that can be; and one muſt confeſs, that the French have ſomething galant and polite in them, that other nations have not.

Don Pedro. Yes, but they have this bad property, that they give themſelves too much liberty, and make love to every woman they meet at random.

Isiodora. That is because they think these things are agreeable to the ladies.

Don Pedro. Yes, but if they are agreeable to the ladies, they are very disagreeable to the gentlemen; and one does not much like to see a man court one's wife, or mistress, under our nose so freely.

Isiodora. It is only for amusement they do it.

SCENE XIV.

ZAIDE, DON PEDRO, ISIODORA.

ZAIDE.

PRAY, good Sir, save me from the hands of an angry husband, by whom I am pursued. His jealousy is incredible, and works him up to an excess beyond imagination. He goes so far as to desire I should be veiled continually, and because he caught me with my face a little uncovered, he snatched up his sword, and forced me to fly to your house to ask your protection against his injustice. But I see him coming. For heaven's sake, good Sir, save me from his anger.

Don Pedro to Zaide, and pointing to Isiodora.] Step in thither with her, and be not afraid.

SCENE XV.

ADRASTUS, DON PEDRO.

DON PEDRO.

FOR shame, Sir! a Frenchman to discover so much jealousy! I thought we alone were capable of it.

Adrastus. The French excel in every thing they do: and when we have reason to be jealous, we are

twenty times more so than a Sicilian. The infamous creature thinks she has found a certain refuge in your house, but you are too prudent to blame my resentment. Pray allow me to treat her as she deserves.

Don Pedro. Nay, for goodness sake, have patience. The offence is too small for so much anger.

Adrastus. The greatness of an offence of this nature is not so much in the things people do; it is in transgressing the orders given them; and in such affairs as this, what is but a trifle becomes very criminal, when it is forbidden.

Don Pedro. In the manner she told the story, all she did was without intention; and, in short, I beg you may be reconciled to each other.

Adrastus. How! do you take her part, you who are so delicate in these affairs?

Don Pedro. Yes, I take her part; and you will oblige me by forgetting your passion, and by reconciling yourselves to each other. I ask it of you as a favour, and I shall take it as an instance of that friendship which I desire may be betwixt us.

Adrastus. I cannot, upon these conditions, refuse you any thing: I shall do as you desire.

SCENE XVI.

ZAIDE, DON PEDRO, ADRASTUS at a corner of the stage.

DON PEDRO to Zaide.

HOH there, come; you have nothing to do but to follow me. You could never fall into better hands than mine, I have made your peace.

Zaide. I am obliged to you more than can be ima-

gined: but I must take my veil, I care not to appear before him without it.

SCENE XVII.

DON PEDRO, ADRASTUS.

DON PEDRO.

HERE she comes; and I assure you she appeared all joy, when I told her that I had made up the whole matter.

SCENE XVIII.

ISIODORA in Zaide's veil, ADRASTUS, DON PEDRO.

DON PEDRO to Adrastus.

SINCE you were so kind to give up your resentment, suffer me to join your hands, and to intreat you both out of love to me, to live in perfect union.

Adrastus. Yes, I promise you that out of love to you, I shall live with her in the best manner imaginable.

Don Pedro. You oblige me very much, and I shall not forget it.

Adrastus. I promise you, signior Don Pedro, that, out of respect to you, I shall treat her in the best way I possibly can.

Don Pedro. You do me too great a favour: [alone.] it is good always to make peace, and to soften matters. Hola, Isiodora, come.

SCENE XIX.

ZAIDE, DON PEDRO.

DON PEDRO.

HOW! What do you mean by this?

Zaide unveiled.] The meaning of it is, that a jealous man is a monſter deteſted by all the world; and that it would be a pleaſure to every one to do him a miſchief, had he no other intereſt in it; that all the locks and bars in the world will not ſecure people, and that the heart ſhould be ſecured by gentleneſs; that Iſiodora is in the hands of a gentleman whom ſhe loves, and that you are caught for a dupe.

Don Pedro. Shall Don Pedro bear this inſufferable injury! No, no, I have too great a ſoul, and I will demand the aſſiſtance of law to proſecute the perfidious man to the utmoſt. I believe a ſenator lives here. Hola! [He knocks.

SCENE THE LAST.

A SENATOR, DON PEDRO.

SENATOR.

YOUR ſervant, ſignior Don Pedro. You are come at a lucky time.

Don Pedro. I come to make a complaint to you of an affront offered me.

Senator. I have made one of the fineſt maſquerades imaginable.

Don Pedro. A traitor of a Frenchman has tricked me.

Senator. You never ſaw any thing in your life ſo delightful.

Don Pedro. He has carried off a young woman to whom I had given her freedom.

Senator. They are all dreſſed like Moors, who dance wonderfully.

Don Pedro. Do but ſee whether it is an injury to be endured.

Senator. The habits are ſurpriſing, and made on purpoſe.

Don Pedro. I demand the help of juſtice againſt this action.

Senator. I muſt have you ſee this; they are going to rehearſe it, to entertain the public with it.

Don Pedro. How! What is it you ſpeak of?

Senator. I ſpeak of my maſquerade.

Don Pedro. I talk to you of my buſineſs.

Senator. I will have no other buſineſs to-day but pleaſure. Come, gentlemen, come; let us ſee whether it will take well.

Don Pedro. The devil take you and your maſquerade both, what have I to do with it?

Senator. He is very welcome to take you, for I will not meddle with your affair.

THE END.

THE

LEARNED LADIES.

A

COMEDY.

The LEARNED LADIES, *a Comedy of Five Acts, performed at Paris at the Theatre of the Palace-Royal, March 11th, 1672.*

THIS comedy was not compoſed in ſuch a hurry as the moſt part of Moliere's generally were. He very ingeniouſly ridicules the folly of a pedantic education and falſe wit. A ſubject in appearance very unlikely to furniſh any thing which could be entertaining on the ſtage; a prejudice which at firſt prevented the ſucceſs of the piece, but which did not continue long, for they ſoon perceived with what art the author had ſpun out into five acts a ſubject which was dry in itſelf, without mixing any thing foreign in it; and he was greatly praiſed for preſenting in a comic dreſs what did not appear ſuſceptible of it.

SOME confuſed and ſuperficial notions of ſciences, ill-choſen terms of art, and an ill-placed affectation of grammatical purity, compoſed in different colours the grounds of the characters of Philaminta, Armanda and Beliſa. Henrietta alone preſerved herſelf from the contagion, which rendered her more beloved by her father than the reſt, the diſtemper making him very uneaſy, without knowing how to cure it. The infatuation of Philaminta, and the high notion ſhe had conceived of the talents and wit of Triſſotin, make the plot of the piece. A ſonnet and madrigal, which this pretended wit very emphatically reads in the ſecond ſcene of the third act, confirm her in the reſolution ſhe had already taken of marrying Henrietta as ſoon as poſſible to

him whom she esteemed above any man. It were to be wished that Philaminta had been undeceived by a more likely and better-concerted incident than that of the two letters which Aristus brings in the fifth act; but the reciprocal generosity of Clitander and Henrietta makes amends in some measure for this fault. It is pretended, that the quarrel between Trissotin and Vadius was copied after one that happened at the palace of Luxembourgh, at the king's sister's, between two authors of that time.

ACTORS.

CHRISALUS, a citizen.
PHILAMINTA, wife to Chrisalus.
ARMANDA, } daughters to Chrisalus and Phi-
HENRIETTA, } laminta.
ARISTUS, brother to Chrisalus.
BELISA, sister to Chrisalus.
CLITANDER, in love with Henrietta.
TRISSOTIN, a wit.
VADIUS, a pedant.
MARTINA, a cook-maid.
L'EPINE, a lacquey.
JULIAN, Vadius's valet.
A NOTARY.

SCENE, PARIS, in Chrisalus's House.

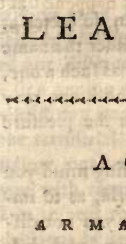
THE

LEARNED LADIES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ARMANDA, HENRIETTA.

ARMANDA.



LESS me! ſiſter, can you entertain that vulgar intention of marrying? Will you quit the lovely name of maid?

Henrietta. Yes.

Armanda. Ah! can one hear that Yes, without being ſick at heart?

Henrietta. Pray, ſiſter, what is there in matrimony which obliges you———

Armanda. Fie! O heavens!

Henrietta. Pray, what afflicts you ſo?

Armanda. Ah! ſhame, ſiſter! cannot you ſuppoſe what a ſurfeit ſuch a word gives to a delicate imagination? What a ſtrange image it ſhocks one with, and leads the mind to a diſagreeable proſpect! How can you bring yourſelf to bear the conſequence of

that word? Do you not tremble when you think of it?

Henrietta. When I consider the consequences of that word, sister, it sets before me a husband, children, and a family; and if I think reasonably of it, there is nothing in all this so shocking to an imagination.

Armanda. Heavens! can such attachments be agreeable?

Henrietta. I do not see that one can do better at my age, than to fix one's self to a man under the name of husband, who loves and is beloved; has such a one, when well matched, no pleasure? I think one may expect from this tender union to secure the pleasure of an innocent life.

Armanda. Lard, sister! what a groveling mind you have! to act so mean a part in the world, as to immure yourself with family affairs! Can you not discover more sensible pleasure than a husband and children? Leave those low amusements to the vulgar, and raise your desires to more worthy objects; endeavour to treat sense and matter with contempt, and get a taste for noble pleasures like us; give yourself up to understanding. Our mother, who is always honoured with the name of Learned, may be an example; like me, endeavour to shew yourself her daughter; aspire to that brightness natural to the family, and make yourself sensible of the delightful pleasures which a love for study fills the mind with; marry yourself to philosophy, sister, instead of being in servile bondage to the will of a man; this will raise you above the rest of the human race, and give the sovereign empire to reason, subjecting the animal part to its laws, the gross appetite of which debases us to beasts. These are the soft attachments, the lovely flames which ought to employ the moments of life; those cares with

which I see many women taken up, seems to me terrible meannesses.

Henrietta. Sister, we observe the order of heaven to be almighty, it forms us from our births for different employments, and every mind is not composed of materials proper for a philosopher. If your mind, sister, is proper for those heights which the speculations of the learned mount to, mine is formed for the trifling cares here below. Do not let us disorder the regulations of heaven, but follow the instigation of our different instincts. You may by the flight of a fine genius inhabit the lofty regions of philosophy, whilst my imagination will be satisfied with tasting the terrestrial charms of matrimony. Thus we both follow our mother's example in our different ways; you with regard to the mind, and noble desires, and I in respect to sense, and gross pleasures; you in productions of genius, and I in those of matter.

Armanda. When we pretend to follow a person's example, sister, we ought to resemble them in the finest parts.

Henrietta. But, sister, allow me to tell you, that if my mother had only had those fine parts you speak of, you would not here been what you boast yourself of; she did not always apply her noble genius to philosophy. I beg you will, out of a little goodness, leave me to those meannesses to which you owe the light, and do not prevent a little scholar from coming into the world by persuading me to follow your example.

Armanda. I find there is no curing you of that silly infatuation of taking a husband: pray who do you intend to have? You certainly do not aim at Clitander?

Henrietta. Why not? Do you think it a low choice? Or do you think he wants merit?

Armanda. No, but it would be a diſhoneſt intention, to endeavour to take away another perſon's conqueſt: it is very well known, that Clitander has long ſighed for me.

Henrietta. Yes, but all thoſe ſighs are in vain, as you do not intend to fall into human meanneſſes; as you have in your heart no deſign upon Clitander, it need give you no concern, though another pretend to him: your mind has renounced matrimony for ever, and philoſophy has all your affections.

Armanda. The empire which reaſon holds over the ſenſes does not make us give up the pleaſures of being praiſed; one may chuſe to have a man of merit in the train of our admirers, though one do not chuſe to marry him.

Henrietta. I did not prevent him from continuing his admiration of your perfections, but only received one, who offered me his paſſion, on your refuſing it.

Armanda. Can you ſuppoſe that you are quite ſafe in the offer of a diſguſted lover's vows? Do you imagine all his paſſion for me to be quite dead, and his affection for you very ſtrong?

Henrietta. So he tells me, ſiſter, and I am ready to believe him.

Armanda. Do not let your faith be too ſtrong, ſiſter, you may be deceived; when he tells you, that he loves me and you, he does not really mean it.

Henrietta. Indeed I cannot tell, but I ſee him coming, and we may very eaſily be informed of the whole matter.

SCENE II.

CLITANDER, ARMANDA, HENRIETTA.

HENRIETTA.

CLitander, you must free me from a doubt which my sister has involved me in; open your heart, and discover freely which of us has the best right to your addresses.

Armanda. Excuse me, I do no chuse to impose the hardship of an explanation on your passion; I do not love to give people pain, and such a confession to one's face must be very perplexing.

Clitander. Madam, my heart seldom dissembles, and feels no constraint to make an open acknowledgment; it does not perplex me in the least, and I honestly confess, that the tender cords I am bound by, my addresses and love are on this side. [pointing to Henrietta.] Let this confession give you no uneasiness, it was your desire that it should be so. I own your attractions caught me, and my tender sighs proved very plainly the ardour of my desires; my eyes consecrated to you an immortal flame, but your eyes did not think their conquest sufficient; I bore a thousand different slights under their yoke; they reigned over my heart, like proud tyrants, till worn out by so much torment, I found more humane conquerors, and less cruel chains. [pointing to Henrietta.] In those eyes I have found them, and their bonds shall ever be dear to me; they dried up my tears with a tender regard, and did not disdain the refuse of your charms; such uncommon favours affected me so deeply, that nothing can deliver me from my chains, and I intreat you,

madam, never to endeavour to recall a heart determined to die in this soft ardour.

Armanda. Alas! pray who told you, Sir, that they cared so much for you? I think you very impertinent in declaring it: you must be a strange creature to imagine so.

Henrietta. Hold, sister, where now is the moral part, which so well regulates the animal, and bridles the sallies of wrath?

Armanda. But how do you practise it, in answering a passion which is discovered to you, without consent from those who gave you being, without whose leave it is criminal to dispose of yourself? You must be sensible that duty subjects you to their laws, and you must love according to their choice, as they have a supreme authority over you.

Henrietta. I return you thanks for teaching me my duty; my heart will regulate its conduct by your instruction; and to shew you that I profit by it, Clitander, take care to support your love by the consent of those who gave me birth; gain a lawful power over my desires, and put me into a method of loving you without a crime.

Clitander. I will go and labour after it with the utmost care, for I have only waited for your kind permission.

Armanda. You triumph, my sister, and look as if you thought that this shagreens me.

Henrietta. Not at all, sister, I am sensible that the laws of reason always prevail over sense, and that by the assistance of wise lessons you are above such weaknesses. I am so far from supposing that you are under any concern, that I make no doubt but you will employ your interest in the affair, and by your approba-

tion haſten the happy moment; and I intreat you to do it.

Armanda. You ſeem very proud of a heart one throws to you; your trifling wit affects raillery.

Henrietta. You would pick up this thrown heart from me if you could, notwithſtanding the indifference you affect.

Armanda. Theſe are ſilly diſcourſes, which one ought not to hear; I ſhall not condeſcend to anſwer them.

Henrietta. Your command of temper in this affair ſhews great moderation; you are certainly quite right in behaving ſo.

SCENE III.

CLITANDER, HENRIETTA.

HENRIETTA.

SHE is very much ſurpriſed at your ſincere confeſſion.

Clitander. Her proud folly deſerves my plain dealing; but, madam, I will viſit your father, as I have permiſſion to———

Henrietta. The moſt effectual method is to procure my mother's conſent; my father's good temper will agree to any thing, but pays little regard to what he determines; he is bleſſed with a particular meekneſs of temper, which makes him ſubmit to every thing that is agreeable to his wife, therefore what ſhe ſays is a law. I ſincerely wiſh that you were of a temper to behave with a little flattering complaiſance to my mother and aunt, which would procure their eſteem for you.

Clitander. My heart is too ſincere to be capable of

flattery; I even cannot flatter your sister's character. I do not approve of those female doctors. It is certainly right for a woman to have an insight into every thing; but I would not have her to indulge herself in such a passion, to make herself learned merely for the sake of being so; and I love to have her know sometimes when questions are put to her, how to appear ignorant of what she is asked. In short, I would chuse she should have knowledge without discovering it to the world. I do not approve of women citing authors, using bombast words, and shewing their learning upon all occasions. I revere your mother, but cannot approve of her fancy, or make myself an echo of what she says, to the incense she offers her heroes of genius. I am provoked to see her esteem such a fellow as Mr. Trissotin, to place such a blockhead in the rank of fine geniuses; a pedant, whose writings are damned, and whose pen furnishes the Market-hall with officious papers.

Henrietta. I find you are much of my taste and opinion; I think both his writings and conversation are very tiresome; but as he has great sway with my mother, you ought to appear a little complaisant. A lover, who pays court where his heart is sincerely engaged, would endeavour to gain the favour of the whole world with regard to that; he even endeavours to be in friendship with the very house-dog, that no creature may oppose his flame.

Clitander. I approve of what you say; but Mr. Trissotin inspires my soul with such spleen, that I cannot lessen myself by praising his works for the sake of hearing his approbation. I knew him before I saw him. It was his works which gave me such a despicable opinion of him; that extreme confidence which makes him always so pleased with himself, and in such

good humour with every thing he writes. I dare say he would not change his fame for that of the greatest general.

Henrietta. You must have great penetration to discover all this.

Clitander. Nay, further, I know his very figure by his verses; they discovered to me the air of the poet; so well did they make me acquainted with his appearance, that one day meeting a man in the palace, I wagered that it was Triffotin, and won it.

Henrietta. O what a fable!

Clitander. Indeed it is as I tell you: but here comes your aunt. Allow me to declare our secret to her, and gain her good influence with your mother.

SCENE IV.

BELISA, CLITANDER.

CLITANDER.

PRAY, madam, allow a lover to embrace this lucky opportunity of discovering to you a sincere passion.

Belisa. Hold, softly, pray do not open your heart too freely; if I have placed you amongst the number of my lovers, be contented with making your eyes your only interpreters, and do not by any other language explain your love. Love me, burn and sigh for my charms, but keep me ignorant of it. I can wink at your secret flames, while you confine yourself to dumb interpreters; but if you open your mouth, I must banish you from my presence.

Clitander. Pray, madam, do not be alarmed at my intentions; Henrietta is the object which delights me,

and I come earneſtly to deſire that your goodneſs will aſſiſt my love for her charms.

Beliſa. Ha? I proteſt in all the romances I ever read, I never met with any thing more ingenious; this is certainly a very witty turn, ſuch an evaſion deſerves praiſe.

Clitander. No wit at all, madam, but a ſincere confeſſion of what my heart feels. Heaven has bound my heart to Henrietta by the ties of an immutable ardour; ſhe retains me in her amiable empire, and the greateſt happineſs I aſpire to is to wed Henrietta; you can do much towards it, and I beg the favour of you to aſſiſt my addreſſes.

Beliſa. I perceive your aim, and know what I ſhould underſtand; it is artful enough. I muſt acquaint you that Henrietta is a rebel to matrimony, and you may burn for her without relief.

Clitander. Alas! madam, why will you perplex me with uncertainties?

Beliſa. Alas! no formalities; do not deny what your looks have often told me; it is ſufficient that we are ſatisfied with the turn which you gave to your paſſion, and that under the figure which reſpect obliges it to, we willingly determine to ſuffer its homage; provided its tranſports are enlightened by honour, and offer only pure vows at my altar.

Clitander. But——

Beliſa. Farewel, this is ſufficient to ſatisfy you for this time; I have told you more than I otherwiſe would.

Clitander. But your miſtake———

Beliſa. Enough. My modeſty has endured an amazing attack, I bluſh at it.

Clitander. I declare I do not love you, and will——

Beliſa. I will hear no more.

SCENE V.

CLITANDER alone.

THE devil take the fool with her viſions! did one ever hear any thing equal to theſe prepoſſeſſions? I muſt commit this buſineſs to another, and be aſſiſted by ſomebody of more experience.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ARISTUS leaving Clitander, but continuing to ſpeak to him.

YES, I will preſently bring you an anſwer; I will preſs, inſiſt, in ſhort do all that can be done. What a great deal has a lover to ſay for one word! and with what impatience does he deſire any thing! Never———

SCENE II.

CHRISALUS, ARISTUS.

ARISTUS.

GOD bleſs you, brother.

Chriſalus. I wiſh you the ſame, brother.

Ariſtus. Do you know what brings me here?

Chriſalus. No, but I am ready to learn it.

Ariſtus. Is it not a long time ſince you were acquainted with Clitander?

Chriſalus. Yes, and he comes to our houſe frequently.

Ariſtus. And what eſteem is he in with you, brother?

Chriſalus. As a man of wit, courage, honour and conduct; there are very few men of more merit.

Ariſtus. I am come here by his particular deſire, and am extremely glad to find you have a regard for him.

Chriſalus. I got acquainted with his late father in my journey to Rome.

Ariſtus. Very well.

Chriſalus. He was a very honeſt gentleman, brother.

Ariſtus. They ſay ſo indeed.

Chriſalus. At that time we were but twenty-eight years old, and two briſk ſparks, I aſſure you.

Ariſtus. I do not doubt it.

Chriſalus. We viſited the Roman ladies, and every body ſpoke of our frolicks; we even created jealouſy in the breaſt of ſome people.

Ariſtus. Very well, but let us talk of what brought me here.

SCENE III.

BELISA entering ſoftly, and liſtening, CHRISALUS, ARISTUS.

ARISTUS.

CLITANDER makes me his interpreter to you, and I am to acquaint you that his heart is ſmitten with Henrietta.

Chriſalus. My daughter?

Ariſtus. Yes, he is moſt paſſionately in love with her.

Beliſa to Ariſtus.] No, no, I underſtand it. The thing is not as you imagine; you are not acquainted with the ſtory.

Ariſtus. How, ſiſter?

Beliſa. You are deceived by Clitander, his heart is ſmitten with another object.

Ariſtus. You are in jeſt. Is he not in love with Henrietta?

Beliſa. I am certain it is not Henrietta.

Ariſtus. He told me ſo himſelf.

Beliſa. Oh, yes.

Ariſtus. I am commiſſioned by him to aſk her of her father this very day.

Beliſa. Very well.

Ariſtus. And his extreme love made him very deſirous to haſten ſuch an alliance.

Beliſa. Still better. There could not be a more ingenious deception. Henrietta, betwixt us, is a curious veil, a pretence, brother, to conceal another flame, the myſtery of which I am acquainted with, and will undeceive you both.

Ariſtus. But, ſiſter, as you are ſo well acquainted with it, pray let us know who the other object of his love is.

Beliſa. Are you deſirous to know it?

Ariſtus. Yes I am.

Beliſa. It is I.

Ariſtus. You!

Beliſa. Yes indeed.

Ariſtus. Hah, ſiſter!

Beliſa. What do you mean by that Hah? Is there any thing ſurpriſing in it? We are formed of an air, I ſuppoſe, to be able to ſay we have one heart in ſubjection to our empire; Damis, Dorantes, Cleontes, and Licidas, may ſhew plainly that we are not deſtitute of charms.

Ariſtus. Are you beloved by thoſe people?

Beliſa. Yes, extreamly.

Ariſtus. Have they told you ſo?

Beliſa. That is a liberty which their reſpect for me has prevented them from mentioning; but the ſilent interpreters have done all their office in offering their heart and ſervice to me.

Ariſtus. I think Damis comes very ſeldom here.

Beliſa. That is to ſhew me his ſubmiſſive reſpect.

Ariſtus. Dorantes is continually affronting you with his ſatirical language.

Beliſa. The tranſports of a jealous rage.

Ariſtus. Cleontes and Licidas are both married.

Beliſa. They did that through deſpair, which their paſſion for me reduced them to.

Ariſtus. Indeed, my dear ſiſter, you take fancies.

Chriſalus to Beliſa.] You ought to lay aſide theſe fancies.

Beliſa. Fancies do you call them? I fancy! very good indeed! I rejoice very much at fancies, brother, and I did not know I had them.

SCENE IV.

CHRISALUS, ARISTUS.

CHRISALUS.

I REALLY think our ſiſter is mad.

Ariſtus. Indeed it grows upon her every day; but let us return to our converſation. Clitander aſks Henrietta of you. What anſwer ſhould be made to his paſſion?

Chriſalus. Need you aſk? I conſent with all my heart, and look upon an alliance with him as an honour.

Ariſtus. You are ſenſible that he is not rich, and——

Chriſalus. That I am not concerned about; he has abundance of virtue, which is true riches; beſides, his father and I were one.

Ariſtus. Let us talk to your wife about it, and have her approbation.

Chriſalus. It is ſufficient that I accept him for a ſon-in-law.

Ariſtus. Very true, brother, but it is not amiſs to have her conſent to ſupport yours.

Chriſalus. I tell you, it is not at all neceſſary: I will anſwer for my wife, and take it upon myſelf.

Ariſtus. But——

Chriſalus. There is no need I ſay of apprehenſion; I will go and ſet things to rights immediately.

Ariſtus. Do ſo then, and I will ſound Henrietta upon it, and return to know—

Chriſalus. It is a done thing, and I will go to my wife, and talk to her about it.

SCENE. V.

CHRISALUS, MARTINA.

MARTINA.

I AM very fortunate indeed! Alas! it is a true ſaying, He who accuſes a dog of madneſs would drown him; another's ſervice is no inheritance.

Chriſalus. What ails you, Martina? what is the matter?

Martina. Do you aſk what is the matter?

Chriſalus. Yes.

Martina. Why the matter is, that I am diſcharged to-day.

Chrisalus. What, discharged?

Martina. Yes, I am turned off by madam.

Chrisalus. How, pray? I do not understand that.

Martina. They threaten to beat me if I do not march off.

Chrisalus. No, stay, I am pleased with you, and that is enough; my wife is often a little hot-headed, and I will not——

SCENE VI.

PHILAMINTA, BELISA, CHRISALUS, MARTINA.

PHILAMINTA perceiving MARTINA.

IS it you I see, hussey? You jade, begone immediately, and never let me see you more.

Chrisalus. Not so fast.

Philaminta. No, it is over.

Chrisalus. Hey!

Philaminta. She shall be gone.

Chrisalus. What has she been guilty of, that you have determined to——

Philaminta. Do you uphold her?

Chrisalus. Not at all.

Philaminta. Do you take her part, and condemn me?

Chrisalus. Alas! not I. I only enquire what her crime is.

Philaminta. Do you imagine that I would turn her away without reason?

Chrisalus. I do not say that you do; but with respect to the servants, I ought——

Philaminta. No, I am determined she shall go out of our house.

Chrisalus. Well, nobody says she shall not go.

Philaminta. I will not be contradicted.

Chrisalus. Be it so.

Philamita. And if you were a reasonable husband, you would join with me against her.

Chrisalus turning to Martina.] So I do. Yes, gipsey, my wife does not put you away without reason; your crime ought not to be forgiven.

Martina. What have I done?

Chrisalus aside.] I cannot tell indeed.

Philaminta. She is still of a temper to make it of no consequence.

Chrisalus. Has she broke some looking-glass, or china, to provoke your anger?

Philaminta. Do you suppose so small a matter would enrage me so much as to oblige me to turn her away?

Chrisalus to Martina.] What is the meaning of this? [to Philaminta.] It must be something considerable.

Philaminta. To be sure it is. Am I ever unreasonable?

Chrisalus. Is there some ewer or piece of plate stolen through her negligence?

Philaminta. That would be a trifle.

Chrisalus to Martina.] Oho! gipsey! plague! [to Philaminta.] Have you surprised her in some dishonesty?

Philaminta. Worse still.

Chrisalus. What worse?

Philaminta. Yes, worse.

Chrisalus to Martina.] What the devil, you jade? [to Philaminta.] Hey! has she been guilty of——

Philaminta. She has with unequalled impudence, after numerous lectures about it, insulted my ear with the impropriety of a vulgar savage word, which Vaugelas expressly condemns.

Chrisalus. Is that——

Philaminta. What, notwithstanding all our reasoning, continually to shock the foundation of all the sciences, grammar, which even rules over kings, and makes them with an high hand obey its laws!

Chrisalus. I imagined that she had committed some very great offence.

Philaminta. Do not you think this an unpardonable crime?

Chrisalus. Indeed I do.

Philaminta. I should wish you would excuse her.

Chrisalus. I will be careful of that.

Belisa. Indeed it is a pity that all construction should be destroyed by her, when she has been instructed in the laws of language a thousand times.

Martina. I believe all you preach is fine and good, but indeed I cannot talk your jargon.

Philaminta. Such insolence! to call a language jargon, which is founded upon reason and polite custom.

Martina. All your fine terms are not of no use to make ones self understood in speaking well.

Philaminta. Still in the same style, *Are not of no use.*

Belisa. Shall we never be able to teach this indocible animal to talk congruously, notwithstanding all the trouble we are at? *Not* joined with *no* is a recidivation, as we have frequently told you, and is too much of a negative.

Martina. Zooks! I speak, just as they speak in our country; I are not a scollard like you.

Philaminta. Oh! how can this be born?

Belisa. What a shocking soleciśm!

Philaminta. It is sufficient to kill a sensible ear.

Belisa. I must confess that thy genius is very gross,

I is but ſingular, *are* is plural. Wilt thou continually offend grammar in this manner?

Martina. You do not hear me ſpeak of offending either grand-father or grand-mother?

Philaminta. Heavens!

Beliſa. You underſtand grammar in a wrong ſenſe, I have already told you whence that word comes.

Martina. It is nothing to me, let it come from Scotland, Ireland, or Wales.

Beliſa. O what an aukward creature ſhe is! Grammar teaches us the laws of the Nominative caſe, and the Verb, as well as of the Adjective and Subſtantive.

Martina. Madam, I muſt tell you, that I do not know theſe people.

Philaminta. What a creature!

Beliſa. They are names of words, not of people, and you ought to take notice in what it is that they muſt be made to agree together.

Martina. Is it of any conſequence whether they agree or quarrel?

Philaminta. Heavens! let us finiſh this converſation. [to Chriſalus.] Will you not make her begone from me?

Chriſalus. Certainly. [aſide.] I muſt agree to her humour. Martina, retire, and do not vex her.

Philaminta. You ſpeak very obliging, are you afraid of offending the creature?

Chriſalus. Not I indeed. [In a harſh tone.] Be gone. [In a milder tone.] Go thy ways, poor girl.

SCENE VII.

PHILAMINTA, CHRISALUS, BELISA.

CHRISALUS.

YOU are pleased, and she is gone; but I do not approve of her going in this way; she is a girl proper for her business, and you have turned her out of my house for a trifling cause.

Philaminta. Would you have me to keep her in my service, continually to put my ear to torment? To break all the laws of custom and reason by a barbarous heap of vices in speech, of lame expressions, intermixed between times with proverbs taken from Billingsgate?

Belisa. Indeed it gives one pain to hear her discourses. She pulls Vaugelas to pieces every day, and the least blunders of her gross genius are either Pleonasm, or Cacophony.

Chrisalus. Of what consequence is it if she does fail in the laws of Vaugelas, provided she does not fail in the kitchen? For my part, I had much rather that she joined the Nouns and Verbs falsly, and repeated a servile bad word a hundred times in picking her herbs, than have her overdo my meat, or make my broth over salt. I live by good soup, and not by fine language. Vaugelas does not teach how to make good soup; and Malherbe and Balzac, so learned in fine words, would probably have been blockheads in the kitchen.

Philaminta. How am I shocked at this discourse! and how unworthy it is of one who calls himself a man to be continually bent on material cares instead of raising himself up towards spiritual ones! Is the body,

that rag, of importance enough, of a value to merit a single thought? And ought we not to leave that far behind?

Chrisalus. Ay, but my body is myself, and I will be careful of it. A rag, if you please, but my rag is dear to me.

Belisa. The body with the mind, makes a figure, brother; but if you will believe all the learned world in the case, the mind ought to have the precedency over the body; and our greatest care, our first concern, should be to nourish it with the juice of science.

Chrisalus. I'faith, if you think about nourishing your mind, it is with very airy diet, as every one says; and you have no care, no solicitude for——

Philaminta. Ah! Solicitude is coarse to my ear, it smells strangely of antiquity.

Belisa. The word is of high date indeed.

Chrisalus. Allow me to speak. In short I must be plain, pull off the mask, and discharge my spleen; people treat you as if you were mad, and I am very much troubled.

Philaminta. How?

Chrisalus to Belisa.] It is to you that I speak, sister. The least solecism in speech is disagreeable to you; but you make strange ones yourself in conduct. I am not pleased with your eternal folio's; and, except a great Plutarch which I put my hands in, you ought to burn all this useless lumber, and leave learning to your great doctors about town; to do right, you should remove that long telescope, enough to frighten people, out of the garret, and a hundred knick-knacks the sight of which gives people offence: not to look after what is done in the moon, but to observe better what is done at home, where every thing is topsy-turvy. For many reasons it is not profitable for a wife to study so many things: to form the minds of her children

to good-manners, to see her family go on well, to look well after her servants, and to regulate with oeconomy what is expended, ought to be her study and philosophy. Our forefathers were very wise people in this point, who said that a wife always knew enough when the capacity of her genius raised her to understand a doublet and a pair of breeches. Their wives did not read, but they lived well; their families were all their learned discourse, and their books, a thimble, thread, and needles, with which they worked amidst their knot of maids. But the women of this age are very far from behaving themselves in that way, they must write and turn authors. No science is too profound for them; and in my house, more than in any other place in the world, the most lofty secrets are conceived, and they understand every thing but what they ought to understand. They know the motions of the moon, the polar star, Venus, Saturn, and Mars, whom I have nothing to do with; and with all this vain knowledge, which they go so far to look for, they do not know how my pot goes on, which I have occasion for. My servants too to please you aspire after learning, and they all do nothing less than what they have to do; reasoning is the business of all my house, by which they banish all reason out of it. One burns my roast-meat while she is reading some history, the other raves in verse when I call for drink: in short, I perceive your example followed by them, and I have no benefit from my servants. One poor wench alone was left me who was not infected with this villanous air, and here is she turned away with a great clutter, because she did not speak according to Vaugelas. I tell you, sister, for it is to you, as I said, that I address myself, all this proceeding is disagreeable to me. I do not like all your scholars should come to my house,

and especially this Mr. Trissotin. It was he who lampooned you in verse; all his discourses are foolish trash; one is at a loss for what he says after he has spoke; and I believe, for my part, that he is crack-brained.

Philaminta. Good heaven, what meanness both of soul and language!

Belisa. Can there be a more stupid assemblage of corpuscula? or a mind composed of more city-like atoms? Is it possible that I am of the same blood? I heartily hate myself for being of your stock, and leave the place in amazement.

SCENE VIII.

PHILAMINTA, CHRISALUS.

PHILAMINTA.

HAVE you still some other arrow to shoot?

Chrisalus. I? No. Let us dispute no longer, it is over. Let us talk of another affair. As for your eldest daughter, she shews a distaste for the marriage-tye: in short, she is a philosopher, I say nothing more of her; she is well managed; and you do very right. But her younger sister is of quite another temper, and I think it is good to provide Henrietta with a proper husband, that——

Philaminta. I have considered it, and will tell you my intention. This Mr. Trissotin whom we are accused about, and who has not the honour to be in your esteem, is the person I chuse for a husband for her, and I know better than you how to judge of his merit. All dispute in this case is to no purpose; and I have determined the affair. However, do not say a word of the choice of this husband, I will speak to your

daughter about it before you. I have reasons to make my conduct approved of, and I shall know very well if you have instructed her.

SCENE IX.

ARISTUS, CHRISALUS.

ARISTUS.

WELL, I see your wife is gone, brother, and that you have just had some conversation together.

Chrisalus. Yes.

Aristus. What is the success of it? Shall we have Henrietta? Has she consented? Is the business ended?

Chrisalus. Not yet.

Aristus. Does she refuse?

Chrisalus. No.

Aristus. Does she take time to consider?

Chrisalus. Not at all.

Aristus. What then?

Chrisalus. She has chose another man for a son-in-law.

Aristus. Another man for a son-in-law!

Chrisalus. Yes.

Aristus. Who is he?

Chrisalus. Mr. Trissotin.

Aristus. What, that Mr. Trissotin——

Chrisalus. Yes, that always talks Latin, and repeats verses.

Aristus. Have you accepted of him?

Chrisalus. I! no, heaven forbid.

Aristus. What answer did you make her?

Chrisalus. None; and I am very glad I did not speak, lest I should have got myself into a scrape.

Ariſtus. The reaſon is very good, and you have made a grand ſtep. Did you propoſe Clitander to her?

Chriſalus. No; for finding ſhe talked of another ſon-in-law, I thought it was better for me not to make any advances at preſent.

Ariſtus. Indeed your prudence is extraordinary. Are you not aſhamed of your effeminacy? Is is poſſible a man can be ſo weak as to let his wife have an abſolute power, and not to dare to oppoſe what ſhe has determined?

Chriſalus. Alas, brother! You talk of it with a great deal of eaſe, and do not know how noiſe weighs me down. I love peace and tranquillity exceedingly, and my wife is of a terrible temper; ſhe makes a great ado about the name of a philoſopher, but ſhe is not leſs paſſionate for that; and her morality, which deſpiſes wealth, has no effect on the eagerneſs of her choler; for the leaſt oppoſition to what comes in her head we have a terrible tempeſt for eight days. She makes me tremble whenever ſhe begins her note; ſhe is ſuch a perfect dragon, that I know not where to hide myſelf; and yet, with all her deviliſh temper, I am obliged to call her, My joy, and My life.

Ariſtus. Go, it is all a jeſt. Between us, your wife is an abſolute miſtreſs over you, through your cowardice. Her power is founded upon nothing but your weakneſs. It is from you ſhe takes the title of miſtreſs. You give up yourſelf to her haughty command, and allow yourſelf to be led by the noſe like an aſs. What, cannot you for once determine to be a man, ſeeing you are called ſo? To make a wife condeſcend to your wiſhes, and have ſpirit enough to ſay once, I will have it ſo? Can you, without ſhame, leave your daughter to be ſacrificed to the fooliſh viſions which the family are poſſeſſed with; and to inveſt a blockhead with all

your wealth for six words of Latin which he bellows out to them? A pedant, whom your wife compliments every turn with the name of fine wit, and great philosopher, of a man that was never equalled for galant verses, when every body knows he is nothing of all this? Come, come; once more, it is a jest; and your cowardice deserves to be laughed at.

Chrisalus. I find that I am wrong. Brother, I will take your advice, and shew a stouter heart.

Aristus. That is well said.

Chrisalus. It is a terrible affair to be subject to the power of a wife.

Aristus. Indeed it is.

Chrisalus. My mildness gives her too much advantage over me.

Aristus. It does.

Chrisalus. She has played upon my easiness too much.

Aristus. Indeed it is so.

Chrisalus. This day I will let her see that I am master, and that I will chuse a husband to my daughter according to my own mind.

Aristus. Now you are as I would have you, a reasonable man.

Chrisalus. You are Clitander's friend, brother, bring him to me, you know where he lives.

Aristus. I will go and do it directly.

Chrisalus. I will be a man in the face of the world, for I have born it too long.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PHILAMINTA, ARMANDA, BELISA, TRISSOTIN, L'EPINE.

PHILAMINTA.

OH! let us sit down here, peaceably to hear these verses, which should be weighed word by word.

Armanda. I am impatient to see them.

Belisa. So are we.

Philaminta to Trissotin.] Whatever comes from you is delightful to me.

Armanda. It gives me inexpressible pleasure.

Belisa. It affords a most delicious repast to my ear.

Philaminta. Pray do not let us languish under such pressing desires.

Armanda. Be quick.

Belisa. Hasten our pleasure.

Philaminta. Offer your epigram to our impatience.

Trissotin to Philaminta.] Alas, madam, it is a quite new-born babe. You certainly ought be affected with its fate, for I brought it forth in your court-yard.

Philaminta. It will be dear to me on its father's account.

Trissotin. Your approbation may serve for a mother to it.

Belisa. How much wit he has!

SCENE II.

HENRIETTA, PHILAMINTA, ARMANDA, BELISA, TRISSOTIN, L'EPINE.

PHILAMINTA to Henrietta who is going away.

HOW now, why do you run away again?

Henrietta. For fear of interrupting such an agreeable converſation.

Philaminta. Come hither, with both your ears to ſhare the pleaſure of hearing wonders.

Henrietta. Things of genius are not my province; I know very little of the beauties of writing.

Philaminta. It does not ſignify, I have another ſecret to tell you afterwards, which it is neceſſary that you ſhould know.

Triſſotin to Henrietta.] The ſciences have nothing in them to inflame you, you do not pique yourſelf upon any thing but to charm.

Henrietta. One as little as the other, and I have no deſire——

Beliſa. Ah, pray let us think of the new-born babe.

Philaminta to L'Epine.] Come, boy, quickly, ſomething to ſit on. [L'Epine falls down.] Do you ſee the impertinent thing! ought people to fall after having learnt the equilibrium of things?

Beliſa. Do you not perceive the cauſe of your fall, ignorance? and that it proceeded from thy deviating from the fixed point, which we call the center of gravity?

L'Epine. When I was on the ground, madam, I perceived it.

Philaminta to L'Epine, who goes out.] Booby!

Triſſotin. It was happy for him he was not made of glaſs.

Armanda. Ah! Wit continually!

Beliſa. That never fails.

Philaminta. [All ſit down.] Serve up your amiable repaſt to us immediately.

Triſſotin. A plate of only eight verſes is a ſmall matter, I think, for ſuch a great hunger as you diſcover to me, and I believe I ſhould not do amiſs in this caſe if I joined to the epigram, or rather madrigal, the ragoo of a ſonnet which has been eſteemed by a certain princeſs to have ſomething of delicacy in it. It is ſeaſoned with Attic ſalt throughout, and you will think it, I believe, of pretty good taſte.

Armanda. Oh, I make no doubt of it.

Philaminta. Let us attend immediately.

Beliſa interrupting Triſſotin as often as he begins to read.] I feel my heart leap for joy before-hand. I love poetry to madneſs, and eſpecially when the verſes are gallantly turned.

Philaminta. If we talk perpetually, he can ſay nothing.

Triſſotin. So——

Beliſa to Henrietta.] Hold your tongue, niece.

Armanda. Ah! let him read then.

TRISSOTIN.

A SONNET to the princeſs URANIA upon her ſever

ASleep your prudence ſure muſt be,
Magnificently thus to treat,
And ſumptuouſly lodge in ſtate,
Your moſt pernicious enemy.

Belisa. Ah, what a lovely beginning!

Armanda. What a gallant turn it has!

Philaminta. He alone possesses the talent of making easy verses.

Armanda. We must give up the day to "prudence asleep."

Belisa. "Lodge her enemy," is full of charms to me.

Philaminta. I like "sumptuously and magnificently:" Those two adverbs joined do admirably.

Belisa. Let us listen to the rest.

TRISSOTIN.

Asleep your prudence sure must be,
Magnificently thus to treat,
And sumptuously lodge in state,
Your most pernicious enemy.

Armanda. "Prudence asleep!"

Belisa. "Sumptuously lodge her enemy!"

Philaminta. "Sumptuously! magnificently!"

TRISSOTIN.

What'er is said, the serpent send
From your apartment rich and great;
Where insolently the ingrate
Your precious life attempts to end.

Belisa. Ah! softly, pray allow me breath.

Armanda. Pray give us time to admire.

Philaminta. At hearing these verses one feels something run at the very bottom of one's heart, I do not know what that makes one faint.

ARMANDA.

What'er is said the serpent send,
From your apartment rich and great.

How finely said is, "apartment rich and great!" And with what wit is the metaphor introduced!

PHILAMINTA.

Whate'er is ſaid the ſerpent ſend.

Ah! that "whate'er is ſaid" is admirable for taſte! it is a valuable paſſage in my opinion.

Armanda. I am likewiſe in love with "whate'er is ſaid."

Beliſa. I am of the ſame opinion, "whate'er is ſaid" is a happy expreſſion.

Armanda. I wiſh I had written it.

Beliſa. It is worth a whole piece.

Philaminta. But do you really comprehend the *Fineſſe* of it as I do?

Armanda and Beliſa.] Oh! oh!

PHILAMINTA.

Whate'er is ſaid the ſerpent ſend.

Though they ſhould take the fever's part, do not regard it, laugh at their babbling.

Whate'er is ſaid the ſerpent ſend.

"Whate'er is ſaid, whate'er is ſaid." This "whate'er is ſaid," ſays a great deal more than one thinks. I do not know, for my part, if every one be like me, but I underſtand a million of words under it.

Beliſa. It is true, it ſays more things than it appears to do.

Philaminta to Triſſotin.] But when you wrote this charming "whate'er is ſaid," did you yourſelf underſtand all its energy? Did you really conceive yourſelf all that it ſays to us; and did you then think you were writing ſuch a witty affair?

Triſſotin. Ha, ha!

Armanda. I have likewiſe "the ingrate" in my head: that "ingrate" of a fever, unjuſt, uncivil, to treat people who entertained it ill.

Philaminta. In ſhort, both the ſtanzas of four lines

are excellent. Let us come quickly to the triplets, pray.

Armanda. Ah, pray now, once more "whate'er is said."

TRISSOTIN.

Whate'er is said the serpent send.

PHILAMINTA, ARMANDA and BELISA.

Whate'er is said!

TRISSOTIN.

From your apartment rich and great.

PHILAMINTA, ARMANDA, and BELISA.

Apartment rich and great.

TRISSOTIN.

Where insolently the ingrate

PHILAMINTA, ARMANDA, and BELISA.

That ingrate of a fever!

TRISSOTIN.

Your precious life attempts to end.

PHILAMINTA.

Your precious life!

ARMANDA and BELISA. Ah!

TRISSOTIN.

Who not respecting your high rank,
Your noble blood has basely drank,

PHILAMINTA, ARMANDA, and BELISA. Ah!

TRISSOTIN.

And hourly plays some cruel prank.
The next time to the bath you go,
There take it without more ado,
And in the cruel mischief throw.

Philaminta. I can hold no longer.

Belisa. I faint!

Armanda. I die with rapture.

Philaminta. One finds one's self seized with numberless gentle thrillings.

ARMANDA.

The next time to the bath you go,

BELISA.

There take it without more ado,

PHILAMINTA.

And in the cruel miſchief throw.

Take and drown it in the bath.

Armanda. Every ſtep in your verſe one meets with ſome delightful beauty.

Beliſa. One goes through it with pleaſure.

Philaminta. One cannot tread but upon fine things.

Armanda. They are paths ſtrewed with roſes.

Triſſotin. The ſonnet then you think———

Philaminta. Admirable, new, and no body ever made any thing more excellent.

Beliſa to Henrietta.] You make a ſtrange figure there, niece, not the leaſt moved with what has been read.

Henrietta. One cannot be a wit at will, aunt; every one makes ſuch a figure as they can.

Triſſotin. Perhaps my verſes are troubleſome to the lady.

Henrietta. No, I do not attend to them.

Philaminta. Ah! let us ſee the epigram.

Triſſotin. "Upon a coach of an amarant colour, given to a lady of his acquaintance."

Philaminta. His titles have always ſomething in them uncommon.

Armanda. The novelty of them prepares one for a thouſand witty ſtrokes.

TRISSOTIN.

Love has ſo dearly ſold to me his band,

BELISA, ARMANDA, and PHILAMINTA. Ah!

TRISSOTIN.

Already it has coſt me half my land,

And when this beauteous coach you do behold,
Wherein there lies imboſſed ſo much gold,
That all the country round it does amaze,
And yields a pompous triumph to my lays.

Philaminta. Ah, " my lays. There is erudition!

Beliſa. The cover is pretty, and worth a million.

TRISSOTIN.

And when this beauteous coach you do behold,
Wherein there lies imboſſed ſo much gold,
That all the country round it does amaze,
And yields a pompous triumph to my lays;
No longer ſay that it is amarant,
But much, much rather ſay that 'tis my rent.

Armanda. Oh, oh, oh! ſhe there does not attend to it in the leaſt.

Philaminta. No body but he, can write in this taſte.

BELISA.

No longer ſay that it is amarant,
But much, much rather ſay that 'tis my rent.

This may be declined, " My rent, of my rent, to my rent."

Philaminta. I do not know but my mind might be prepoſſeſſed in your favour from the minute I was acquainted with you, but I admire your verſe and proſe throughout.

Triſſotin to Philaminta.] If you would ſhew us ſomething of yours, we might admire it alſo in our turns.

Philaminta. I have done nothing in verſe, but I have room to hope that I may in a little time be able to ſhew you as a friend eight chapters of the plan of our academy. Plato fooliſhly forbore the ſubject when he writ the treatiſe of his Republic; but I will carry the idea, which I have upon paper formed in proſe, to the full effect: For in ſhort I am very much vexed at the wrong

they do us with regard to wit; and I will revenge every one of us of the unworthy clafs men rank us in, by bounding our talents to trifling things, and fhutting the door of fublime lights againft us.

Armanda. It is offending our fex extremely, to make the force of our underftanding extend no farther than to judge of a petticoat, and the air of a mantua, or the beauties of a point, or a new brocade.

Belifa. We muft get above this fhameful condition, and bravely fet our genius at liberty.

Triffotin. Every body is fenfible of my refpect for the ladies, and if I pay homage to the brilliancy of their eyes, I likewife honour the brightnefs of their wit.

Philaminta. Our fex alfo do you juftice in thofe things; but we would fhew certain wits whofe pride makes them ufe us with contempt, that women are alfo furnifhed with learning; that, like them, they can hold learned aflemblies, regulated in that cafe by better rules; that they will unite there what is feparated elfewhere, join fine language with fublime fciences, difcover nature in a thoufand experiments; and upon any queftions that may be propofed, bring in each fect and efpoufe none.

Triffotin. For order, I am fond of Peripateticifm.

Philaminta. For abftractions, I love Platonifm.

Armanda. Epicurus pleafes me, for his Dogma's are ftrong.

Belifa. For my part, I agree mightily to the Atomical philofophy; but I think the Vacuum difficult to be endured, and reliih the fubtle matter much better.

Triffotin. Defcartes for the Magnetifm, gives much into my opinion.

Armanda. I love his vortexes.

Philaminta. And I admire his falling worlds.

Armanda. I long to see our assembly opened, and to signalize ourselves by some discovery.

Trissotin. We expect it much from your lively lights, there is little of obscurity in nature to you.

Philaminta. For my part, without flattering myself, I have made one already, and have plainly seen men in the moon.

Belisa. I think I have not yet seen men; but I have perceived steeples as plain as I see you.

Armanda. We will likewise dive into the profundity of grammar, history, poetry, morality and politics, as well as of physics.

Philaminta. My heart is smitten with the charms of morality, and it was formerly the admiration of great genius's; but I give the superiority to the Stoics, and I think nothing so fine as their wise man.

Armanda. As for language, they shall soon see our regulations in that, and we intend to make great changes in it. By either a just or natural antipathy, we have each of us taken a mortal hatred to a number of words, either Verbs or Nouns, which we shall mutually abandon; we are preparing deadly sentences against them, and intend to open our learned conferences by proscription of all those diverse words from which we would purge both verse and prose.

Philaminta But the finest project of our academy, with which I am delighted, is a glorious intention, and which will be extolled amongst all the great genius's of posterity, is the retrenching those filthy syllables, which in the finest words produce scandal; those eternal jests of fools of all times; those nauseous commonplace things of our wretched buffoons; those sources of a heap of infamous equivocations with which they insult the modesty of women.

Trissotin. These are certainly admirable projects.

Beliſa. When our ſtatutes are all made, you ſhall ſee them.

Triſſotin. They muſt be all beautiful and wiſe.

Armanda. We ſhall by our laws be the judges of performances: By our laws proſe and verſe will be both ſubject to us; none ſhall have wit but we and our friends; we will ſearch every where to find ſomething to blame, and will think no body but ourſelves knows how to write well.

SCENE III.

TRISSOTIN, PHILAMINTA, BELISA, ARMANDA, HENRIETTA, L'EPINE.

L'EPINE to Triſſotin.

SIR, here is a man deſires to ſpeak with you; he is dreſſed in black, and ſpeaks in a ſoft tone.

[They riſe up.

Triſſotin. It is that learned friend who has preſſed me ſo much to procure him the honour of your acquaintance.

Philaminta. Sir, you are extremely welcome to introduce him.

SCENE IV.

PHILAMINTA, BELISA, ARMANDA, HENRIETTA.

PHILAMINTA to Armanda and Beliſa.

LET us at leaſt do him the honour of our wit. Harkye. [to Henrietta, who is going out.] I told you as plain as I could, that I wanted you.

Henrietta. For what?

Philaminta. Come hither, you ſhall ſoon know.

SCENE V.

PHILAMINTA, BELISA, ARMANDA, HENRIETTA, VADIUS, TRISSOTIN.

TRISSOTIN preſenting Vadius.

MADAM, this is the man who dies with deſire to ſee you. When I introduce him to you, I do not fear being blamed, for having admitted a profane perſon to you, madam; he may be ranked amongſt the greateſt wits.

Philaminta. The perſon who preſents him ſpeaks his value ſufficiently.

Triſſotin. He has a perfect knowledge of the antient authors, madam, and underſtands Greek as well as any man.

Philaminta to Beliſa.] Greek! O heavens! Greek! He underſtands Greek, ſiſter.

Beliſa to Armanda.] Ah! Niece, Greek!

Armanda. Greek! What ſweetneſs!

Philaminta. What, does the gentleman underſtand Greek? Ah! pray, Sir, let me embrace you, for Greek's ſake.

[Vadius embraces both Beliſa and Armanda.

Henrietta to Vadius, who would embrace her likewiſe] Excuſe me, Sir, I do not underſtand Greek.

[They ſit down.

Philaminta. I have a great regard for Greek books.

Vadius. I am afraid of being troubleſome thro' the great deſire which engaged me to pay you my homage to-day, madam, and I have diſturbed ſome learned diſcourſe.

Philaminta. Sir, you can ſpoil nothing with your Greek.

Triſſotin. He might ſhew you ſomething if he would, he does wonders in verſe as well as proſe.

Vadius. The fault of authors in their productions is to tyrannize over converſation with them; to be at the palace, in courts, ſtreets, or at table, indefatigable readers of their tireſome verſes. For my part, I ſee nothing more ridiculous, than an author who goes every where mumping for praiſe; who ſeizing the ears of the very firſt comers, makes them often martyrs to his lucubrations. They never ſaw me ſuch a conceited fool; and in this I am of the opinion of a certain Greek, who, by an expreſs dogma, forbids all his wiſe men the unbecoming forwardneſs of reading their works. Here are ſome little verſes for young lovers, upon which I would gladly have your opinion.

Triſſotin. Your verſes have beauties which no others have.

Vadius. Venus and the Graces reign in all yours.

Triſſotin. You have the free turn, and a fine choice of words.

Vadius. We ſee every where the Ethos and Pathos with you.

Triſſotin. We have ſeen eclogues from you in a ſtyle which outſhines Virgil and Theocritus for ſweetneſs.

Vadius. Your odes have a noble, gallant, and tender air, far before your own Horace.

Triſſotin. Is there any thing ſo amorous as your lays?

Vadius. Can one find any thing equal to the ſonnets you write?

Triſſotin. Any thing more delightful that your little Rondeaus?

Vadius. Any thing so full of wit as your madrigals?

Trissotin. At ballads especially, you are admirable.

Vadius. And I think you adorable in your Crambo's.

Trissotin. If France could but know your value,

Vadius. If the age did but render justice to men of wit,

Trissotin. You would ride through the streets in a gilded chariot.

Vadius. We should see the public erect statues to you. Hum. [To Trissotin.] Here is a ballad, and I desire you will freely——

Trissotin to Vadius.] Have you seen a certain little sonnet upon the princess Urania's fever.

Vadius. Yes, it was read to me yesterday in company.

Trissotin. Are you acquainted with the author of it?

Vadius. No; but I am very sensible, without flattery, his sonnet is good for nothing.

Trissotin. It is admired by a great many people, however.

Vadius. That does not prevent it from being miserable; and you would be of my opinion, if you saw it.

Trissotin. I know I should not be at all so in that; and that few people are capable of such a sonnet.

Vadius. Heaven preserve me from making such.

Trissotin. I maintain that a better cannot be made; and my grand reason is, because I am the author of it.

Vadius. You?

Trissotin. I.

Vadius. I do not know then how the thing was.

Triſſotin. It was that I was ſo unhappy as not to be able to pleaſe you.

Vadius. My mind has been wandering when I heard it read, or elſe the reader ſpoilt the ſonnet. But let us drop this converſation, and ſee my ballad.

Triſſotin. In my opinion a ballad is an inſipid thing; it is no longer in faſhion, it ſmells of antiquity.

Vadius. Many people are delighted with a ballad.

Triſſotin. That does not hinder but it may diſpleaſe me.

Vadius. It may be never the worſe on that account.

Triſſotin. It has wonderful charms for pedants.

Vadius. And yet we ſee it does not pleaſe you.

Triſſotin. You very fooliſhly give your qualities to others. [They all riſe.

Vadius. You very impertinently caſt yours upon me.

Triſſotin. Go, ſchoolboy, paper-blotter.

Vadius. Go, pitiful rhimer; ſhame to thy profeſſion!

Triſſotin. Go, verſe-ſtealer, impudent plagiary.

Vadius. Go, pedant——

Philaminta. Oh, gentlemen, what is your intention?

Triſſotin to Vadius.] Go, go, reſtore the ſhameful thefts which the Greeks and Latins challenge from you.

Vadius. Go, go, and do penance on Parnaſſus for having lamed Horace in your verſes.

Triſſotin. Remember your book made little noiſe.

Vadius. Remember your bookſeller reduced to an hoſpital.

Triſſotin. My glory is eſtabliſhed, your endeavours to mangle it is to no purpoſe.

Vadius. Yes, yes, I send you to the author of the satires again.

Trissotin. I send you thither again likewise.

Vadius. I have the pleasure of knowing that people see he has treated me more honourably. He cursorily gives me a slight touch amongst many other authors that are esteemed at court, but he never leaves you at peace in his verses, and we see you throughout the but of his lashes.

Trissotin. I hold the more honourable rank there for that. He puts you in the croud for a miserable wretch, thinks it sufficient to crush you with one blow, and never does you the honour to redouble it; but he attacks me apart as a noble adversary, against whom he thinks all his efforts necessary; and his redoubling his blows against me in all places, shews that he never thinks himself victorious.

Vadius. My pen shall shew you what kind of a man I am.

Trissotin. And mine shall oblige you to know your master.

Vadius. I defy you in verse, prose, Greek, and Latin.

Trissotin. Well, we shall see one another alone at Barbin's.

SCENE VI.

TRISSOTIN, PHILAMINTA, ARMANDA, BELISA, HENRIETTA.

TRISSOTIN.

BE not angry at my passion; it is your judgment that I defend, madam, in the sonnet which he had the impudence to attack.

Philaminta. I will endeavour to reconcile you. But let us talk of another matter. Come hither, Henrietta, it has long given me uneaſineſs, that I could never diſcover any genius in you; but I have diſcovered a method of imparting ſome to you.

Henrietta. Mother, you take more care of me than is needful; I do not trouble my head about learned diſcourſes; I love to live at eaſe, and one muſt be at too much pains in every thing one ſays to have wit; it is an ambition that I do not aſpire to. I am very well ſatisfied, mother, in being a blockhead; and had rather have only a common way of talking than torment myſelf to ſpeak fine words.

Philaminta. Yes, but it gives me offence, and it is not my intention to ſuffer ſuch a ſtain in my blood. The beauty of the face is a frail ornament, a fading flower, a moment's luſtre, and which only cleaves to the Epidermis; but that of the mind is inherent and firm. I have therefore long endeavoured to give you the beauty which time cannot mow down, to inſpire you with the love of learning, to inſinuate into you fine knowledge; and the reſolution my wiſhes have at laſt fixed on, is to join you to a man that is full of wit; [pointing to Triſſotin.] and that man is this gentleman, whom I determine to have you look on as the huſband deſtined you by my choice.

Henrietta. I, mother?

Philaminta. Yes, you. Behave like a fool, pray do.

Beliſa to Triſſotin.] I underſtand you. Your eyes aſk my conſent to engage elſewhere a heart which I am in poſſeſſion of. Come, I will ſo. I give you up to this union. It is a match which will be the making of you.

Triſſotin to Henrietta.] I am at a loſs what to ſay

to you in my tranſport, madam; and this match which I ſee myſelf honoured with, puts me——

Henrietta. Softly, Sir, it is not yet done; do not be in ſuch a hurry.

Philaminta. How you anſwer! Do you know that if—— It is enough, you underſtand me. [To Triſſotin.] Come, let us leave her; ſhe will grow wiſer.

SCENE VII.

HENRIETTA, ARMANDA.

ARMANDA.

YOU may eaſily perceive how your mother's care appears; and ſhe could not have choſen a more illuſtrious ſpouſe——

Henrietta. If the choice is ſo agreeable, why do you not take him?

Armanda. It is to you, not to me, that his hand is given.

Henrietta. I yield him up to you entirely, as my eldeſt ſiſter.

Armanda. If matrimony appeared as pleaſant to me as it does to you, I would accept of your offer with pleaſure.

Henrietta. If I had pedants in my head as you have, I ſhould think it a very good match.

Armanda. However different our taſtes may be, ſiſter, we ought to obey our parents. A mother has an abſolute power over us, and it is to no purpoſe to——

SCENE VIII.

CHRISALUS, ARISTUS, CLITANDER, HENRIETTA, ARMANDA.

CHRISALUS to Henrietta, presenting Clitander.

COME, Henrietta, I will have my intention approved of. Pull off this glove. Give the gentleman your hand, and look upon him in your heart, from this time, as the man whom I intend for your husband.

Armanda. On this side, sister, your inclinations are strong enough.

Henrietta. We ought to be obedient to our parents, sister; a father has an absolute power over our desires.

Armanda. A mother has her share in our obedience.

Chrisalus. What do you mean by that?

Armanda. I say that I very much apprehend my mother and you will not agree in this, and that there is another husband——

Chrisalus. Hold your peace, Mrs. Pedantress; go, philosopher, whom she is so fond of, and do not concern yourself with my actions. Tell her my mind, and advise her not to come and set my ears on fire; go immediately.

SCENE IX.

CHRISALUS, ARISTUS, HENRIETTA, CLITANDER.

ARISTUS.

WELL done; you do wonders.

Clitander. What transport! What joy! How am I delighted!

Chrisalus to Clitander.] Come, take her hand, and go before us; lead her into her chamber. What soft careſſes! [To Ariſtus.] Hold, my heart is moved with all theſe tenderneſſes; this cheers up my old age wonderfully, and brings my youthful amours to my remembrance.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PHILAMINTA, ARMANDA.

ARMANDA.

INDEED ſhe ſeemed to make a vanity of her obedience, did not in the leaſt heſitate, and her heart ſcarce gave itſelf time to receive the order of ſurrendering, and ſeemed leſs to follow the will of a father than to affect to outbrave the orders of a mother.

Philaminta. I will let her ſee to whoſe commands the laws of reaſon ſubject all her deſires; and who ought to rule, her father or her mother, ſpirit or body, form or matter.

Armanda. They owed you a compliment upon it, at leaſt; and this little gentleman uſes you very ſtrange-

, to determine to be your ſon-in-law whether you will or not.

Philaminta. He is not ſo now in the way his heart might have had pretenſions to it. I thought him handſome, and approved of your loves; but I was always diſpleaſed with his proceedings; he knew that, thank heaven, I undertook to write; and yet never deſired me to read any thing to him.

SCENE II.

CLITANDER entering ſoftly, and liſtening without being perceived, ARMANDA, PHILAMINTA.

ARMANDA.

WERE I in your place, I would not ſuffer him to marry Henrietta. They would wrong me very much to imagine that I ſpeak intereſtedly in this caſe, and that his unworthy behaviour has occaſioned any ſecret indignation in my heart. The aſſiſtance of philoſophy has fortified my ſoul againſt ſuch blows; it is ſufficient to raiſe one above every thing; but to treat you ſo is putting you to a nonplus. You are obliged in honour to oppoſe his inclinations, and indeed he is a man you ought not to be pleaſed with. I never found he had any ſincere regard for you.

Philaminta. Blockhead!

Armanda. Notwithſtanding the noiſe your fame makes, he always appeared cold in your praiſes.

Philaminta. Beaſt!

Armanda. And I have twenty times read ſome of your verſes as new things, which he did not admire.

Philaminta. Impertinence!

Armanda. We frequently quarrelled about it, and you would not think how many follies——

Clitander to Armanda.] Oh, softly, pray. A little charity, madam, or at least a little honesty. What injury have I done you? Or in what have I offended you, that you should arm all your eloquence against me thus? That you should endeavour to destroy me, and take so much pains to render me odious to those I stand in need of? Speak. Say whence this terrible wrath proceeds? I beg that this lady may be an impartial judge in the case.

Armanda. If I had the wrath you would accuse me of, I could find enough to authorize it. You would be too deserving of it; for first flames fix themselves by such sacred rights on the heart, that one ought to lose fortune, and renounce the light, rather than burn with the fires of another love; no horror is equal to the changing one's vows, and every faithless heart is a monster in morality.

Clitander. Do you call that infidelity, madam, which the fierceness of your soul enjoined me; I only obey the laws it imposes on me, and if I offend you, that is entirely the cause of it. Your charms had at first got entire possession of my heart; it burnt for two years with a constant ardour; there is no assiduous care, duty, respect, service, which it did not make amorous sacrifices of to you. But all my fires, all my care, could do nothing with you, I found you still averse to my softest addresses. That which you refuse, I offer to the choice of another. See, is it my fault, madam, or yours? Did my heart run to a change, or did you drive it? Is it I that leave you, or you that turn me away?

Armanda. Do you call it, being averse to your addresses, Sir, to deprive them of what they had of vulgar in them; and to endeavour reducing them to that purity in which the beauty of perfect love consists?

You cannot for me keep your thought clear and disentangled from the commerce of sense; and you do not taste in the greatest of its charms that union of hearts, where the bodies are not concerned. You cannot love but with a gross passion, but with all the train of material ties; and to nourish the fires which are produced in you, there must be marriage, with all that follows it. Foh! What strange love! How far are great souls from burning with these terrestrial flames! The senses have no share in all their ardors; this amiable passion would marry nothing but the heart, and leaves the rest behind as unworthy; it is a fire pure and clear, like the celestial fires; with this they breathe only virtuous sighs, and never incline to base desires. Nothing impure has to do with the end they propose. They love for the sake of loving, and for nothing else; their transports are only to the mind; and none can perceive that they have a body.

Clitander. For my part, madam, with your leave, I see that I have unluckily a body as well as a soul, and find that it sticks too close to it to leave it behind; I do not understand the art of these separations; heaven has denied me that philosophy, and my body and soul go together. There is nothing finer, as you have observed, than these purified desires which regard the mind only, that union of hearts, and those tender thoughts, so thoroughly disentangled from the commerce of sense: But these amours are too refined for me; I am a little grosser, as you accuse me; I love entire, myself, and I am desirous, I must confess, that the love which any body has for me, should be to my whole person. This is not a matter worthy of such great punishments, and, without doing any wrong to your fine sentiments, I see that my method is very much practised in the world, and that marriage is quite in

fashion, passes for a tie virtuous and tender enough to warrant the desire I had of becoming your husband, without giving you reason to take offence at the liberty of such a thought.

Armanda. Mighty well, Sir, extremely well, since your brutish sentiments will be satisfied without listening to me; since there must be carnal ties and corporeal chains to reduce you to a faithful ardor, if my mother consents to it, I will bring my mind to agree with you in what we are speaking of.

Clitander. It is now too late, madam, another has taken place; and by such a return I should basely abuse my asylum, and wrong the goodness to which I fled from your haughtiness.

Philaminta. And do you, Sir, assure yourself of my consent, when you promise yourself this other match? Allow me to inform you, that I have another husband in readiness for Henrietta.

Clitander. But, pray, madam, think well of your choice, and do not expose me to so much disgrace. I beg you will not doom me to the shameful fate of finding myself a rival of Mr. Trissotin. The love of wits, which makes you so averse to me, could not oppose to me a less noble adversary. There are many whom the ill taste of the age has reputed wits; but Mr. Trissotin has not been able to deceive any body, and every one does justice to his writings. They take him every where, but here, for what he is, and I have been a hundred times surprized to see you raise to the skies silly verses which you would have disowned had they been of your own making.

Philaminta. If you judge of him quite otherwise than we, it is because we see him with other eyes than you.

SCENE III.

TRISSOTIN, PHILAMINTA, ARMANDA, CLITANDER.

TRISSOTIN to Philaminta.

MADAM, I am come to tell you a great piece of news. We have escaped finely while we slept. A world has passed along just by us, is fallen across our Vortex, and if it had met our earth in the way, it had been dashed in pieces like glass.

Philaminta. Let us give up this conversation till another time, this gentleman finds neither rhime nor reason in it; he professes to cherish ignorance, and to hate wit and learning more than any thing.

Clitander. This truth wants some softening, madam. I must explain myself: I only hate that wit and learning which spoil people. These are things which in themselves are fine and good; but I would rather chuse to be in the rank of the ignorant, than see myself learned as some people are.

Trissotin. For my part, I do not hold, whatever effect may be supposed, that learning can do any hurt.

Clitander. And it is my opinion that learning often makes very great fools both in word and deed.

Trissotin. That is a great paradox.

Clitander. The proof of it would be very easy, I believe, without being very wise. If reasons should fail, I am certain examples will not fail me.

Trissotin. You may cite, that will conclude nothing.

Clitander. I will not go very far to find one which will suit my purpose.

Trissotin. I do not see these famous examples, for my part.

Clitander. I see them so plainly, that they almost strike me blind.

Trissotin. I imagined that it was ignorance which made great fools, not learning.

Clitander. You have thought very wrong; and I assure you, that a learned fool is more intolerable than an ignorant one.

Trissotin. Common opinion is against your maxims, since ignorant and foolish are synonimous terms.

Clitander. If you will take it according to the use of words, the alliance is greater between pedant and fool.

Trissotin. Folly in the one appears quite pure.

Clitander. And study in the other adds to nature.

Trissotin. Learning in itself has great merit.

Clitander. Learning in a blockhead becomes impertinent.

Trissotin. Ignorance must have very great charms for you, since you take up arms so eagerly in her defence.

Clitander. If ignorance has very great charms for me, it is because certain learned people offer themselves to my view.

Trissotin. Those certain learned people might, if we knew them, be as good as certain other people that we see appear.

Clitander. Yes, if it was to be left to those certain learned people; but the certain other people would not agree to it.

Philaminta to Clitander.] I think, Sir——

Clitander. Good now, madam, the gentleman is able enough, without your assisting him: I have but too rough an assailant already, and I can only defend myself by retreating.

Armanda. But the offenſive eagerneſs of each repartee which you——

Clitander. Another ſecond! I have done then.

Philaminta. One may bear theſe ſort of combats in converſation, provided the perſon be not attacked.

Clitander. Alas! all this has nothing offenſive in it; he underſtands raillery as well as any man in France; and he can feel himſelf piqued with many other ſtrokes, and yet his glory does nothing but make a jeſt of them.

Triſſotin. I am not ſurpriſed in the combat I have undertaken, to ſee the gentleman take the theſis he maintains; he is much in at court, that is ſufficient; the court, it is well known, does not ſtand up for wit; it has an intereſt in ſupporting ignorance, and it is as being a courtier that he undertakes its defence.

Clitander. You wiſh very ill to the poor court, and its unhappineſs is very great, to ſee you wits declaim againſt it every day; that when any thing chagrins you, you quarrel with it; and arraigning its bad taſte, accuſe it alone for your bad ſucceſs. Allow me, Mr. Triſſotin, to tell you with all the reſpect your name inſpires me with, that you and your brethren would do very well to ſpeak of the court in a more tender manner; that, take it at the bottom, it is not ſo ignorant as you gentlemen ſuppoſe; that it has common ſenſe to judge of every thing; that ſomething of good taſte may be formed there; and that without flattery, the natural wit there is worth all the obſcure learning of pedantry.

Triſſotin. We ſee the effects of its good taſte, Sir.

Clitander. Do you ſee, Sir, that it has ſo bad a one?

Triſſotin. What I ſee, Sir, is, that Raſius and Baldus for learning do honour to France; and that all their

merit, which is very plain, does not attract either the eyes or gifts of the court.

Clitander. I see your uneasiness, Sir, and that it is through modesty you do not place yourself with them: not to bring you therefore into the discourse, what do your able heroes do for the state? What service do their writings do it, that they accuse the court of terrible injustice, and complain in all places that it fails to pour down the favour of its gifts upon their learned names? Their learning is very necessary to France, and the court has much to do with the books they write. Three beggarly fellows get into their pitiful heads, that if they are but printed, and bound in calf, they are important persons in the state; that the destiny of crowns depends on their pen; that at the least rumour of their productions they should see pensions flying about them; that the eyes of all the world are fixed upon them; that they are famous prodigies in learning for knowing what others have said before them, for having had ears and eyes for thirty years, for having employed nine or ten thousand nights labour to perplex themselves with Greek and Latin, and loaded their mind with an untelligible booty of the old trash that lies scattered in books; men that always appear stupid with their learning; meritoriously rich in importunate babble; unskilful in every thing, void of common sense, and full of ridicule and impertinence to decry true wit and learning every where.

Philaminta. Your wrath is extreme, and this transport shews the movement of nature in you. It is the name of rival that excites in your breast——

SCENE IV.

TRISSOTIN, PHILAMINTA, CLITANDER, ARMANDA, JULIAN.

JULIAN.

MADAM, the learned person who paid you a visit just now, and whose humble servant I have the honour of being, begs that you would read this letter.

Philaminta. However important this may be which I am desired to read, know, friend, that it is a piece of rudeness to come and interrupt conversation; and that a servant who knows how to behave should have recourse to the people of the house to be introduced.

Julian. Madam, I will note down that in my book.

Philaminta. "Madam, Trissotin boasts, that he is "to marry your daughter. By this I inform you, "that his philosophy only aims at your wealth, and "that you would do well not to conclude the match, "till you have seen the poem which I am composing "against him. While you wait for this picture, in "which I intend to set him forth to you in all his co-"lours, I send you Horace, Virgil, Terence, and Ca-"tullus, where you will see all the passages he has "pilfered, marked in the margin."

HERE is a merit attacked by a great many enemies, on account of the marriage I had promised myself; and this railing invites me to do an action directly which may confound envy, which may let him see that this endeavour of his has brought the sooner to effect what it thought to have broke off. [to Julian.] Relate this to your master immediately, and tell him, that in order to let him know what great value I set on his noble

advice, and how worthy I think it to be followed, [pointing to Triſſotin.] I will this night marry my daughter to the gentleman.

SCENE V.

PHILAMINTA, ARMANDA, CLITANDER.

PHILAMINTA to Clitander.

I Invite you, Sir, as a friend to all the family, to aſſiſt at the ſigning of their contract. Armanda, take care to ſend to a notary, and to go and acquaint your ſiſter with the buſineſs.

Armanda. There is no occaſion to acquaint my ſiſter, that gentleman there will take care to run and carry her this news directly, and to diſpoſe her heart to be rebellious to you.

Philaminta. We ſhall ſee who has moſt power over her, and if I am able to recall her to her duty.

SCENE VI.

ARMANDA, CLITANDER.

ARMANDA.

SIR, I am very ſorry, to ſee that things are not altogether diſpoſed according to your wiſhes.

Clitander. I will go, madam, and labour with diligence, that this great ſorrow may not long oppreſs your mind.

Armanda. I am afraid that your labour will not have much effect.

Clitander. Perhaps you may find yourſelf in the wrong.

Armanda. I hope I ſhall.

Clitander. I am perſuaded of it; and that I ſhall be ſeconded by your aſſiſtance.

Armanda. Yes, I will ſerve you as much as lies in my power.

Clitander. And that ſervice is ſure of my acknowledgment.

SCENE VII.

CHRISALUS, ARISTUS, HENRIETTA, CLITANDER.

CLITANDER.

I Shall be unhappy, Sir, without your aſſiſtance. Your wife has rejected my inclination, and her heart is prepoſſeſſed in favour of Triſſotin for a ſon-in-law.

Chriſalus. What maggot has ſhe got in her head then? Why the devil would ſhe have this Mr. Triſſotin?

Ariſtus. It is by the honour he has of rhyming in Latin, that he gains the advantage over his rival.

Clitander. She will have the wedding this very evening.

Chriſalus. This evening?

Clitander. This evening.

Chriſalus. And this evening I am determined, in order to thwart her, that you two ſhall be married.

Clitander. She has ſent to the notary to draw up the contract.

Chriſalus. And I will bring him to draw up that which he ſhould do.

Clitander pointing to Henrietta.] And the lady is to be informed by her ſiſter of the match ſhe muſt prepare her heart for.

Chrisalus. And I command her with full power to prepare her hand for this other alliance. I will let them see that there is no other master to command in my house but myself. [To Henrietta.] We shall return soon, be sure to stay for us. Come, follow me, brother; and you, son-in-law.

Henrietta to Aristus.] Oh! keep him but always in this temper.

Aristus. I will do every thing to serve your love.

SCENE VIII.

HENRIETTA, CLITANDER.

CLITANDER:

WHATEVER powerful assistance is promised my passion, my most solid hope is in your heart, madam.

Henrietta. As for my heart, you may assure yourself of that.

Clitander. I must be happy when I have that support.

Henrietta. You see to what ties they intend to constrain it.

Clitander. I see nothing to fear while it is for me.

Henrietta. I will go and try every thing in favour of our tender desires; and if all my endeavours cannot give me to you, there is one retreat my heart is determined on, which will prevent me from being any other person's.

Clitander. Heaven forbid that you should ever put your love to such a trial.

ACT V. SCENE I.

HENRIETTA, TRISSOTIN.

HENRIETTA.

SIR, I wished to talk to you in private concerning the marriage my mother is making preparations for, hoping I might get you to listen to reason. I am sensible that you would expect a considerable fortune with me; but the charms of gold are unworthy of a true philosopher: and the contempt of wealth and frivolous greatness ought not to shine in your words alone.

Trissotin. It is not riches which charmed me; your sparkling eyes and graceful air have attracted me; those are the treasures with which I am enamoured.

Henrietta. Sir, I admire your generous passion. Your obliging affection confounds me, and I am extremely sorry that I cannot return it properly. I have as great an esteem for you, as any person can have; but there is an obstacle which prevents me from loving you. You are sensible that two people cannot possess one heart, and I find Clitander is master of mine. I know that you are possessed of much greater merit, and I have a bad taste to chuse him for a husband, and and that you have a hundred fine talents which ought to please me. I see plainly that I am in the wrong, but cannot help it; and all the effect reason has upon me is to wish myself far enough from being so blind.

Trissotin. The gift of your hand, which I am encouraged to make pretensions to, will give me that

heart which Clitander is at present in possession of; and I flatter myself, that by a thousand soft cares I shall be able to find the art of making myself beloved by you.

Henrietta. No, Sir; my soul is fixed to its first vows, and cannot be affected by your tendernesses. I dare not explain myself freely here to you, and my confession has nothing in it that ought to shock you. This amorous ardour which springs up in hearts is not, you know, the effect of merit; caprice has a share in it, and when any one pleases us, we are often at a loss to say why he does. If people loved through choice and wisdom, you would have had my whole heart; but one sees that love directs itself otherwise. I beg you will leave me to my blindness, and not make use of the violence that is put upon my obedience on your account. A man of honour will owe nothing to the power which parents have over us; he refuses to let what he loves be sacrificed to him, and will not obtain a heart from any one but itself. Do not spur on my mother to exercise, by her choice, the rigour of her power upon my inclinations. Remove your love from me to some other more worthy of it.

Trissotin. Tell me, madam, what way can this heart be able to satisfy you? Impose on it any commands that may be be executed. Can it cease to love you, unless you cease, madam, to be amiable, and to display in your eyes celestial charms——

Henrietta. Nay, Sir, let us leave this romantic stuff. You have so many Iris's, Phillis's, and Amaranthe's, whom you every where paint so charming in your verses, and for whom you vow such an amorous ardour——

Trissotin. It is my wit that speaks, and not my heart,

I am only in love with them as a poet; but I love the adorable Henrietta sincerely.

Henrietta. O, pray, Sir——

Trissotin. If this gives you offence, I cannot help offending you. This ardour hitherto unknown to you, consecrates vows of eternal duration to you; nothing can put a stop to their amiable transports; and notwithstanding your beauty may condemn my endeavours, I cannot refuse the assistance of a mother who intends to crown so dear a flame; and if I can obtain such happiness as the possession of you, it does not signify in what manner.

Henrietta. People who marry women against their inclinations, run great hazards; it is no trifling affair to use violence to a heart which is not very secure. A woman may be hurried to resentments, which ought to be feared by a husband.

Trissotin. This conversation will not make me change my intention. The wise man is prepared for every thing that may happen; cured, by reason, of vulgar weaknesses, he sets himself above these sort of things, and does not take the smallest trouble about any thing which is not to depend on himself.

Henrietta. Really, Sir, I am transported with you; and I did not think that philosophy was so delightful a thing as it is, to teach people to bear such accidents with constancy. This nobleness of soul, so singular in you, deserves to have an illustrious subject given it; is worthy to find one who may take with pleasure continual pains to place it in full light; and as I dare not, to say the truth, think myself very proper to give it the whole lustre of its glory, I leave it to some other person, and swear to you, between ourselves, that I give up the happiness of seeing you my husband.

Triſſotin going.] We ſhall preſently ſee how the affair will go; for the Notary is already come.

SCENE II.

CHRISALUS, CLITANDER, HENRIETTA, MARTINA.

CHRISALUS.

I AM very glad to ſee you, Henrietta. Come and do your duty, and ſubmit your deſires to the will of your father. I will, I will teach your mother how to behave; and to brave her the more, here I bring back Martina, and will fix her in the houſe again in ſpite of all her endeavours to the contrary.

Henrietta. Your determinations are praiſe-worthy. Take care that this humour do not alter, father. Be firm in reſolving on what you wiſh, and do not allow yourſelf to be ſeduced from your good intentions. Do not ſlacken; but act ſo as to prevent my mother from getting the better of you.

Chriſalus. What? Do you think me an idiot?

Henrietta. God forbid!

Chriſalus. Am I a fool, pray?

Henrietta. I do not ſay ſo.

Chriſalus. Am I thought incapable of the firm ſentiments of a reaſonable man?

Henrietta. No, father.

Chriſalus. Have not I ſenſe enough at this age to be maſter of my houſe?

Henrietta. Certainly.

Chriſalus. Am I ſo weak as to allow myſelf to be led by the noſe by my wife?

Henrietta. Oh! no, father.

Chriſalus. How now! What do you mean then?

I think you are very merry in talking to me in this manner.

Henrietta. If I have offended you, I did not intend it.

Chrisalus. My will ought to be followed intirely in this house.

Henrietta. Very well, father.

Chrisalus. No person besides myself has a right to govern in this house.

Henrietta. You are certainly right.

Chrisalus. It is I that hold the place of chief of the family.

Henrietta. Agreed.

Chrisalus. It is I who ought to dispose of my daughter.

Henrietta. Certainly.

Chrisalus. Heaven gives me full authority over you.

Henrietta. No body contradicts it.

Chrisalus. And I will let you see that in taking a husband, it is your father you must obey, not your mother.

Henrietta. Alas! in that you flatter my softest desires; all that I wish is to obey you.

Chrisalus. We shall see if my wife prove rebellious to my desires———

Clitander. Here she brings the Notary with her.

Chrisalus. All of you must second me.

Martina. Let me alone; I will take care to encourage you, if there be any necessity for it.

SCENE III.

PHILAMINTA, BELISA, ARMANDA, TRISSOTIN, THE NOTARY, CHRISALUS, CLITANDER, HENRIETTA, MARTINA.

PHILAMINTA to the Notary.

CANNOT you change your barbarous ſtile, and draw up a contract in good language?

The Notary. I ſhould be a blockhead, madam, if I attempted to change the leaſt word in it, the ſtile is very good.

Beliſa. Ah! What barbariſm in the middle of France! But, however, Sir, for learning ſake, inſtead of pounds, ſhillings, and pence, let the portion be expreſſed in mines and talents; and date by the words ides and kalends.

The Notary. I? Why, were I to agree with your deſires, I ſhould have all my companions laughing at me.

Philaminta. In vain we complain of this barbariſm. Come, Sir, take the table and write. [Seeing Martina.] How, how! dares that impudent huſſy ſhew her face here? Pray, why do you bring her to my houſe again?

Chriſalus. We ſhall tell you why preſently at leiſure. We have another thing to reſolve at preſent.

The Notary. Let us proceed to the contract. Where is the intended bride?

Philaminta. She I marry is the younger daughter.

The Notary. Very well.

Chriſalus pointing to Henrietta.] Ay, Sir, this is ſhe; her name is Henrietta.

The Notary. Very well. And where is the bridegroom?

Philaminta pointing to Triſſotin.] This gentleman is the huſband I give her.

Chriſalus pointing to Clitander.] And this gentleman is the perſon I intend ſhe ſhall marry.

The Notary. Two huſbands! that is too many, according to the uſual cuſtom.

Philaminta to the Notary.] Why do you ſtop? Write down Mr. Triſſotin for my ſon-in-law.

Chriſalus. For my ſon-in-law, write down Mr. Clitander.

The Notary. Pray be at concord then; and upon mature judgment ſee and agree between yourſelves upon a bridegroom.

Philaminta. Pray, Sir, follow the choice I have fixed on.

Chriſalus. Do, Sir, do what I have reſolved on.

The Notary. Acquaint me firſt which of the two I muſt obey.

Philaminta to Chriſalus.] What! do you then diſpute my deſire?

Chriſalus. I cannot endure that my daughter ſhould be ſought after only for ſake of the wealth that is in my family.

Philaminta. Indeed your riches are very much thought of here; and it is a very worthy ſuſpicion for a wiſe man.

Chriſalus. In ſhort, I have made choice of Clitander for her huſband.

Philaminta. And here is the man, [pointing to Triſſotin.] I have choſen for her huſband; and my reſolution ſhall be followed, that is a determined point.

Chriſalus. Heyday! You pitch on him there in a very abſolute manner!

Martina. It is not proper for the wife to prescribe; and I am for giving the upper part in every thing to the men.

Chrisalus. Well said.

Martina. My discharge was often given me, that is true; but the hen ought not to crow before the cock.

Chrisalus. By no means.

Martina. And we see that people jeer at a man when his wife wears the breeches.

Chrisalus. Certainly.

Martina. If I were married, I must needs say I would have my husband to be master of the house; I should not love him if he proved a booby; and if I contested with him out of whim, or spoke too loud, I should think it right if he lowered my tone with a few stripes.

Chrisalus. She speaks rationally.

Martina. My master is in the right to design an agreeable husband for his daughter.

Chrisalus. Yes.

Martina. Why should he refuse her Clitander, young and handsome as he is? And wherefore, pray, should he give her a scolard, who is always a criticizin? She must have a husband, not a school-master; and not desiring to understand Greek or Latin, she has no need of Mr. Trissotin.

Chrisalus. Very good.

Philaminta. We must allow her to prate at her ease.

Martina. Scolards are good for nothing but to preach in a pulpit; and I have said a hundred times, that I would never marry a man of learning. Learning is not at all what is necessary in a family; books agree ill with matrimony; and if ever I plight my troth, I will have a husband that has no other book but me; who, no offence to my mistress, knows nei-

ther A, nor B; and, in one word, is a doctor only for his wife.

Philaminta to Chrisalus.] Have you done? And have I long enough listened quietly to your worthy interpreter?

Chrisalus. What she says is true.

Philaminta. To shorten this dispute, I will absolutely have my desire executed. [pointing to Trissotin.] Henrietta and the gentleman shall be married directly; I have said it, and it shall be so; make me no answer. If you have given your word to Clitander, offer him her elder sister for a match.

Chrisalus. Here is an accommodation of the affair. See; [To Henrietta and Clitander.] do you give your consent?

Henrietta. What, father!

Clitander to Chrisalus.] How, Sir!

Belisa. She might easily have proposals made to her which would please her much better; but we establish a sort of love which must be as refined as the morning-star; the thinking substance may be admitted into it, but we banish from it the extended substance.

SCENE IV.

ARISTUS, CHRISALUS, PHILAMINTA, BELISA, HENRIETTA, ARMANDA, TRISSOTIN, A NOTARY, CLITANDER, MARTINA.

ARISTUS.

I AM sorry to disturb these joyful rites by the grief I am obliged to bring hither. These two letters make me the bearer of two pieces of news, which have

given me very great concern for you; [to Philaminta.] one for you, came to me from my attorney; [to Chrisalus.] the other, for you, came to me from Lyons.

Philaminta. What misfortune can be sent us word of, that ought to trouble us?

Aristus. This letter contains one, as you may read.

PHILAMINTA.

"Madam, I have desired your brother to deliver "you this letter, which will inform you of what I "durst not come to tell you: Your great negligence "in your affairs has been the cause that the clerk of "your reporting-judge did not give me notice; and "you have absolutely lost your suit, which you might "otherwise have gained."

Chrisalus to Philaminta.] What! have you lost your suit?

Philaminta to Chrisalus.] You are too much concerned! My heart is not at all shaken with this blow. Shew a more noble soul, and brave, like me, the strokes of fate.

"Your want of care costs you forty thousand crowns; "and it is to pay that sum with the charges, that you "are condemned by the order of court."

Condemned? Ah! That word is shocking, and ought only to be applied to criminals.

Aristus. He is to blame indeed, and you justly exclaim against him. He should have said, that you are desired by order of court to pay only forty thousand crowns, and the necessary charges.

Philaminta. Let us see the other.

CHRISALUS.

"Sir, the friendship which binds me to your bro-"ther, makes me interest myself in all that concerns "you. I know that you have put your money into

" the hands of Argantes and Damon, and I must " inform you, that they both became bankrupts on " the same day."

O heavens! to lose all my money at once in this manner!

Philaminta to Chrisalus.] Ah! what a shameful transport! Fie. All this is trifling; to a truly wise man, no change of fortune is fatal; and though he lose every thing, he still continues firm to himself. Let us finish our affairs, and quit your concern. His wealth, [pointing to Trissotin.] may suffice both for us and himself.

Trissotin. No, madam, do not press this affair. I see the whole world is averse to this match, and I have no intention to put a force upon people.

Philaminta. This reflexion came suddenly to you! It follows very close, Sir, upon our misfortune.

Trissotin. I am at last tired with so much resistance. I would rather renounce all this confusion, and do not desire a heart that will not surrender itself.

Philaminta. I see in you, not for your honour, what I have hitherto refused to believe.

Trissotin. You may see in me what you please, and I do not care how you take it: but I am not a man who would suffer the infamy of an injurious refusal, which I must have undergone here; I would have people set a great value on me, and whoever will not, I shall have nothing to do with them.

SCENE THE LAST.

ARISTUS, CHRISALUS, PHILAMINTA, BELISA, ARMANDA, HENRIETTA, CLITANDER, A NOTARY, MARTINA.

PHILAMINTA.

I NOW plainly see his mercenary soul; and how little philosophy is in this action of his!

Clitander. I do not pretend to be a philosopher; yet, madam, I cleave to your destiny; and dare offer you with my person whatever wealth fortune has blessed me with.

Philaminta. You delight me, Sir, by this generous act; for which reason I will crown your amorous desires. Yes, I grant Henrietta to the eager ardour——

Henrietta. I have now altered my mind, mother; allow me to resist your intention.

Clitander. What! does Henrietta oppose my happiness? And when I find every one agree to my love———

Henrietta. Clitander, I am not unacquainted with the smallness of your fortune, and always wished to be your wife, when I knew my marrying you would settle your affairs as well as satisfy my tender desires; but since the fates are so cruel, I will not load you with our adversity; my love for you is too great to do so.

Clitander. Any destiny with you would be agreeable to me; and, without you, none would be supportable.

Henrietta. Love always talks in this manner in its transports, but let us avoid the disquiet of vexatious reflexions. Nothing wears out so much the ardour of the knot that ties us, as the grievous want of necessa-

ty poſſeſſions; and people often accuſe each other of the direful ſorrow which proceeds from ſuch engagements.

Ariſtus to Henrietta.] Is what we have juſt now learnt, the only motive which makes you refuſe to marry Clitander?

Henrietta. Otherwiſe you ſhould ſee me haſten to it with pleaſure; and I only refuſe to take him, becauſe I love him too well.

Ariſtus. Allow yourſelf then to be bound by ſuch an amiable union. The news I brought you was falſe; it was a ſtratagem, a ſurpriſing device which I determined to try, in order to ſerve your love, to undeceive my ſiſter, and let her ſee what her philoſopher would prove upon trial.

Chriſalus. God be thanked!

Philaminta. The vexation which the baſe deſerter will feel will give me great pleaſure. To ſee this match concluded in a ſplendid manner, will be the greateſt puniſhment to his ſordid avarice.

Chriſalus to Clitander.] I knew very well that you would have her.

Armanda to Philamina.] Will you ſacrifice me then in this manner to their inclinations?

Philaminta. It will not be you that I ſacrifice to them; you have the ſupport of philoſophy, and can with ſatisfaction ſee their ardour crowned.

Beliſa. Let him, however, be careful to retain me in his heart. People often marry through a ſudden deſpair, which they afterwards repent of all their days.

Chriſalus to the Notary.] You have not forgotten, I ſuppoſe, the orders I gave you when you came, begin therefore, and draw up the contract agreeable thereto.

THE END OF VOLUME FIFTH.

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